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EDMONTON'S 100% INDEPENDENT NEWS & ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY

# VUEWEEKLY

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# DKT/MC5

A LEGENDARY BAND RETURNS TO KICK OUT THE JAMS!

BY PHIL DUPERRON - 22



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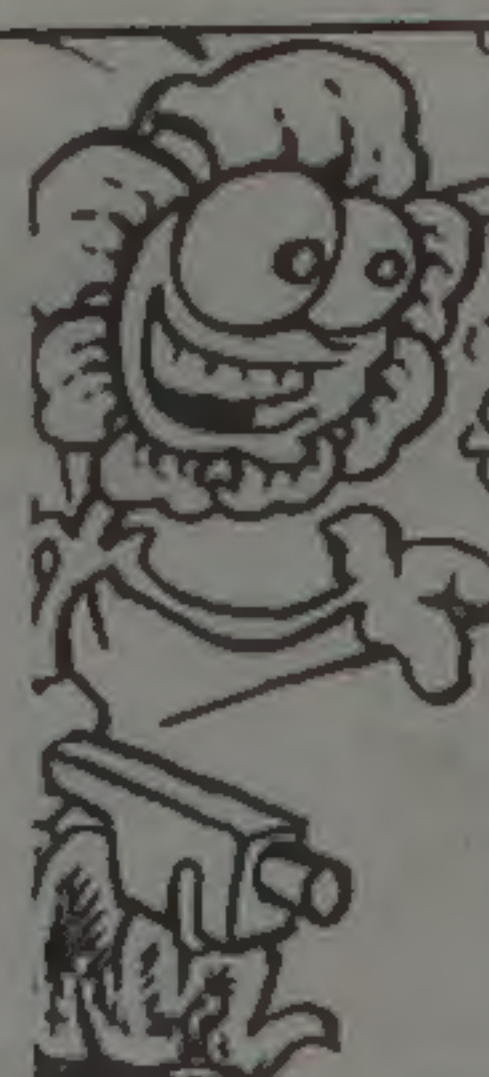
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## ON THE COVER

Even arch-Republican Ted Nugent, of all people, cites the MC5 as a major influence. "Seeing them made us realize we had to play better, harder, than anyone on the scene," he's said. "We channelled the MC5 beast!" Do you think he knows that in their free time during their current reunion tour, the MC5 are mobilizing young voters to kick George Dubya out of office? • 22

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## THURSDAY - JULY 1 CANADA DAY

THE NATIONAL CAMPUS AND COMMUNITY RADIO CONFERENCE AND CJSR FM88 ARE PROUD TO PRESENT THE SPECIAL LIVE-TO-AIR BROADCAST OF "DEMOCRACY NOW" HOST AND PRODUCER AMY GOODMAN SPEAKING ON THE POLITICS OF MEDIA.

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## FRIDAY - JULY 2

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VAILHALEN  
CHAD VAN GAALEN



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## News-chasing Amy

Indie radio icon Amy Goodman is the *Exception* that probes the rulers

BY CHRIS BOUTET

For most people, getting beaten so badly by a group of Indonesian soldiers that you end up with a fractured skull would be more than enough to make you give up your search for the truth. But luckily, *Democracy Now!* host Amy Goodman isn't like most people, and it's exactly this kind of determination and resolve that has made her near legendary as North America's most celebrated alternative journalist.

As Goodman, who will be speak-

ing at the U of A Power Plant tonight (July 1) as part of CJSR's National Campus and Community Radio Conference, explains, her career in radio journalism began in 1985 when she got a job producing an evening news segment for New York's WBAI, a member of the independently owned and funded Pacifica Radio group. Six years later, she visited East Timor with

### PROFILE SPEAKER

her colleague Allan Nairn to document and report back for Pacifica on the U.S.-backed occupation of the country by the Indonesian military. Despite being beaten and banned from East Timor by the Indonesians, Goodman got the story that the major media in America wasn't willing to tell, and after witnessing the



impact it had, she was hooked.

"I've always believed that the media is supposed to be the check

SEE PAGE 6

**THE GAS PUMP** EST. 1975

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## July 8 - 11 Tuscon Sidewinders

July 8  
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July 9  
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Gates 6:05 Game 7:05

July 10  
Wild West Day courtesy CFCW.  
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July 11  
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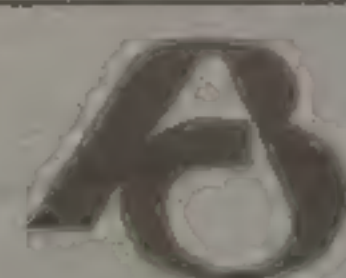
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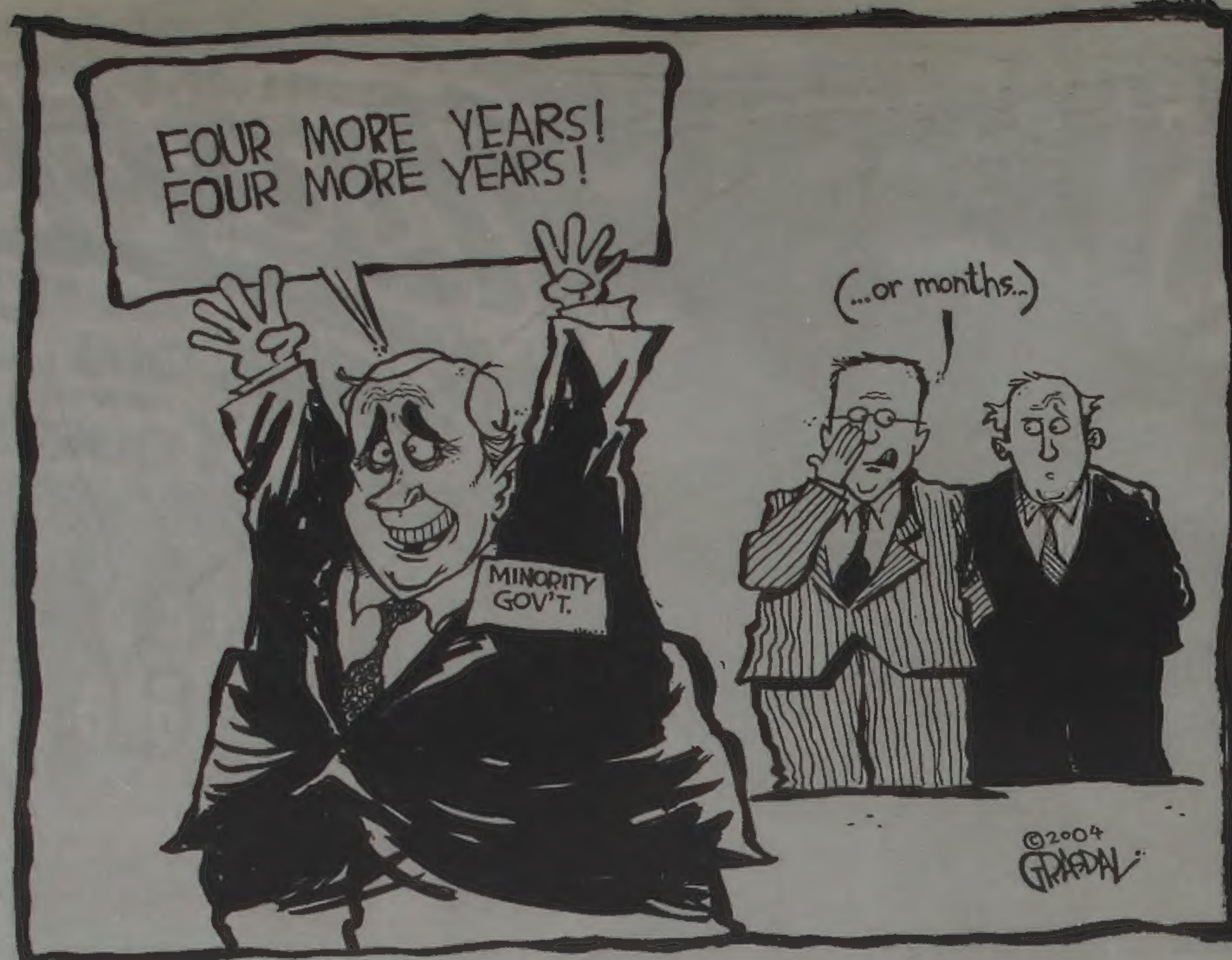
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life  
after  
gretzky

BY CHRIS BOUTET

## The seat is gone

So as I trudged out the back door of my walk-up the other day, my hang-over-induced headache pounding against the inside of my skull like a million angry carpenters building a deck made of sorrow in my mind, I noticed that something seemed weird about my bike. Normally, I walk out the door to find it standing there proudly, carrying itself with a staunch, quiet dignity that not even the fact that it's crudely chained to a rusted old bike rack can erase. But this morning, something was different. Somehow, my bike seemed a little less vertical than usual, a little less proud. Being in my state, as it were, it took me a few more minutes to figure out what the hell was wrong, but eventually it dawned on me: I no longer had a seat. Some loveless, dad-humping Visigoth had stolen my fuckin' bike seat.

You know, if you're going to take someone's seat, you might as well take the whole damn bike. I would have felt better about that, in a way. After all, I lived downtown for six years; I know what it's like to have my bike stolen. There's a moment of anger, a little frustration, but amongst all your feelings of bikelessness, there's always a lesson you can take away from it, something you did wrong that you

won't repeat. Maybe you shouldn't have left your bike unattended in your backyard overnight. Maybe you should have bought one of those hot-shit U-locks instead of that elementary-school-esque, plastic-coated chain with the useless little rotating combination lock that you can just pull open if you cared enough to. Maybe you should have realized that all someone has to do to get your bike off the pole of that "no parking" sign is remove the sign part and just lift. Regardless of the lesson, the noted lack of bike ensures that it is learned.

But when only a *part* of your bike is stolen, the lesson is a lot harder to swallow. At the end of the day, I still have a bike, but now it leans against my living room wall, mocking me, rendered temporarily unridable by some hobo's erroneous assumption that my seat held some worthwhile value. It's like if someone went through the trouble of breaking into your car and only

**It's not as though my seat was particularly special or desirable; it wasn't some gel-padded, feather-light, specially-contoured-so-as-not-to-hurt-your-testicles seat for millionaires. It was just a regular old, testicle-smashing factory seat for a \$400 bike from SportChek**

stole the pedal for the clutch, or if someone broke into your house and took all the doorknobs. There's no devastating life-lesson to be learned here; I can't help but feel that I did nothing wrong. And yes, the seat, like a clutch pedal or a doorknob, is ultimately replaceable. But that's what makes it so annoying.

I mean, it's not like my bike was the only one out there that had a quick-release seat up for grabs. And it's not as though my seat was particularly special or desirable; it wasn't some gel-padded, feather-light, specially-contoured-so-as-not-to-hurt-your-testicles seat for millionaires. It was just a regular old, testicle-smashing factory seat for a \$400 bike from

SportChek. It was a place to sit while you went somewhere. And not even a very good one, at that. So why would someone want it? I suppose there are a few possibilities. Maybe I vastly underestimated the black-market value of my bike seat when I chose to leave it on. Maybe my particular seat was actually the stuff of hobo legend, whispered about longingly in the dim glow of a garbage-can fire by drifters and meth addicts dreaming of retiring after that one last big score. Or perhaps my seat was stolen by a passing fratboy who also had his crappy factory seat taken from him under the cover of night by some other guy who also had his shitty seat taken from him, making me the temporary endpoint of an endless chain of seat thefts. Or maybe the person in question already has a bike seat but lacks a sofa, and right now he's sitting in the middle of his living room, precariously balancing himself on 15 inches of bike-seat shaft while eating a sandwich and watching *Friends*. The answer, I guess, will never be known. All that's left to do is pick up the pieces and move on. Slowly, though, in a non-bike-riding sort of way.

But will I ever get another bike seat, you ask? Only time will tell. For now, I just don't know if I'm ready to make that commitment again so soon. I've spent such a short time in my seatless state that I have to worry that I'd just be on the rebound, picking up the first seat I saw, thinking I loved it, only to become weary and distant a few months down the road. That wouldn't be fair to me—and most importantly, it wouldn't be fair to the seat. All I can do now is mourn. Well, that and write an article about it and put the money I make off it towards one of those fancy millionaire's seats we were talking about earlier. Because, man, my testicles deserve better. ☹

## 6/29/04, Mill Creek

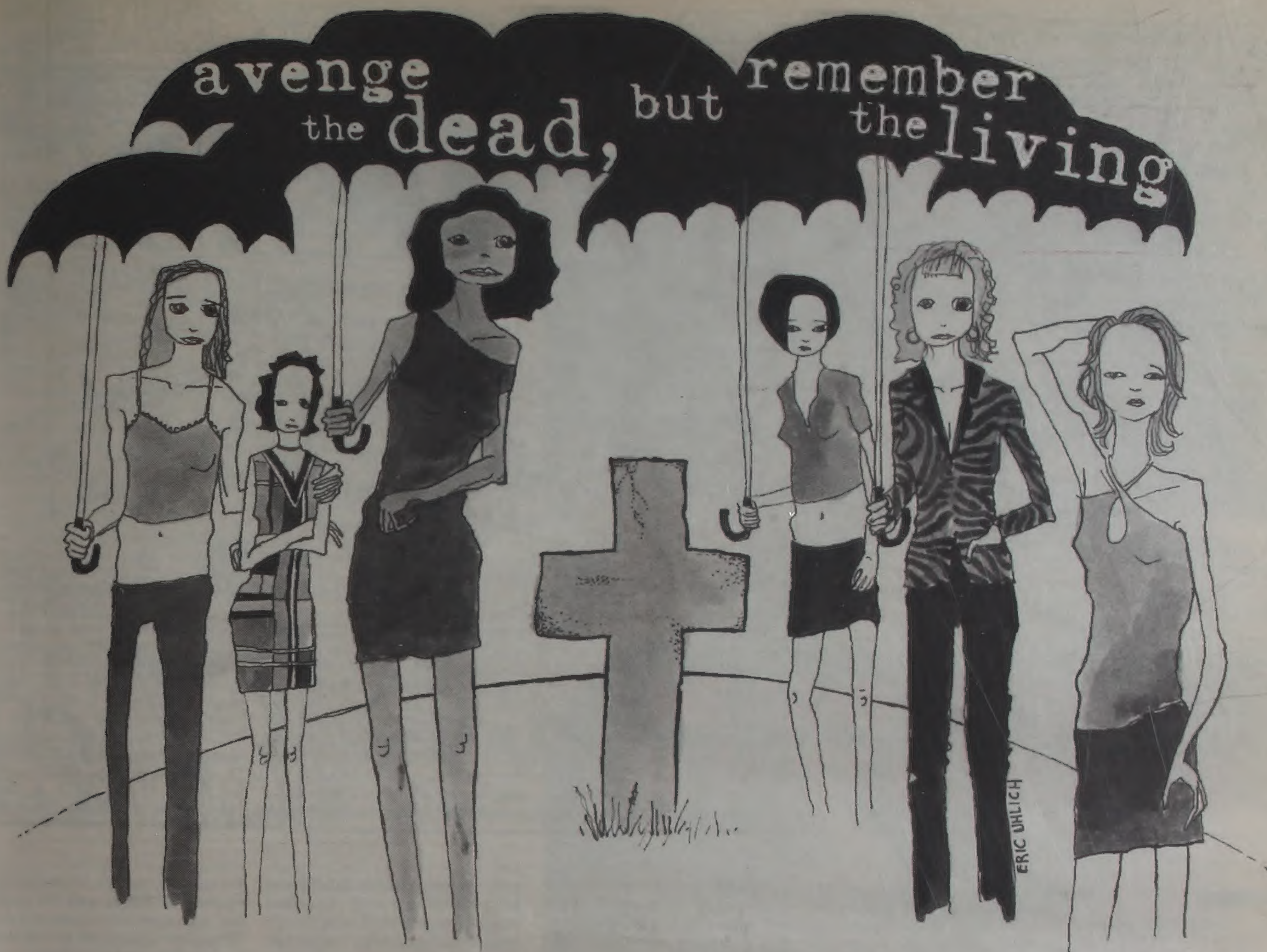
A happy sight down in the dappled underbrush on a sunshiny day: a little treasure-trove of youthful river-valley memories: a stash of porno mags discarded in a not-so-secluded clearing. Ah, the nostalgia! That's almost *exactly* how I got my first glimpse of a naked lady, in a rain-stained *Playboy* found beneath the pink natural gas pipe that spans a gully up around 143 Avenue, up in the far-northeast stomping grounds of my childhood. Nice to know folks are still ditching their stroke mags in the woods; how else is a kid with a reasonably discreet dad going to get his hands on a *Oui* or *Cheri*?

But some things have changed from those days of airbrushed men's mags and their assembly-line babes. Special-interest mags, niche-targeted, rule the wank racks, and this diversity of perversity is reflected in the valley's found pornography; my find consisted of one *Voluptuous XL* and one *Mature Nymphos*, back issues but near-mint, still in the bag they'd been packed in when they left the nearby Tops market. I know it was Tops because only that convenience-store empire plays this cruel joke on its clientele of vice consumers: they put booze in opaque charcoal-grey bags, but put pornos in sacks of the flimsiest, most see-through white plastic imaginable.

I was tempted to take the *Voluptuous* with me—it was a fondly-remembered issue I'd once discarded in one of my periodic guilt-based porn purges—but quickly thought better of it. I mean, some kid's going to come across these, and they deserve a better stash than a single granny-grabber digest. Hell, maybe a few furtive sessions of ogling the curvaceous Susie Wilden might give them a healthier (or at least broader) concept of beauty and sexiness. I left the stash intact and walked back out onto the sunshiny trail, whistlin' a happy tune.

The caches of porn, they're for the kids, but even when we've reached the age where we can store-buy our own smut (or "erotica," you coy thing) our river valley is sexy. The very same clearings in which Johnny Pornoseed sows his adult publications are... Well, in this his here World Class City of ours, we basically have an extensive network of World Class Love Nests, sunshiny and woody, secluded but accessible, little bowers in which to sport and cavort among the birds and squirrels. Get to it, folks! Army & Navy sells inexpensive flannel-fronted (cozy!) PVC groundsheets that roll up into picnic-basket-sized bundles with carrying handle. Come on, baby; let's put the "us" back in "mixed deciduous." —DARREN ZENKO





## Crossroads struggles to aid street prostitutes—and cure public indifference toward them

By LISA GREGOIRE

20-May-03, 118 Ave., 10 p.m., Rape.

Tan coloured van, two seats with fold-down seats in back. Back windows are tinted, some rust on exterior. Caucasian, late 40s, tall and very thin, short gray hair, pork chop sideburns. Wearing sunglasses, blue jeans, black cowboy boots and had a British/English accent. Had a hunting knife with a brown handle. Victim was blindfolded when she got into vehicle. Perp smacked her, called her a lesbian and then told her of his disgust toward lesbians. Perp drove her to a wooded area south of the river. He then threatened her with a hunting knife, told her to take clothes off, raped her several times and sodomized her several times. He put victim back in the van, blindfolded her again, and drove her back downtown. Perp told victim she was his 25th.

That was one of 19 recorded incidents in a spring 2003 "bad date sheet" compiled by Crossroads, a social agency dedicated to tracking city sex trade workers and helping them leave the street. Its outreach program consists of five staff, 15 volunteers, a small office, a van and a few goodwill donations. Every couple of months, staff

compile a gruesome list of rapes, assaults, robberies and attempted murders committed against prostitutes, mostly women, to warn others of violent men stalking 118 Avenue. If your friend at U of A or your co-worker at the juice bar suffered through even one of these, you can bet reporters and police officers would be climbing over each other to flush out the culprits.

But most of these crimes don't get reported to police. With outstanding warrants, crack in their pockets, no fixed address and a general distrust of cops—some of whom harass and degrade them with labels like "tramp" and "crack whore"—most prostitutes won't go near a police station. Memories get clouded by drink and drugs and they get shaky on the details, wondering who's going to believe them anyway. But they tell Crossroads, ensuring there's a record somewhere of their being dragged by the hair or raped with a beer bottle. The ugly list, printed on paper of alternating pastel colours, contains evidence of lives lived hard and hardly lived.

Lives like that of Rachel Quinney, whose 19-year-old body was found among broken glass and discarded furniture in a field east of the city. Six dead prostitutes have turned up in Edmonton's outskirts in the past two years—more than a dozen since 1988. Late last year, the RCMP formed a task force to try to find out if another Willie Pickton was on a killing spree in River City. More than 30 investigators are now looking at the unsolved homicides of 39 women in west-

ern Canada and the disappearance of 39 others.

**HOW SWELL.** And inexcusably late. What took so damn long? Dispelling the apathy, that's what. Street prostitutes wallow with junkies and child pornographers at the bottom of the social strata. They are considered subhuman. And if they get raped and murdered? That's what happens when you lead a "high-risk lifestyle." No one's fault but their own.

I started volunteering for Crossroads a year ago this month, the day my husband and I bought our first house. We'd spent a half-hour bickering over the price before I drove downtown and assumed what would become my usual place in the passenger seat of the outreach van. The petty distractions of the privileged—Will the mortgage sap our spending money? Is yellow a good colour for the hall?—were quickly forgotten amid the recklessness and despair of a night on the street.

They come to my window, pale, bruised skin under thin blouses, and I give them granola bars and condoms. They offer rare, unguarded thanks or else just amble away, lurching into traffic, stumbling into Ford F150s. Up close, they look like junked-up secretaries and school teachers. Street prostitution is dark and hollow. It reeks of urine and perfume and looks like a car crash. It's an overripe pear beside a dumpster: mashed up, sticky and scarred.

We make the rounds through the inner city, Chinatown and up to 118 Avenue. They're the

ones standing still on sidewalks busy with brisk feet and swinging forearms. Pasty, skinny, half-dressed waifs posing under fashion billboards of pasty, skinny, half-dressed waifs.

If they're sober or nearly so, they'll tell you about leaving the reserve at 14 or fleeing a drunken, diddling dad in Grande Prairie. They'll talk about trick-turning mothers and pimp fathers who turn their own daughters out to pay the rent. One woman said she got her first hit of crack from her parents' friends at a house party. She was 11. Some of them are just where they want to be—making quick money. But most will tell you, with a mixture of weariness and doubt, that they want out. They just don't know how.

If they're high, there's not a lot of conversation. Just twitching and scratching, jerking and coughing. Snakes and ladders up the arms. Broken ribs. Sunken eyes. "I'm not high. I'm not high. I'm not high," they say, thinking repetition makes them sound straight. One day they're telling you how they're going to get their kids out of foster care. Next time, they don't remember you.

"Crick-crack, cracker jack. Give the dog a boner." They laugh and swing back long hair to reveal freckled faces and black eyes and promise to read the bad date sheet but you know they're so wasted they wouldn't be able to tell a bad date from a good one. Easy pickings for some cruel bastard. His lucky night. In an alley. Beer with Rohypnol. Open wide. Run her over with his car. She wakes in the gravel with her pants around

SEE NEXT PAGE





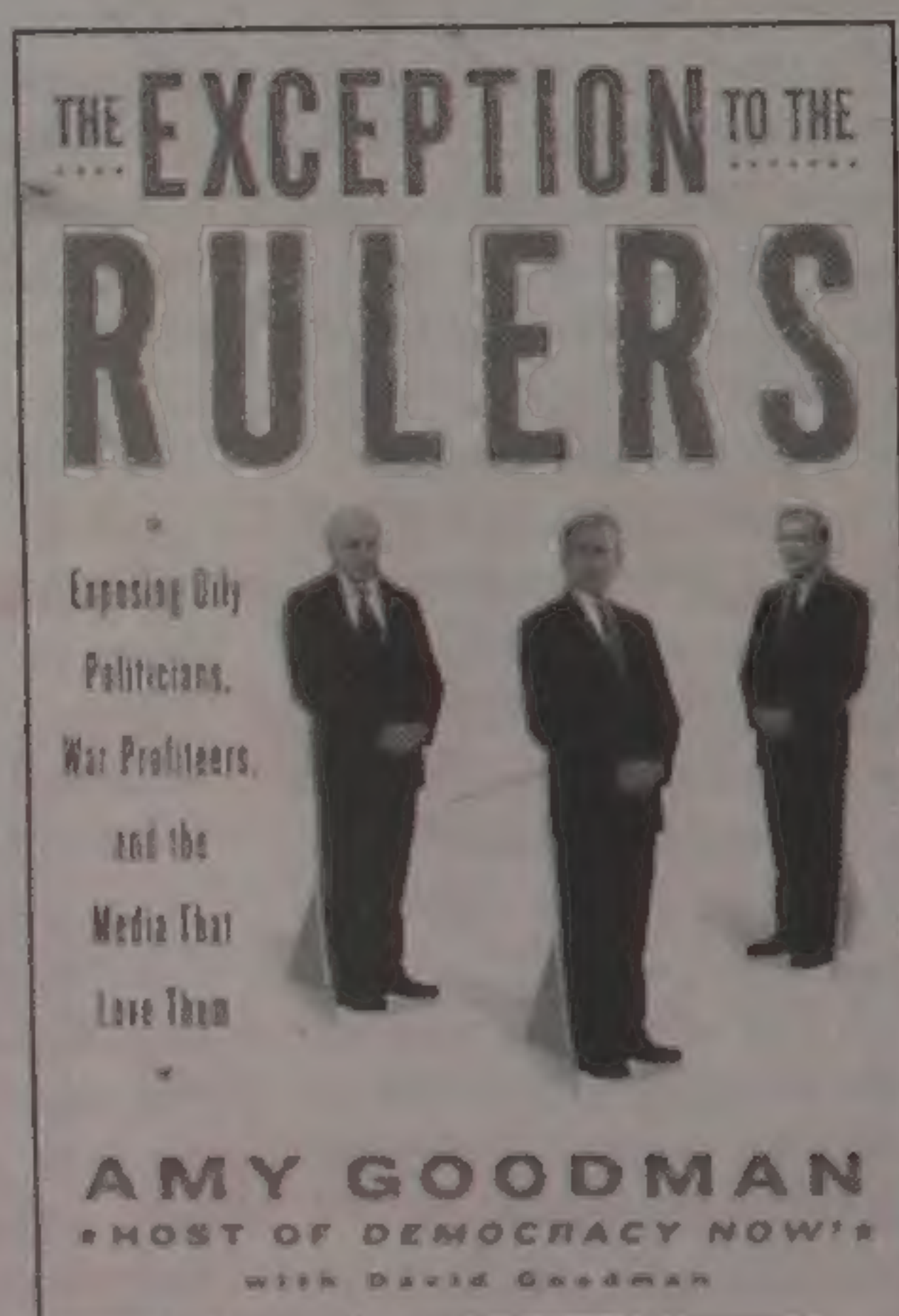
## Amy Goodman

Continued from page 2

and balance on government," says Goodman from her home in New York during a rare break in her tour to promote her new book, *Exception to the Rule: Exposing Oily Politicians, War Profiteers and the Media that Love Them*. "That's why our profession, journalism, is the only one explicitly protected by the U.S. Constitution. We're essential to the functioning of a democratic society. And I was lucky enough to find, at the beginning of my career, Pacifica Radio, where the highest value is independence. Being involved with that, in 1990 and '91 I went to East Timor... during the Timor Massacre, when the Indonesian soldiers opened fire on the Timorese. We witnessed this massacre, survived it—270 Timorese were killed on that day—and told the story outside East Timor, because the Indonesian military had always relied on the fact that no Western journalist was there to witness these atrocities.

"I could see the power of media when the spotlight was there, and a nationwide movement grew up in this country calling for the U.S. government to stop supplying arms to the Indonesian military," she continues. "It just showed me the significance of supplying information. People are compassionate, but if they don't know, they can't do anything

about it. And ultimately, the people of East Timor won their freedom. So I really saw the power of independent media through all this period; I saw what a difference it could make when the media isn't just toeing the line of the administration."



**SINCE 1996**, Goodman has hosted *Democracy Now!*, Pacifica's flagship news and public affairs show. From its humble beginnings as a daily election show, *Democracy Now!* has flourished in Canada and the U.S., carried by more than 230 radio, public television and satellite channels (including Edmonton's own CJSR). The very

fact the show continues to grow, Goodman says, is a testament to just how dissatisfied people have become with the corporate-owned media giants who seek to control and manipulate public opinion.

"It's an incredible explosion in growth," she says, "and I think it's because people are so hungry for independent media, for a diversity of views. There's a group in New York called Fairness and Accuracy in Reporting, or FAIR, who did a study looking at the four major nightly newscasts. And out of those four nightly newscasts over the two weeks during General Colin Powell's making the pitch for war at the UN, there were 393 interviews done on the subject of war; only three of 393 interviews were with anti-war representatives. That doesn't represent mainstream America. In fact, most Americans were opposed to the invasion—they were for more inspections and diplomacy. But the mainstream media isn't mainstream; it's extreme. It beats the drums for war."

Throughout her tour thus far, Goodman has been impressed by the crowds showing up even though her book has received no major media attention, and she hopes that her stop in Edmonton will be no exception. "The response to this tour—we haven't gotten any mainstream media coverage for this, and yet in Los Angeles, more than 2,000 people turned out; Minneapolis, 1,500 peo-

ple; New York, more than 1,000—we had to turn people away. And I think that shows people are intensely interested, hungry for knowledge, information, they want a different point of view, they're tired of seeing our image projected to the rest of the world through a corporate lens. People are just looking for something different—this is happening across Canada as well. I think that borders

are breaking down; a lot less divides us than unites us, and I'm really looking forward to coming and being a part of this college and community radio conference." ☐

## AMY GOODMAN

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## Crossroads

Continued from previous page

her ankles 10 blocks from *Vue Weekly*.

**SOON AFTER** Crossroads launched in 1987, staff decided a good way to lure someone off the street was to give them food and shelter: cover the basic needs and all becomes possible. The first transitional safe house for prostitutes opened in 1992; the second, which caters to moms and mothers-to-be, opened in 1994 and the third in 2002. That last one, a duplex which housed 15 female and transgendered prostitutes, was staffed 24 hours a day and was equipped to refer clients to job-skills training, education, addictions programs, legal advice, parenting classes and other life-skills programs. Crossroads' statistics show that six months after they left these safe houses, 39 per cent of

clients had not returned to the street.

But two years of funding for the duplex, provided through a federal government homelessness initiative, ran out this spring, and Crossroads was left scrambling to find \$350,000 in sustainable annual operating expenses. No luck. By the end of May, women and men who had been untangling frayed knots of mental illness, physical disabilities, addictions, sexual abuse, illiteracy, low self-esteem and fear were abandoned once again. By you and me.

It's easy to be indignant about dead women whose mug shots and sad childhood stories are trotted out in the news. So spend millions of government dollars tracking down this so-called serial killer if it makes you feel better. After ignoring their mass grave for two decades, the victims deserve that much. But this flurry of diligence begs the question: who will care for the living? ☐





## print culture

By CHRISTOPHER WIEBE

### Lovin' the elevators

Once, in Managua, Nicaragua, a friend explained that navigating the city was especially difficult because people used buildings that had disappeared in the 1972 earthquake as points of reference—"Turn left where the post office used to be."

Alberta, with its penchant for raz-ing, could be very much like that. The south entrance to Edmonton used to be punctuated by two grain elevators at Ellerslie Road. The small brown one had "What profiteth a man if he gain the whole world but lose his own soul" (Mark 8:36) printed on its side. The other, a workmanlike Alberta Wheat Pool elevator, was quickly demolished in the late 1990s before Edmonton City Council could allocate the money to save it. What profiteth, indeed.

There are just 419 elevators remaining on the prairies from a high-water mark of 6,000 in 1933. While a number of books have looked at the symbolic power of these "skyscrapers of the prairies," Elizabeth McLachlan's *Gone But Not Forgotten: Tales of the Disappearing Grain Elevators*

have become so important to the regional psyche? They are, after all, just commercial buildings. But McLachlan shows that their social worth exceeded their commercial value, not unlike the fur trade posts in the centuries before. As Sharon Butala explains in the Preface, "Elevators were built at points that were not really places," and yet these artificial centres instigated communities. Trumpeting the town's name to the four corners of the horizon, elevators became community nodal points, the workings of which are a window into a fading world.

### The stallion renaissance

Robert Kroetsch's magnificent 1969 novel *The Studhorse Man* has just been reissued in a lovely new addition by U of A Press. Recognized as a classic when it first appeared, the novel's status as one of the finest pieces of Canadian fiction has only grown over the last three decades.

A picaresque adventure that poaches from Homer's *Odyssey*, *The Studhorse Man* opens in the spring of 1945 when Hazard Lepage decides to leave "Coulee Hill" and his fiancée of 14 years to search for a mare worthy of coupling with his blue stallion Poseidon, the last of his kind. Soon, in Edmonton, Hazard sets loose hundreds of horses from the stockyard who compound the chaos downtown from a blizzard. "Hazard, entering the Royal George beer parlour, learned that only recently an old racehorse had stopped by and been given two glasses of beer and a dash of tomato juice. 'Have you seen a blue stallion?'

### There wasn't a self-respecting stallion in the bunch.

(NeWest Press) takes a fresh, valuable approach by bringing together the stories of dozens people who worked in the elevators. The first elevator was built in 1879 for Mennonites near Niverville. By 1913, a standard design with the now-familiar crowning cupola had emerged and the railroad companies decreed that elevators would be built every 10 miles in consideration of horsedrawn wagons. McLachlan's informants go into delightful detail about the roving repair crews who were fearless of heights, the politics of drying and grading wheat, the agents' need to court favour with local farmers. In the process the reader gets to know these crotchety structures of stacked 2X6s—from the tip of the "elevating" leg to the weasels and sludge secreted in the boot—buildings liable to burst or go up in flames, setting entire towns alight.

McLachlan has followed the same loose, anecdotal style of "popular history" of her previous two books, *With Unfailing Dedication: Rural Teachers in the War Years* and *With Unshakeable Persistence: Rural Teachers of the Depression Era*, both also published by NeWest Press. Giving ponderous analysis a wide berth, she has found in her latest book a diversity of generational voices, each with their own triumphs and regrets to elaborate, and concludes the book with the story of her husband's 20 years as an elevator operator and the hidden labour she, and women before her, performed.

One wonders why elevators should

Hazard inquired. The men at the table, all of them very drunk (they had been waiting three days to fly to a uranium mine in the North), reported they had seen fleabitten mares, windbroken geldings, a spavined plowhorse, swaybacked saddlehorses. But there wasn't a self-respecting stallion in the bunch."

Hazard's shapeshifting, delays, narrow escapes and epic sexual encounters are recorded by Demeter Proudfoot, the novel's clinically insane narrator, who is writing the text from a bathtub in the Ponoka Institution. As Aritha van Herk notes in her introduction, "excessive excess prevails."

The crazy thing is *The Studhorse Man*, now 35 years old, has far more intoxicating vigour, structural muscularity and dervish-like linguistic brilliance than almost anything being published in Canada today. To pick a recent point of comparison, Elise Levine's novel *Requests and Dedications* (M&S), was exciting and fresh on the level of language, but was imprisoned in plodding, meat-and-potatoes structure and character. What happened to the modernist disruption and reinvention of traditional literary forms? The "making it new" that was the catchphrase of the literary '70s? Thank goodness U of A Press and other small and medium-sized Canadian presses thanklessly keep such culturally vital works in print. I anxiously await Kroetsch's new poetry collection, *The Snowbird Poems* (U of A), due out this fall. ☺

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# Bannock Depression

Cartoonist Seth illustrates his father's hard-bitten tales in *Bannock, Beans and Black Tea*

By CHAD HUCULAK

Kids have got it too easy today. Imagine, for instance, if you took away their Pop-Tarts and made them eat bannock for breakfast instead. (You may have had it before; it's a sort of bland pancake commonly eaten by Cub Scouts.) *Bannock, Beans and Black Tea* is the memoir of a young Prince Edward Island boy growing up in the Depression who ate bannock, beans and black tea for breakfast—that is, if he was fortunate enough to eat

anything that day.

*Bannock* is something of an *Angela's Ashes* for the graphic novel community: a tale of hardship and general bleakness intercut with hard-biting humour, but with pictures. These illustrations are provided by Seth (formerly known as John Gallant), a famous cartoonist and creator of such indie-comics milestones

## PROFILE BOOKS

as *Palookaville* and an in-demand illustrator for highbrow magazines such as *The New Yorker*. He's also landed a high-profile job designing a 25-volume collection of the complete works of *Peanuts* artist Charles Schulz for Fantagraphics. Seth's father John Gallant, like all good Maritimers, was a storyteller and would tell young Seth stories of his

childhood growing up poor. Seth persuaded his father to write down his tales and over the course of 10 years, Seth transcribed, edited and put together *Bannock*, a collection of 20 short stories spliced with 25 illustrations, all packed into a snazzy clothbound book that looks like an antique textbook an underfunded Grade One classroom would have.

John Gallant is obviously no writer, but his prose is sparse and effective in a Bukowski-like way. He describes his mother as a "saint and a slave to the Catholic Church. All we can do is hope there is a Heaven, because if there is one that is where she is" and portrays his father as having "no education. Unfortunately he had no ambition either." The tales deal with typical Depression fare: families with no money or food for whom school is a luxury; the local priest who turns a blind eye to the poor. Often these stories are bitter, as the narrator shows an extreme jealousy towards his younger brother's softness, severe disappointment in his do-nothing father and general hatred towards the Catholic religion.

Seth's artwork is very stylized and appealing, although perhaps not particularly suited towards the grim text. The characters are drawn in thick lines and coloured with two-toned grays, creating very inviting pictures that add an irony to the stories' often grim content.

*Vue Weekly* interviewed Seth about *Bannock* just before he made a trip to Europe.

**Vue Weekly:** Why did you decide that you were the best artist suited to the text? Asides from the obvious

family connection, did you ever feel that your artwork wasn't suited to the depressing tales your father told?

**Seth:** My artwork might very

book and that's all the ambitions I ever had for it. Nothing grand.

**VW:** Did you see your family in a different light after reading your father's text? Especially about your grandfather, whom your father says derogatory things about throughout?

**Seth:** Certainly, there was nothing new for me when I read the stories of his privation because I had heard these stories a thousand times before. However, written down they did have a much stronger sense of emotion to them. I could feel his childhood hurt much stronger than in the oral tellings. He was a middle-aged man when I was a child and he injected less emotion into them and now that he is old I think he is a more emotional person. Certainly, working on this book reminded me that my father gave me the childhood that he didn't have—he allowed me to grow up unworried about food and security. I feel

privileged to live in a world where I can afford to worry about my own petty neurotic concerns.

**VW:** And how did your opinion on your father change? Did you gain a newfound respect for him?

**Seth:** Not really. I have had complicated feelings about my relationship to my father all my life. However, I have come to terms with these feelings long ago. I have a genuine respect for him and always have. He is a hard worker.

**VW:** Many fathers tell their kids about their past lives and keep it entertaining and not as in-depth. When you got your father writing, did you find it provided more insight into his mind than you had before? Were you all that surprised towards his views on religion?

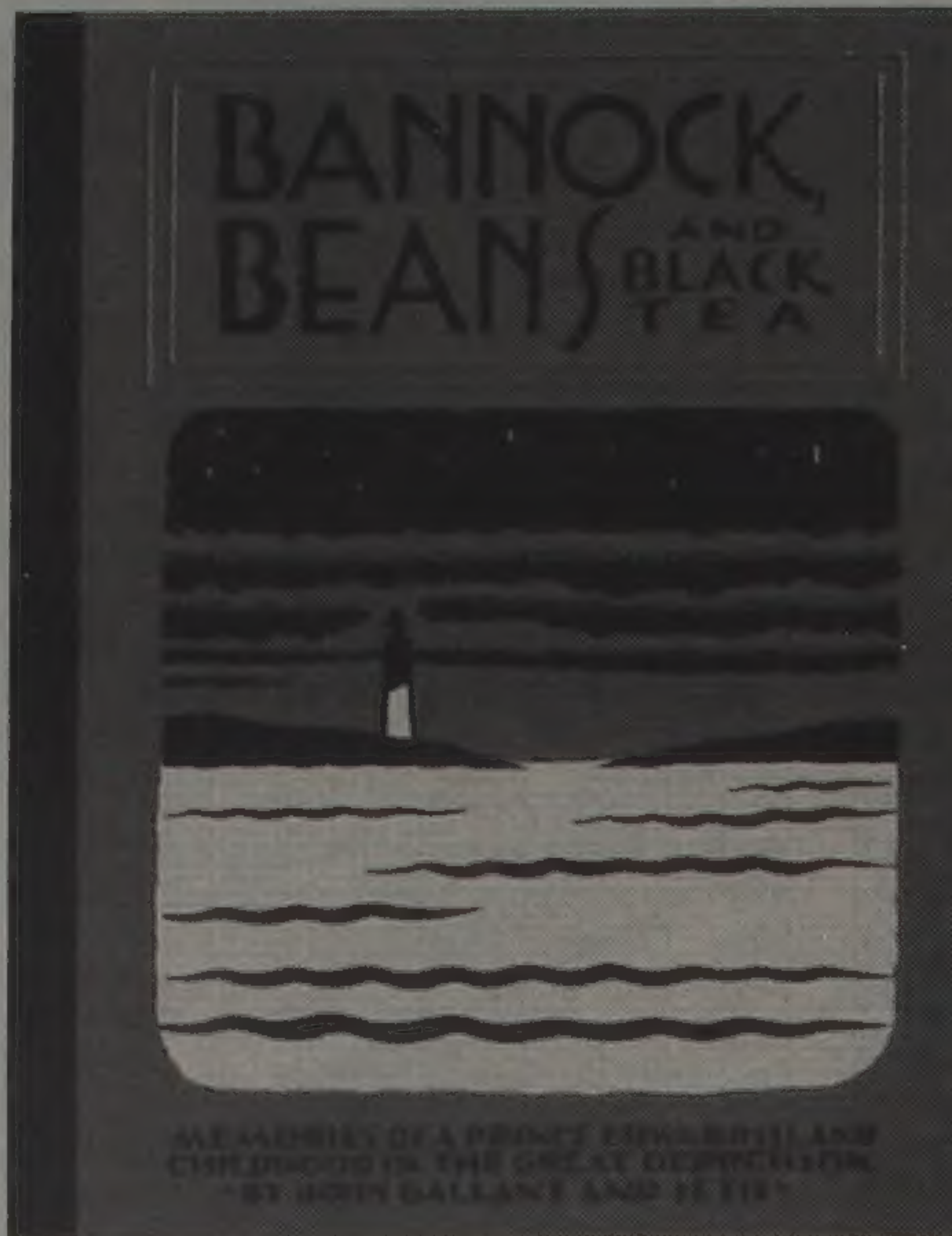
**Seth:** No. My father was always very upfront and open with me, even as a child. He certainly was never shy about expressing his opinions. We argued about a lot of things when I was a child and teen. He liked that sort of conflict. His opinions about religion were well known to me. It is surely no coincidence that I have always been pretty ambivalent (and sometimes downright hostile) toward organized religion.

**VW:** Any chance of more books based on your father's past, such as his military days?

**Seth:** I think it's unlikely. Even if he were prepared to write one, this was the book I was interested in. I have so much work of my own to accomplish in the next few decades that I doubt I would be ready to take on a project like this again. I'm glad I did it... but one is enough. ☺

**BANNOCK, BEANS, AND BLACK TEA**

By John Gallant and Seth • Drawn and Quartered • 120 pp. • \$24.95



well be at odds with the text—it certainly crossed my mind several times. And truthfully, I think I probably should have just stuck to drawing landscapes in the book and kept away from the human figures. My cartoony drawing is probably jarring. But a book in print is a very different thing than a pile of handwritten notes and over the years the actual book just grew into what it finally became. By the time publication arrived I decided to just let it out the door and say goodbye to it. Looking at it now as a final, physical object I would probably make several different decisions.

**VW:** What references did you use when drawing your father's past?

**Seth:** No photographs exist. I merely made up images based (very loosely) on the occasional details my father gave me.

**VW:** *Bannock* isn't quite a full-fledged graphic novel, but it also isn't a pure nonfiction book either. Why did you decide to hand-write the text and add an occasional picture and not make it just a novel or a text-based piece of work?

**Seth:** The very short nature of my father's stories suggested a collection that was arranged in a more anecdotal format. Since it was clearly composed of short, start-and-stop episodes, I figured it would be nice to have the whole book retain a hand-done quality to remind people of its off-the-cuff nature. That's why it's hand-lettered. Also, when a book is made up of just little two- or three-page pieces it really relaxes the reading of it to have drawings included. I think it makes the read more leisurely and relaxed—[if it were just] text, the book would roll by pretty fast. It would have been a lot colder if it were simply typeset and without the drawings and design. It's just a little illustrated



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# The tending machine

Universal daycare is a far more radical notion than its proponents realize

BY MEL BACKSTROM

It's perhaps not surprising that the media spent a great deal of time during the recent election discussing various "radical" aspects of the Conservative party's platform and the purportedly offensive statements made by certain members of that party. But what received little attention is something I think happened to be the truly radical policy proposed in this election by any party: universal daycare.

A policy advanced and agreed upon by three of the four leaders in the English language debate would seem to be anything but radical. If anything, universal daycare appears to be a necessary extension of what supposedly so defines Canada: our generous social programs. Only Stephen Harper disagreed and proposed instead to grant parents an annual childcare tax deduction of \$2,000 that could be used as they saw fit.

The problem with the Conservatives' approach, according to advocates of a universal daycare program, is that it doesn't address the shortage of childcare spaces that now exists. Part of this demand, however, is due

to the fact that parents are presently penalized for taking care of their own children, since all childcare expenses paid to a licensed caregiver are 100 per cent tax-deductible. Lower-income parents who might like to stay home to raise their children are in effect forced to work in order to get back the tax money they would otherwise lose. I'm unaware of any statistics showing how many parents fall into this category, but it is certainly not the role of government to discriminate against those who feel that they can do a better job of raising their children than complete strangers.

## OPINION

Of course, if a universal childcare program were introduced, the discrimination would only increase as taxes would have to be raised in order to pay for it and the only way for people to get that money back would be to enroll their children in licensed care. But as the recent debates over healthcare have clearly shown, a two-tiered childcare plan would be unthinkable, so the real end goal would be a publicly-run daycare system with the providers as unionized government employees.

This would be the ideal system for those of a socialist persuasion who believe, along with the sociologists Gunnar and Alva Myrdal (the greatest

intellectual influence on the development of Sweden's now-crumbling cradle-to-grave social safety net) that "much of the tiresome pathos which defends 'individual freedom' and 'responsibility for one's own family' is based on a sadistic disposition to extend this 'freedom' to an unbound and uncontrolled right to dominate others."

So, to quote a recent post from an online discussion of this issue, in this perfect utopian world "children would be shuffled into a government-owned and -operated mini-gulag to be molded by government employees into good little Canadians, while their parents... go to work to earn money to pay the taxes required to pay for the raising of their children."

Am I the only one bothered by this scenario? Though I don't have children as of yet, when I do, I want to be able to make the decision how they will be raised free from government interference. You would think that those on the left who value alternative education options such as Waldorf or home-schooling would agree, but blinded by their commitment to the virtues of socialism, they are apparently unable to see the blatant contradiction in their desire to raise their children how they want and the existence of a universal child care program. Freedom isn't necessarily comfortable, but it's far more preferable than relying on the supposed beneficence of government bureaucrats. ☺



three dollar bill

BY RICHARD BURNETT

### Pass the Tylenol

I've been checking out Canada's Pride parades on TV and the web the last three weeks and I haven't seen so many flabby asses waving in the air since, well, Pride last summer.

Don't get me wrong—I love a parade and I love a bare bottom. But isn't Pride all about dressing up? Where are the sequins, the leather and the drag queens? Do I really need to see another 300-pound dyke spilling out of her ripped jeans? When I attended last summer's Pride parade in Toronto, I was happy my then nine-year-old godson Skye wasn't there to see the TNT contingent of naked men. Now, I love naked men (and Skye knows I do), but could TNT at least trim their pubes? Please? This is a parade, for God's sake, not a bathhouse.

When Pride rolled through Canada's Queen City this past weekend, there was the TNT contingent doing it all over again. But forget their flabby asses. It was the Toronto press which was full of gas, going on and on about how fabulous Toronto Pride—and thus, of course, Toronto—is. "The 24th annual celebra-

tion is the largest [Pride] festival in Canada and one of the three largest in the world," the *Toronto Star* blathered. "Unofficial estimates have put crowds at more than 1 million and last year it pumped more than \$80 million into the local economy." And here I thought my asshole was the centre of the universe.

But I've got news for straight Toronto reporters: the world's largest Pride event was held June 13 of this year—and not in America, Europe or Canada, but in Brazil. According to United Press International, police estimate 1.1 million people participated in Sao Paulo's eye-popping parade along that amazing city's glittering downtown Paulista Avenue. São Paulo, in fact, is quickly becoming the next gay capital of the world. But I digress.

After witnessing Toronto's TNT contingent, I turned to *People* magazine for consolation. There, after all, was actor Orlando Bloom gracing the cover of the magazine's annual (albeit very straight) "50 Hottest Bachelors" issue. Ranking number two was 23-year-old hottie Jake Gyllenhaal, the best (looking) thing in this summer's Hollywood disaster flick *The Day After Tomorrow*. Gyllenhaal is currently shooting the movie *Brokeback Mountain* in and around Calgary. The feature is based on Annie Proulx's acclaimed novel about two male cowboys who meet and fall in love while working together as ranch hands near Wyoming's Brokeback Mountain during the summer of 1963.

Last month Gyllenhaal told the *Calgary Sun*, "[My friends] are all like, 'Dude, you're gonna kiss a guy [in the movie]!'"

SEE PAGE 11

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## VUEWEEKLY

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### THE SECOND ANNUAL



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## Haiku Horoscope

### ARIES

(Mar 21-Apr 19)

Terrible things will  
Occur this week—but to you  
Well, time to eat pie!



### LIBRA

(Sept 23-Oct 22)

All I know is I  
Wouldn't want to eat something  
That is called rump roast



### TAURUS

(Apr 20-May 20)

It's just not a cult  
Without crazy wigs and some  
Strange explanation



### SCORPIO

(Oct 23-Nov 21)

Your bullheaded-ness  
Hurts your love life, but helps your  
"Head-ramming-things" life



### GEMINI

(May 21-June 20)

You will never feel  
Alone as long as you have  
Your paranoia



### SAGITTARIUS

(Nov 22-Dec 21)

Change could do you good  
Then again, it might land you  
In a gun battle



### CANCER

(June 21-July 22)

Oh come, you wouldn't  
Hit a guy who just broke your  
Glasses, now would you?



### CAPRICORN

(Dec 22-Jan 19)

You really relate  
To those tales of the street told  
By millionaire "thugs"



### LEO

(July 23-Aug 22)

I've only got nice  
Things to say about Leos  
Who threaten my life



### AQUARIUS

(Jan 20-Feb 18)

Many things promise  
To go right for you this week  
But few keep their word



### VIRGO

(Aug 23-Sept 22)

Sometimes even the  
Best of friends squabble or have  
A fight to the death



### PISCES

(Feb 19-Mar 20)

Through the miracle  
Of technology, these fish  
Are the planet's last



by Jonathan Ball, Registered Fraud, [www.jonathanball.com](http://www.jonathanball.com)

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# Bliss and makeup

LUXbeauty traffics in exotic cosmetics, but caters to the average consumer

By ANNA STUFFCO

Knowing what brand of make-up to use can sometimes be as difficult as finding the right shades to complement your colouring. I must admit complete ignorance in the areas of knowing which colours are flattering and which features require highlighting. When it comes to the vast and infinite world of make-up, face regimens, body treatments and hair products, it seems there's only two ways to go about satisfying your beauty needs: go to Wal-Mart and find the cheapest powder with the most professional-looking poster; or go to Holt's and max out your brand-new Eskimos MasterCard in an attempt to impress the intimidating lady behind the counter.

This dilemma has haunted me since my first experience in the girls' washroom after gym class in Grade Seven. That's why I decided to finally step up to the plate and educate myself on the ins and outs of the beauty business.

My pursuit to enlightenment began within the labyrinth of counters at a department store the size of Costco, and as my confusion turned to frustration, I felt suffocated amongst the piles of pastel-coloured compacts and Olsen Twins cardboard pop-ups. Feeling like I'd just finished six rounds with Tyson, I

sought refuge in a grande non-fat cappuccino and walked along one of the last remaining pockets of authenticity that's been spared from the consumerist virus plaguing our city—an enchanting little building tucked away on 124 Street.

LUXbeauty is a modest but forward-thinking boutique for the "beauty connoisseur," and it's here that I found brands I'd seen in *Glamour*,

## STYLE

*InStyle* and *Vogue*, displayed in a soothing layout that didn't make me feel dizzy, manned by staff that was friendly and helpful. The shop's mission is simple: provide everyone from beauty aficionados to inexperienced walk-ins with hard-to-find brands for hair, skin and body. They even have a variety of products for men who aren't afraid to take pride in the way the look.

LUXbeauty creator Jennifer Grimm says her frustration led to inspiration when she tried to find beauty products mentioned in jet-setting international magazines but was unable to locate them anywhere, including the Internet. Five years later, her company has become internationally acclaimed. "I've been addicted to beauty magazines and products my whole life," says the 28-year-old entrepreneur. "I remember going to New York City and just standing in the huge department store cosmetic areas and being in awe. During the dot-com phenomenon in the United States, online shopping became a really popular way to locate and purchase products. The problem was, no one would

ship to Canada, and no one here was catching on to the craze."

THAT WAS WHEN Grimm combined her passion for make-up and business savvy and created LUXbeauty.com, an online site offering beauty products with cachet to those living north of the 40th Parallel. Since then, LUXbeauty has come to ship all over the world, with 50 per cent of its online orders coming from international beauty gurus. The Terax conditioner that Madonna and Meg Ryan

both swear by, for instance, is \$20 a tube at LUXbeauty, and you can even find Nicole Kidman's favourite Vanilla Apricot perfume by Comptior Sud Pacifique for \$68. Huge names in the cosmetics world like Bliss Spas in New York City and London, whose following includes Julia Roberts and Oprah Winfrey, have full lines of products available at LUXbeauty. Make-up artists for *Will & Grace* and the cast of *Friends* swear by Cargo, a line out of Toronto.

But LUX's most attractive feature

is the delicate balance they achieve between knowledge and helpfulness, pleasant service and personal touch. They're nice but not fake, informed but not snobby. In under an hour I got a comprehensive lesson in skin care and make-up application, and could even afford to purchase the same eyeshadow as Jennifer Aniston. Check out LUXbeauty on the Net or in person—I promise you'll leave enlightened, if not glowing, from the new Cargo bronzer they've just brought in. ☺

STORY

Continued from page 9

But it's not about that for me. It's about how impossible love can be sometimes and I can relate to that. I grew up in a family where many of our close friends were gay couples. As well as that, every man goes through a period of thinking they're attracted to another guy."

Another studmuffin in People's Top 50 is 28-year-old Irish hunk Colin Farrell, who plays the bisexual Alexander the Great in the upcoming Hollywood epic *Alexander*. Alexander's lifelong love was his old friend Hephaestion (they were inseparable until Hephaestion died a tragic death) but Farrell's co-star is Angelina Jolie, so don't expect Alexander the Fabulous.

Anyway, Farrell (whose real-life broth-

er happens to be gay) is raising more than eyebrows these days—not because he has no problem playing gay, but because he's apparently hung like a horse. His dick is so big, in fact, a full-frontal nudity scene from his new film *A Home at the End of the World* (in which Colin plays a bisexual man in a love triangle) was cut after test screenings. "All you could hear were gasps when Colin appeared in his full-frontal pose," an anonymous source told my favourite London tabloid, the *Sun*. "It was such a sight it made it difficult to concentrate on the plot, so the decision was made to get rid of it."

Which is an awful shame, really. Colin would have made us at least forget the spectacle of watching TNT wave their untrimmed dicks and flabby asses in Toronto last weekend. But don't you worry—Farrell says the deleted scene will make it onto the DVD. ☺

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# DISH

## Crêperie ever after

We can't stop needling Three Muskateers about their misspelled name... or praising their food

By CHRIS BOUTET

It was due to a series of unfortunate events that I eventually found myself sitting on the patio of **Three Muskateers**, though this is not to say that I didn't want to be there. It was Sunday evening, and feeling kinda hungry but not starving, my girlfriend and I decided to look around for a light dinner somewhere in the neighbourhood of Whyte. The first place I thought of was the Upper Crust Café; I had had a somewhat unsatisfying experience there a while back (commonly referred to in my circle as the Smallest Chicken Sandwich Anyone Has Ever Tried to Call a Meal Debacle of 2003), but since I kept hearing nothing but good about the place, I figured it was about time I gave it another shot. Sadly, that shot

will have to wait for another day to be fired, as we walked up to the front door to find it locked. Alright, I guess that makes sense. Some restaurants are known to take Sundays off.

So we headed down Whyte to my second choice, the always satisfying Louisiana comfort food of DaDeO. But when we got there, my dreams of cat-fish po' boys and corn fritters soaked in Tiger Sauce were promptly dashed against the rocks as, again, we discovered it was closed, this time apparently

## RESTAURANTS

for renovations or something. Okay, no problem, I said. Let's go check out that little Greek place above Funky Pickle that I've always meant to try. The good news here was that the establishment was actually not closed at all; the bad news, however, was that it was no longer a Greek restaurant, but rather some bar with the word "Turtle" in its name. (I guess that would explain the lineup outside that I was so confused by on Saturday.) Thwarted again, my girlfriend and I desperately surveyed the immediate landscape and narrowed our choices down to two: Yianni's Greek Taverna

and Three Muskateers, an incorrectly-spelled but intriguing-sounding French place. Since I know nothing about French cuisine, it seemed to be about high time I acquainted myself with the world of crêpes, frog legs and *croque monsieurs*. And, only sweetening the proposal, it didn't look closed.

**INDEED**, it wasn't closed. Although, the main eating area seemed quite pleasant—darkened, intimate and adorned with a tasteful mural of the crowded streets of old France—it was too nice an evening to be inside, so we opted for the patio. After ordering our decidedly un-French drinks (a bottle of Trad for me and a glass of American white wine for my girlfriend), we took in the ample menu. Featuring an assortment of quiches, pastas and hearty-sounding steak and veal dishes, we eventually homed in on the selection of galettes, a traditional crepe made from buckwheat flour (white flour can be substituted on request) and filled with something delicious of your choice. I decided to go with the Galette Suprême, a crepe stuffed with chicken and mushrooms in a white wine sauce (\$14.95), while my girlfriend opted for the more unconventional Galette de Chevre.

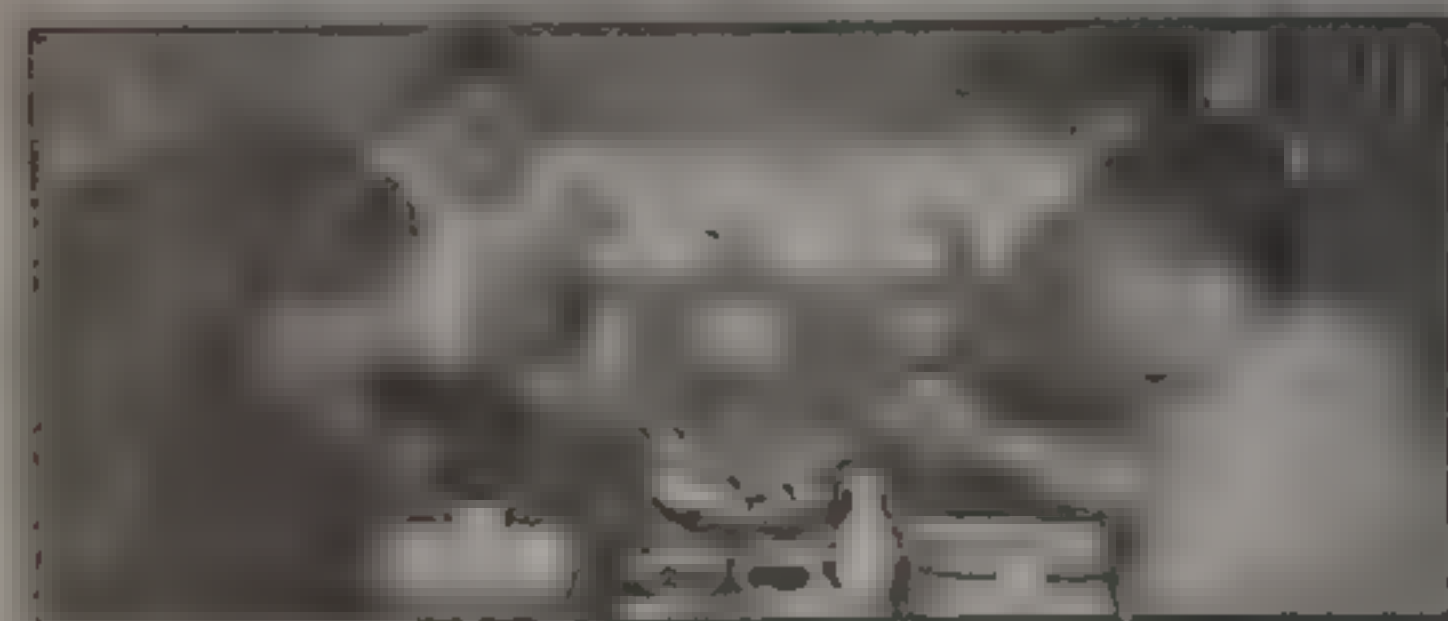


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fri july 2  
blake kinley

sat july 3  
blake kinley

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described as a bed of salad and walnuts topped with a galette and goat cheese (\$15.95). For a side dish, we both went with the pasta choice, which that day was rotini tossed with lemon pepper and diced bell peppers.

On the appetizer end of things, Three Muskateers offers pretty much what you'd expect from a French restaurant—you've got the aforementioned frog legs and the always chuckle-inducing croque monsieur (come on: the direct translation is "Mr. Crunchy." Tell me that's not funny), a hot ham and cheese sandwich good for a warmup. Although I really should have been adventurous and

had the frog legs, ultimately, we went with the escargot with garlic parsley butter in a puff pastry shell (\$9.75). After we ordered, I realized that with all the white wine cream and garlic butter I had coming to me, my attempted diet was about to be getting a good old-fashioned ass-kicking, France-style. Ah well. My spare tire was getting a little too flat anyway.

**AFTER SOME TIME** spent relaxing in the cool summer evening and taking in the notably nontraditional Radiohead album that was strangely providing the background music, our escargot arrived in all its buttered and

pastried glory. Served with a side of salad and raspberry vinaigrette, the

dish's presentation exuded playfulness, the large escargots seeming to burst out of a square of puff pastry off to the side and make their way across the plate. The meat was tender but not rubbery, and when they said garlic, buddy, they meant it; there must have been about five cloves' worth chopped into the butter that smothered the dish. Short work was made of it, and dinner arrived quickly on its tail.

Well, I won the dinner contest last weekend, so I guess it's only fair that my girlfriend took the prize this time out. Her galette de chevre was phenomenal, a twist of soft, brown crêpe topped with a healthy dollop of warm, creamy goat cheese resting on a bed of salad with the same raspberry dressing and crunchy walnuts providing some pleasing texture. My galette looked similarly excellent: a crêpe folded into a square around a generous portion of chicken, mushrooms and thick white wine sauce complemented by colourful, lemony pasta. While the chicken was ample and juicy, I must admit that I was a little disappointed with the

sauce, which turned out kind of bland, lacking the tangy wine flavours I was expecting and giving it more of a chicken à la king impression than I would have liked. Still, it was an enjoyable dish nonetheless, although not quite filling enough to stop me from finishing off my girlfriend's meal as well. Hey, I'm a growing guy.

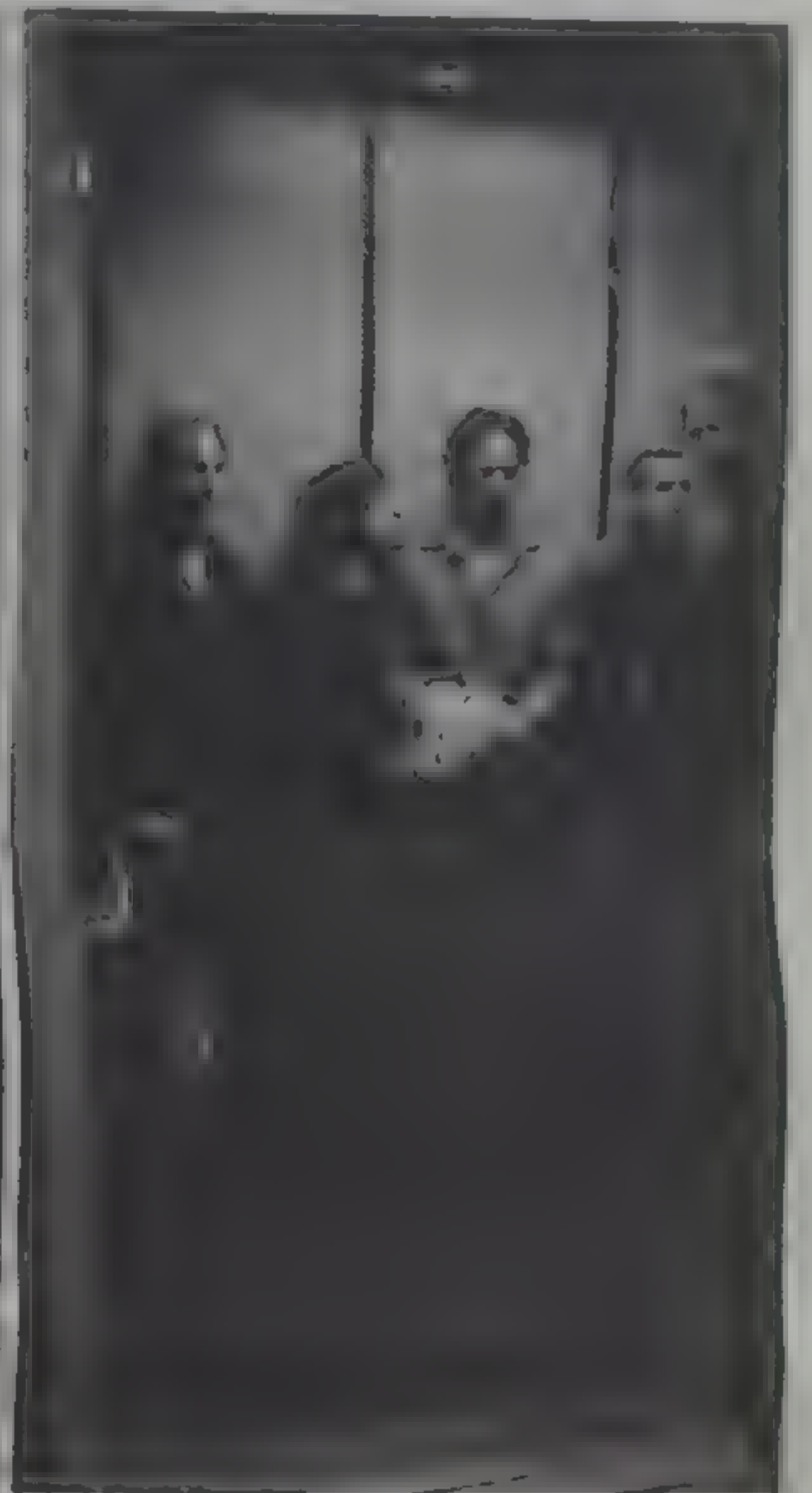
For dessert, we tried to finish off healthily with a warm dessert crêpe filled with sliced green apple and dusted with cinnamon (\$5.25), but they forgot to mention the mountains of fresh whipped cream on the menu, which was certainly not unwelcome. At least we tried, right?

Overall, the meal came to just under \$60 with drinks—certainly a fair price for an excellent and unique meal. (French cuisine is rare in this neck of the woods, after all.) So if you're feeling adventurous some night, check it out. They're even open on Sundays. ☐

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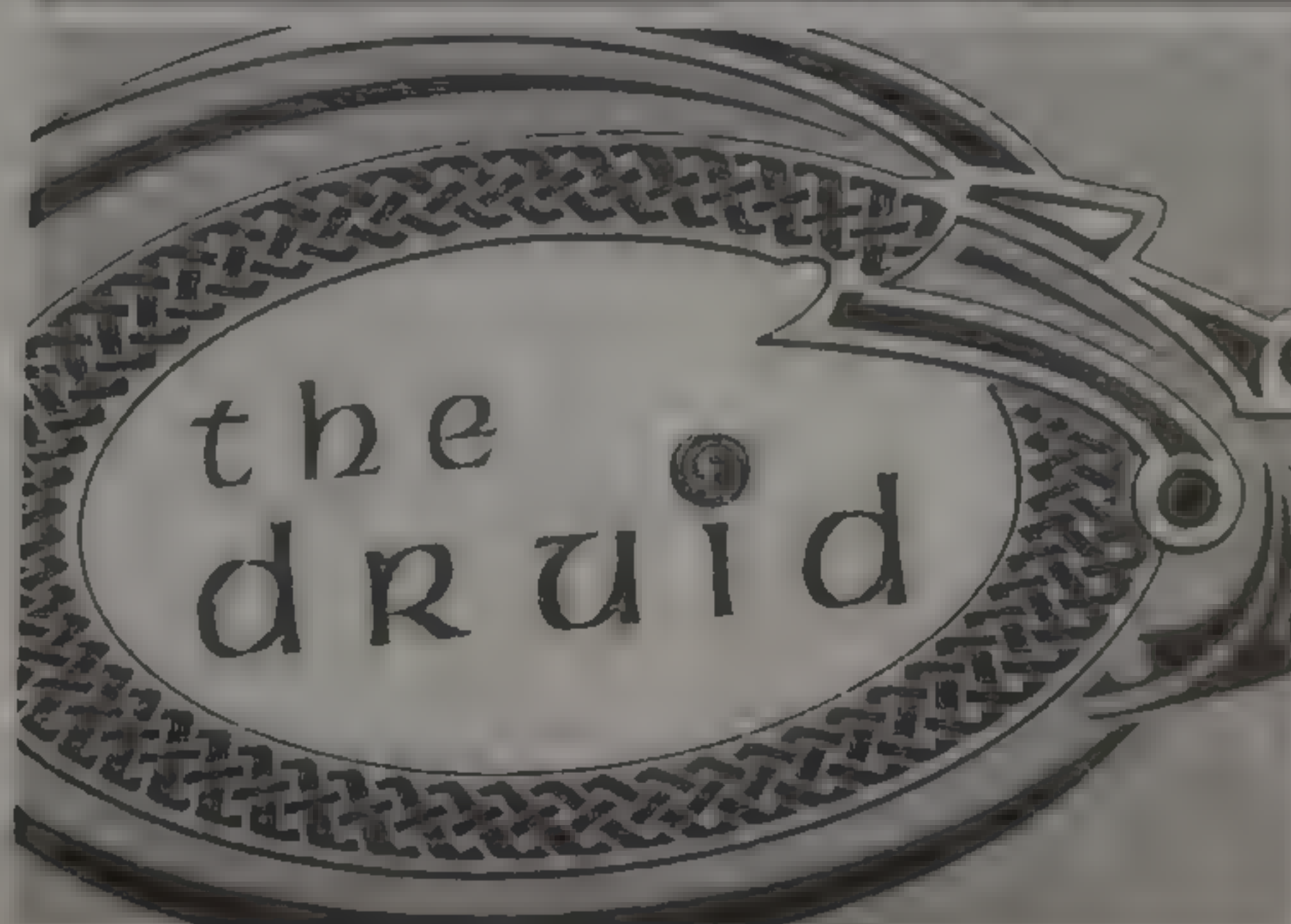
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# DISH WEEKLY

PREVIOUSLY REVIEWED RESTAURANTS

LEGEND	
Price per person, before tax and tip	
\$	— Less than \$10
\$\$	— \$10 to \$20
\$\$\$	— \$20 to \$30
\$\$\$\$	— \$30 and up

## HAWELI

10220-103 St • 421-8100

My friend Paul and I arrived at Haweli at the tail end of the business lunch rush. Our server arrived almost immediately, poured some water and wisely assumed we were going to hit the buffet line. Wasting little time, we went and checked out the spread, which featured a fairly typical but ample selection of chicken, beef and vegetable dishes. As a staunch meatitarian, I laid down only a cursory base of fluffy jasmine rice to support my kingly mountain of spicy tandoori chicken, aromatic beef kofta, and that staple of any good Indian meal, saucy butter chicken. With a little space left over, and not wanting the vegetables to feel too left out, I added a couple ladles of navrattan korma (a mixture of mushrooms and vegetables swimming in a thick curry) and two vegetarian pakoras, which are a fried dumpling of potatoes, onion and eggplant dipped in Besan herbs and spices. A basket of hot buttered naan bread was waiting for us upon our return to the table, and we began to dig in. I started off with the kofta, a dense and generously spiced beef meatball served with an assortment of fried vegetables. The meatballs were resilient and flavourful, and like all Indian food, deceptively filling. From there, I moved on to veggie country, digging into the navrattan korma, which despite its lack of meat, was an deliciously thick curry loaded with botanical goodness. The pakoras were equally pleasing, the firm, crispy batter nicely complementing the steaming spicy vegetables cocooned within. Having taken care of the unfamiliar territory, I finished off with those mainstays of the culinary genre, the stately tandoori and butter chicken. Seriously, if I hadn't been reviewing (and watching my girlish figure), I could have easily put away a plate of each. The tandoori was exceptionally hot and tender, the bright red meat practically falling off the bone with each bite. The butter chicken was similarly excellent, featuring, without hyperbole, one of the best almond, tomato and cream sauces I've ever had. After all was said

and done, the bill was brought sporting the humble sum of \$21 and change for two people: not half bad, I'd say. In fact, for a meal this memorable, that's fantastic. **Average Price: \$-\$\$** (Reviewed 06/17/04)

## HUNGRY JACK'S

8123-104 St • 988-5848

Hungry Jack's is an industrious, hardworking little mom-'n'-pop burger joint. They're unfailingly friendly and polite and once they even accepted a Purolator package for me that otherwise would've been rerouted to Syria. Yeah, yeah, they're nice people; what about the food? In three words: plentiful, good and cheap. Hungry Jack's doesn't just do burgers; they also sling donairs, beef and chicken, delicious in their own right, and they have a huge pizza menu though they don't typically have individual slices for sale. Having eaten at Hungry Jack's before, I knew what to expect for my "review meal," so I got a Jack's Mom Burger Deluxe, which is sauce, pickles, lettuce, tomato, cheese and bacon—your standard fully loaded burger, and it comes in just under \$4.25. They bring it out on a shiny white plate, the top bun swaying slightly on its tower of toppings. On the side I'd ordered some onion rings (for three bucks)—a dandy snack on their own when you don't feel up to a full meatjob. But it's a mistake to fill up on fries or rings, not when there's a Mom's Burger to be dealt with. This is a burger that needs to be gripped, controlled, held together through constant application of will and strength; one or two careless bites can disrupt the structure and transform the whole thing into a sliding finger-going avalanche of meat, toppings and sauce. Blobs of sauce and bacon drip off the side when I go in for my first bite; oh God, it's already falling apart! No, no, it's holding together. And that first bite's so good, so burgery! One bite and I already feel stuffed. I have to pace myself with this sandwich, let it know who's boss, work away at its defenses, chewing around the sides then going in for carefully timed strikes at its heart. Only when I'm down to about 40 per cent can I even begin to relax, and by then the bottom bun's already mostly given up the ghost, reduced to a smear of bread under my fingers. A Hungry Jack's burger is a mountain of meat that'll fill you up to bursting and get you thinking immediately about a nap. It's good burger, folks. **Average Price: \$** (Reviewed 06/03/04)

## LOS ANDES RESTAURANT

3903-99 St • 435-6202

It's hard to imagine that a tiny joint tucked away in a southside industrial neighbourhood off 99 Street would have the abundance of charm this modest establishment does. Flags of Chile hang from the high ceiling and one entire wall is covered with a landscape mural depicting the very mountains that give the place its name. A carnivorous theme is evident on the menu from the lunch special (beef and rice for just \$5.95) right through to the sopa del dia (soup of the day), also beef. I give strong consideration to the hamburguesa de pollo (a chicken burger) but in the end, happily decide on the lomito (\$4.50), a sandwich of thinly sliced pork with avocado. I also want the Los Andes salad and I'm pleased to find from my host that I can get some on the side for a mere two dollars. The salad comes first. It's a simple mix of Romaine, tomato slices and a vinaigrette topped with some chopped cilantro but the lettuce is crisp and the dressing is clean and bold enough to almost wake me up from my trance as I read a mag. The sandwich follows shortly thereafter and my first bite confirms the wisdom of my decision. There's a healthy amount of both white and darker pork in it but it's the avocado and fresh bread that make the meal. It's warm and rich, with the items all melding together as it passes over the palate. The bun itself is crunchy, light and unlike anything I've had around here. "Do you make the bread?" I ask the motherly figure doing the serving. She nods. It may seem like an innocuous touch but I just love the fact that they've made a great sandwich even better by making the bread themselves. I mean, it's a helluva lot more representative of the culture than going to Safeway and picking up a few bags of kaisers, right? As I mop up every last crumb and piece of lettuce, my thoughts go to servicing my sweet tooth. Los Andes has three choices (at lunch, anyway): flan, ice cream with strawberry topping and the torta mil hojas. "How's the torta?" The lady in charge simply kisses her fingers to indicate the quality. Surprise, surprise, I'm sold. The large slice of cake (only three bucks, if you can believe it) features numerous flaky layers of pastry all held together by what initially resembles a peanut butter mixture but is actually some type of ultra-sweet caramel. It's absolutely delicious. I live by the motto that nothing is too sweet, though this comes close. **Average Price: \$-\$\$** (Reviewed 05/06/04)

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Nik Kozub

## Nights gallery

Innovative programmers hope to lure music fans to the downtown core

By JERED STUFFCO

Let's face it, guys: Whyte Avenue has become a total zoo. On any given night, an innocent bystander could be: (a) thrown in the slammer for looking at a cop the wrong way; (b) beaten to a bloody pulp by some drunk rig pig in town for a little "party action, man"; (c) puked on by ballcap-wearing jocks; or (d) all of the above. If you're female, swap all of the aforementioned with: (e) getting hit on by endless crowds of drunk, horny doods; or (f) getting hit on by the cops. Now, unless you're particularly fond of men in uniform or fistfights, those options don't seem like a recipe for a fun night now, do they? Of course they don't, silly.

Luckily, it seems like Edmonton's downtown is picking up the slack. Over the past few months,

several new nights have popped up in the DT, with a veritable cornucopia of flavours to choose from for those of us who've had enough of cops and jocks.

Kicking off this Thursday at the Victory Lounge (basement of the Starlite Room) is local headband junkie Nik Kozub's new club ven-

### PREVIEW CLUBS

ture, the aptly titled **Nrmls Wlcm**. "I'm trying to get a lot of different people who like a lot of different music to come together and have some fun," says Kozub, who will be manning the decks and rinsing out a mashup of everything from new wave and punk-funk to hip hop and electro.

If anything, Kozub's night reflects the continuing movement within indie rock circles to get up and dance. To paraphrase Prince, it's the sign o' the times, man. Still, Kozub is quick to point out that the night isn't just geared towards indie rockers who've only recently found their dancin' legs. "It's amazing right now," Kozub says,

"because you've got indie kids listening to electronic music, electronic music people listening to rock and everybody's listening to hip hop. I think indie rock people are sick of shoegazing and they want to have fun, and I want to play a lot of records because I'm a huge record nerd."

Kozub also says that putting the night into the newly opened Victory Lounge was integral to capturing his image for the night. "People don't have a stigma attached to it yet," Kozub explains. "I wanted to do a fresh night in a fresh club and the room is perfect. It's basically one big dancefloor."

**ONLY A FEW BLOCKS WEST** of the Victory, local drum and bass crew Subterranean Sound present **Vital Fridays** at Decadance. Though primarily a night for junglists, promoter and DJ/MC Nick Samalack (a.k.a. Degree) says the night is an effort to break some of the conventions and rules that have made drum 'n' bass heads into the musical equivalent of the Freemasons.

"Basically," he says, "we wanted to take it from a totally different angle. Jungle has this reputation for being elitist because it's got such a culture associated with it. We wanted to give it a bit of a twist and push the movement forward." For Samalack, the solution included bringing hip-hop and breaks into the mix—and it seems like the approach is paying off. "This night has been more consistently packed than any other drum 'n' bass night this city has ever had," Samalack says. "It's never been better."

For slightly more chilled-out grooves, check **Fridays at Café Select**. Though no stranger to punishing beats as DJ Tryptomene, local vinyl nut Rob Clarke says that the night is a chance for him to stretch his DJ legs a bit and plunge into the depths of his record crate, which is apparently very deep indeed. "This isn't as much of a club night," Clarke says. "People are sitting down and we're playing everything from 1920s jazz to downtempo stuff—it's pretty different."

Cosmopolitan like a double date with Leo Trotsky and Karl Lagerfeld, the downtown vibe has also been a heavy influence on the evening's atmosphere. "We've been doing downtempo nights on and off at Black Dog and Savoy," Clarke says, "but you can't really get away with playing classy sounds like Louis Armstrong on Whyte. People would be coming in and complaining that they wanted to dance. This night is basically for people who have grown up with DJ culture but don't necessarily want to shout over really loud music in a smoky bar." ☉

*Nrmls Wlcm takes place Thursdays at The Victory Lounge (10030-102 St, downstairs). Vital takes place Fridays at Decadance (10018-105 St). Bob Trampoline spins every Friday at Café Select (10018-106 St).*

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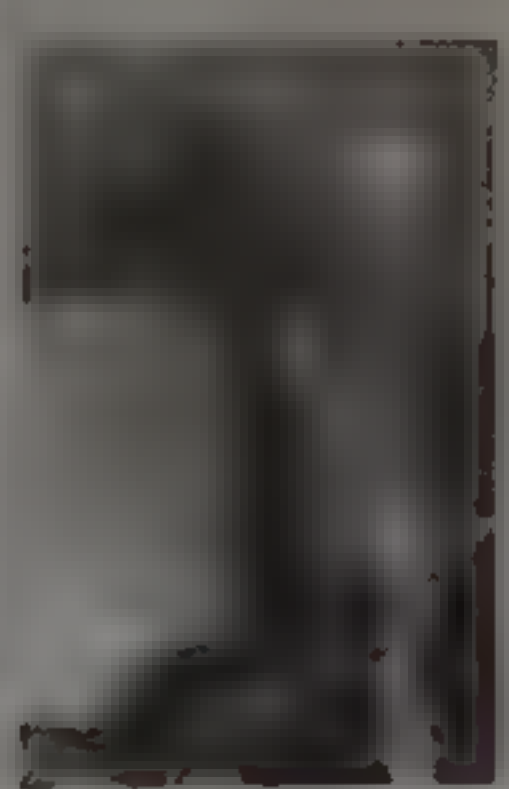
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## MUSIC



## music notes

BY PHIL DUPERRON  
AND JERED STUFFCO

### You got surfed

**South Side Riot • With Teenage Surf Invasion • Seedy's • Fri, July 2**  
Mason Wilson never intended to start a surf band. In fact, quite the opposite is true. Last year, Mason and some pals threw together an ambitious, six-piece ska/reggae band called Mercy Fight. Get this: the project even boasted two singers and a mini horn section. Two singers is always a recipe for disaster,

and needless to say, the project ended prematurely.

However, instead of throwing in the towel, moving to Nepal and converting to Buddhism, Wilson grabbed two of his bandmates and started jamming. The trio quickly began amassing new material, but without a vocalist, the tunes took on a life of their own. Sort of. "We didn't want to find a singer," Wilson says. "So we wrote some songs, but we never really had a direction, and surf music is one of the only musical styles that you can get away without having a singer."

Still, Wilson is quick to point out that South Side Riot is anything but a crew of surf traditionalists. "We like a bit of everything," Wilson says, "and I think it all comes into our sound." With a drummer who's into hardcore and a guitarist who digs on "cool chords," it's no wonder these guys aren't just jamming on Ventures tunes. So far, though, it seems like the approach is paying off. "It's been a lot

easier for us to play as a three-piece," says Wilson. "With this band, we can do more of our own thing now."

Since debuting last fall, the boys have been busy playing all-ages shows around town, but their upcoming Seedy's gig represents a bit of a landmark for the boys: it's their first bar show. According to Wilson, it won't be their last, either. "This is definitely a serious project," he says. "We've been playing together for years; we're friends first and foremost and a band later. I don't see us breaking up anytime soon. If we did, we'd probably just form another band anyways." (15)

### A Flair for the dramatic

**The Flairs • With Todd Kerns • Victory Lounge • Sat, July 3**  
Combining the catchiness of pop with the power of rock in one hot little package, the Flairs are poised to explode on the scene from their Vancouver home. Singer/guitarist Dawn Mandari-

## FRIDAY JULY 2 SOUTHSIDE RIOTS AND TEENAGE SURF INVASION



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no and drummer Jen Foster were playing with pop darlings Tuuli when they met up with lead guitarist Gillian Hanna (Bif Naked) while touring around Canada and decided to hook up and form the Flairs. Foster and Mandarino quickly moved to Vancouver, joined Hanna's brother Ryan on bass and immediately started gigging and recording. They quickly made a name for themselves around Vancouver before taking it out on the road last summer to try their luck at Toronto's NXNE industry showcase. On the way back home the foursome wrangled several dates opening for "Diamond" David Lee Roth through Alberta and Washington.

"It was really fun—he's crazy," Gillian says from home, waiting to head out on a short blitz to Alberta. "We didn't really know what to expect, but he drew really well. The stage show was awesome, his players were awesome. He did all the Van Halen songs and he still does the kicks in his leather pants and brings a 40 of Jack Daniels out. The novelty was definitely there, but it was really entertaining."

While the band has several killer tracks up on their website ([www.the-flairs.com](http://www.the-flairs.com)) they're still waiting to put out a disc. There's talk of one coming out on Bif Naked's label Her Royal Majesty Records by next year, but in the meantime they've just finished shooting a video for "Ready to Roll" to help move things along. "We have a bunch of stuff recorded," Gillian says. "We just have to figure out what we're gonna do with it. Hopefully in the near future we'll have something ready to go. It's driving us all crazy, really." (PD)

### Free grub!

**Chick Maggot • With Uncle Outrage and Teenage Surf Invasion: Stars (Sat, July 3, evening) • With MoreBadNews, Teenage Surf Invasion, Hellthrasher, Full Creep, Brother Voodoo and Sierra: Laurier Heights Hall (14405-85 Ave; Sat, July 3, afternoon)** While record companies scramble to find a way to tame the Internet and get their hands on the money they've "lost" due to downloading, one local musician is doing the complete opposite. Roy Sasano, frontman for Chick Maggot, wants to start his own grassroots revolution by throwing a free show (well, sorta free—the afternoon hall show costs \$5 to cover the rental) and giving away copies of the band's 2002 release *The Worst 20 Minutes of Your Life*. Sasano says he was feeling rather hopeless about the prospect of changing the world so he came up with a plan.

"Our idea is basically to do our part by giving away music," he explains. "Music shouldn't cost money and so we'll do everything we can, and right now that happens to be putting on this show and playing for free. I'm hoping for some sort of cascading action happening. If a whole bunch of people start to do this type of thing, maybe it'll start costing less to do it just because they're not making money so they don't have the money to spend. I haven't really thought it out, but somehow I can see if everybody has this attitude shift, then eventually



**Besh o drom • Starlite Room • Sun, June 27 • REVUE** Of all the diverse music available at this year's Jazz City festival, I was immediately drawn to Besh o drom, a Hungarian nine-piece collective. The prospect of gypsy jazz—whatever that meant—was too intriguing to ignore. Unfortunately, the vast majority of people out there are after something they have heard of before—or can at least pronounce. The crowd may have been right but the music was stellar. Playing what they call futuristic wedding music, Besh o drom use an assortment of traditional Hungarian instruments like the cimbalon (a type of quicken), horns and drums, as well as an array of electronic taking Balkan folk tunes and giving them a funky twist. Besh o drom produce a controlled cacophony of massive proportions. Acid-polka, anyone? (PD)

things will cost less and less money until money has no meaning."

Hey man, if his ideas of economic anarchism work on *Star Trek* maybe they aren't as crazy as they might seem. (You can check out his manifesto for yourself at [www.dumbidiotcrap.com](http://www.dumbidiotcrap.com).) Besides, it beats sitting at home writing crappy songs about not getting laid and hoping to become the next Simple Plan. Chick Maggot actually write pretty hilarious pop/punk tunes with catchy titles like "Shit Shit Shit Fuck Fuck" that sound much better than the disc's title implies. It's good to see young upstarts like Sasano using their creative powers for something positive, and who doesn't like the idea of free stuff?

"I'm lucky," he says. "I happen to be in a position where I have all these CDs and I can play for free. I have some money I can throw into this type of thing. I think everybody should do what they can. I'm not asking for any change overnight. I just hope Chick Maggot can help offset the corporate band formula." (PD)

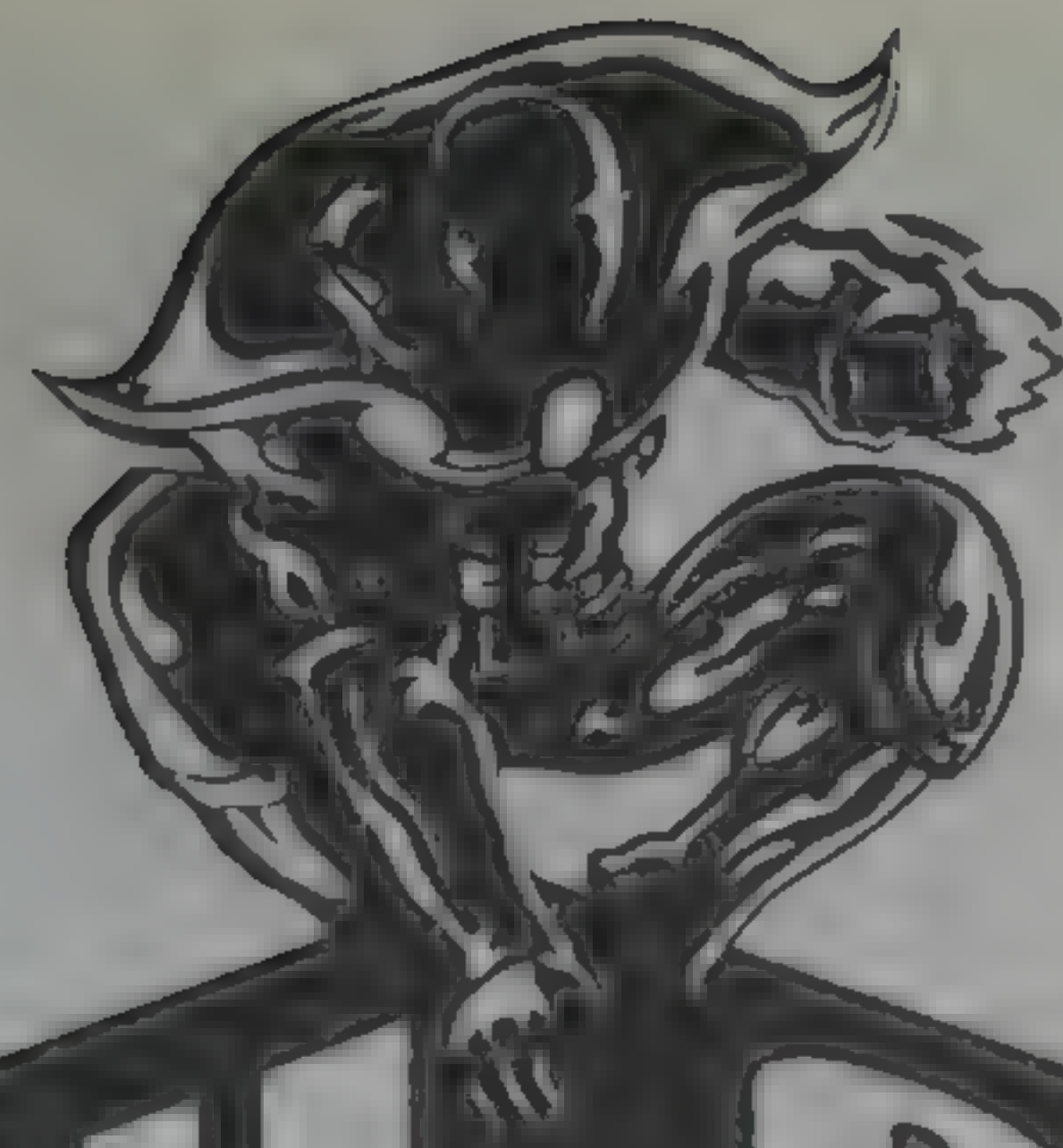
### Buried treasure

**The Subterraneans • With Emma Wall • Sldetrack Café • Tue, July 6** Blindly stumbling upon the official website of local rockers the Subterraneans the other night, I was a little shocked to see that it proclaimed the band had "over 50 years of combined musical experience." Fifty years of "combined experience?" What are these guys—like, carpet layers or something? Not a lot of bands boast about that kind of thing, and when they do, it's usually a bunch of jazz guys. "I don't really know what the fuck was up with that," concedes

singer Landon Cummings over the phone. "Somebody's definitely not a mathematician, though."

Nevertheless, at 23, Cummings is the eldest of the bunch and has been playing in bars with rock bands since he was 15. Not bad, considering most 15-year-olds spend their evenings rifling through their daddy's stroke mag collections. The band initially got together when Cummings and bassist Chris Arnold started jamming together. The lineup grew from there. "Instead of getting a drummer, though, we got a keyboard player [Ryan Thompson]," Cummings says. "It was tough to find a drummer that worked." After a few false starts, the band finally came upon skin-basher Ty Wells, who joined the fold and was a perfect fit. Since the lineup was completed, the band's been gigging regularly and even put out a self-titled EP. In the words of Cummings, "Now, we're totally rockin'."

Influenced by old blues, Dylan, psychedelia and hip hop, Cummings says the band looks to classic beat writers like Jack Kerouac and Henry Miller for lyrical inspiration. "So many new bands don't pay homage to their ancestors," he says. "We idolize everybody right back to Robert Johnson. Indeed, the band's name even comes from the Kerouac novel of the same name. Cummings is a bit of an iconoclast himself—at a recent gig, an audience member was hauled away by the cops, leaving the door open for Cummings to provide a little commentary. "I said over the mic, 'That's what you get for dancing in this country,'" he recalls, "and the cop said he was going to press charges. It was just some rookie cop with a chip on his shoulder." (JS)



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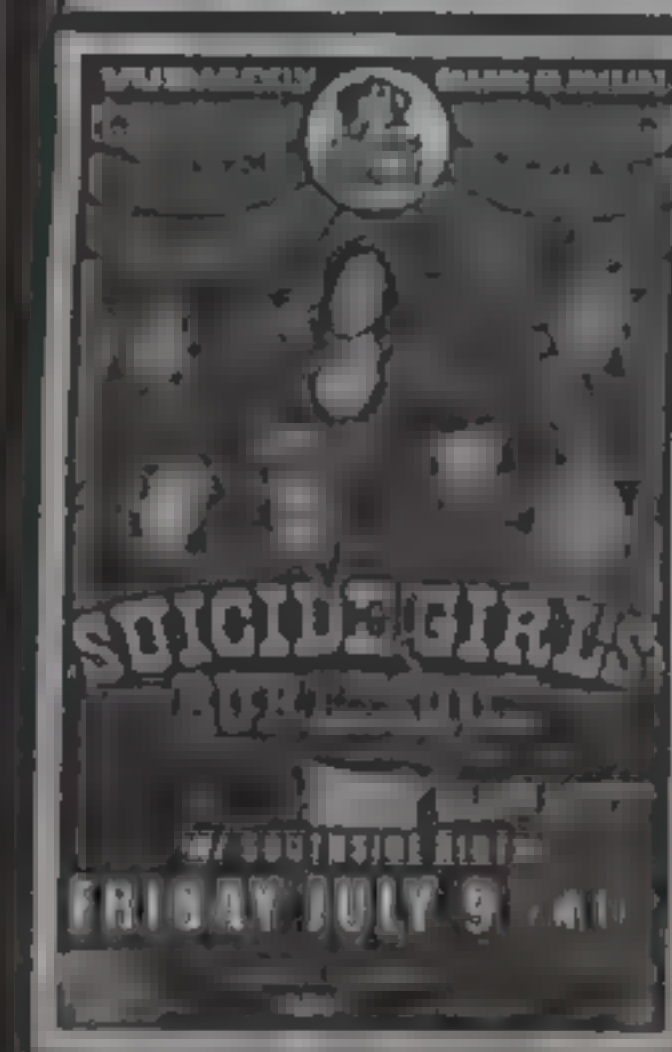
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**SUICIDE GIRLS**  
**BURLESQUE SHOW**

w/ guests

**GRAND BUFFET**  
**SOUTHSIDE RIOTS**



**Friday July 16**

**PLAINSAY CD Release Party**  
w/ guests

**Sunday, July 18**

Metropolis Recording Artists

**DISMANTLED**  
with guests  
**DAEDAL**

coming up:

Champion Alberta w/ fine options and no hands Wed July 21

The Floor, Fake Cops, Radio Berlin, guests Friday July 23

FAVA Summer Celebration w/ Faunts & Black Rice July 30

Yesterday Was Everything Fest ALL AGES Aug 1



# Megatunes

Your Music Destination

FOR THE WEEK ENDING JULY 1, 2004

1. Wilco - A Ghost is born (Nonesuch)
2. Beastie Boys - To the 5 Boroughs (EMI)
3. Bad Religion - The Empire strikes first (Epitaph)
4. J.J. Cale - To Tulsa and Back (Sanctuary)
5. Killers - Hot Fuss (Island)
6. Hayden - Elk Lake Serenade (Hardwood)
7. A.C. Newman - The Slow Wonder (Blue Curtain)
8. Modest Mouse - Good news for people who love bad news (Epic)
9. Toots and the Maytals - True Love (V2)
10. Ruthie Foster - Stages (Blue Com)
11. P.J. Harvey - Uh Huh Her (Island)
12. Various-Rock against Bush (Fat)
13. Misery Signals-Of malice and the Magnum Heart (Ferret)
14. Loretta Lynn-Van Lear Rose (Interscope)
15. Amos Garrett-Acoustic Album (Stony Plain)
16. Sonic Youth-Sonic Nurse (Geffen)
17. Skinny Puppy-The Greater Wrong of the Right (Synthetic Symphony)
18. Various-Punk-O-Rama Vol.9 (Epitaph)
19. Badly Drawn Boy-One plus one is one (XL)
20. The Wailin Jenny's-40 Days (Jericho Beach)
21. Harry Manx-West eats Meet (Dog my cat)
22. Beta Band-Heroes to Zeros (EMI)
23. !!!-Louden up now (Touch and Go)
24. Bebel Gilberto-Bebel Gilberto (Six degrees)
25. Patty Griffin-Impossible Dream (Ato)
26. Royal City-Little heart's ease (Three gut)
27. Angelique Kidjo-Oyaya! (Columbia)
28. Carolyn Mark-the Pros & Cons of Collaboration (Mint)
29. Ronnie Earl-Now my soul (Stony Plain)
30. Otis Taylor-Double V (Telarc)

## THE KILLERS HOT FUSS

Holy shit is this album ever rad!  
I can't wait for everybody else to join in and say it with me. Guy's like Dave are really into this and always have been since the beginning of time.

On sale now.

10355 Whyte Ave. Shop online at megatunes.com 434-6342

Fax your free listings to 426-2889 or e-mail them to Glenys at listings@vuwweekly.com  
Deadline is Friday at 3pm

## THU LIVE MUSIC

**A STARS Main Room:** Canada Day celebration and party

**ABBEY GLEN PARK** Don Berner Sextet; 11:30am-2pm

**ATLANTIC TRAP AND GILL 3** Drops of the Pure

**BLUES ON WHYTE** Zig Zag Bluesband

**CASINO (YELLOWHEAD)** Saddlodge (pop/country)

**CHANCE RESTAURANT** Andrew Glover Trio; 4-7pm

**THE COAST PLAZA HOTEL** Jazz workshops: The Bad Plus Rhythm Section, William Parker (bass), 2pm, free; Owen Howard Quintet; 8:30pm; 8:30pm; tickets available at TicketMaster 451-8000

**COOK COUNTY SALOON** Battle of the Bands: Leto, Seventeen Against the Dealer; 9pm; no cover

**DONNA** Elsie Osborne Trio; 10pm-1am

**DRUID** Chris Wynters; 8:30-11:30pm

**DUSTER'S PUB** Jam hosted by Brian Petch

**EASTBOUND EATERY AND SAKA BAR** Jazz jam session every Thu; 8-11pm; \$3

**53 L'ATTITUDE** Dino Dominelli Trio; 9pm

**FOUR ROOMS** Don Berner; 9pm-midnight

**J.J.'S** Open stage with cover band

**J AND R BAR AND GRILL** Open stage with the Poster Boys (pop/rock); 8:30pm-12:30am

**JEFFREY'S CAFÉ AND WINE BAR** June Mann Trio (pop, jazz classics); 7:30pm

**KINGSKNIGHT PUB** Delirium

**OVERTIME** Canada Day party with live band; 9pm-midnight

**PCL STUDIO THEATRE** William Parker Quartet; 10:30pm; tickets available at TicketMaster 451-8000

**POWERPLANT** Champion Alberta, The Film Stills, Field and Stream, The Diskettes; 8-11pm; \$5 (Smilin' Jay's Fan Club, Friends of CJSR/\$7 (new member/guest)

**RED'S** Clutch, The Bakerton Group, Broken Nose; no minors, 8pm (door)/10pm (show); \$23, tickets available at Megatunes, FS, Listen, Blackbyrd, Freecloud, TicketMaster 451-8000

**RICE HOWARD WAY** Terry Morrison and J. Gorham, noon, Ben Sures, 1-15pm; Melissa Majeau, 2-30pm; Rob Taylor Band, 5-5.45pm; Magilla Funk Conduit, 7:30pm; 426-2122

**SHERLOCK HOLMES (CAPILANO)** Tim Becker

**SHERLOCK HOLMES (DOWNTOWN)** Jimmy Whiffen

**SHERLOCK HOLMES (WEM)** Richard Blais

**SHOWGIRLS** Coldspot (single release party); 8pm

**SIDETRACK CAFÉ** Beady Belle, 9pm; \$25, tickets available at TicketMaster 451-8000

**STARLITE ROOM** The Bad Plus, Kia Kadiri; 10pm; \$20, tickets available at TicketMaster 451-8000

**SUTTON PLACE HOTEL** John Goodwell Trio; 5:30-9:30pm

**URBAN LOUNGE** Magna Kum

**URBAN LOUNGE** Magna Kum

Loud; \$5

**WESTBURY THEATRE** Denzal Sinclair Quartet; tickets available at TicketMaster 451-8000

**WINSPEAR CENTRE** John Pizzarelli Trio, 8pm; \$39.50, tickets available at TicketMaster 451-8000

**YARDBIRD SUITE** Sandro Dominelli Sextet, Toque; 8pm (door), 9pm (show); \$12 (member)/\$16 (guest); tickets available at TicketMaster 451-8000

## CLASSICAL

**CAFÉ SELECT** Bonnie Gregory and Rob Taylor (Celtic harp and guitar); 6:30-9pm

## DJS

**THE ARMOURY** Vintage Thursdays: retro rock, dance and old school hip hop

**AZUCAR NIGHT CLUB** Urban Nights: Elephant Man after concert party with DJ Touch It

**BILLY BOB'S LOUNGE** Big Mouth Entertainment

**BLACK DOG FREEHOUSE** Thump: intronica with the DDK Soundsystem

**COWBOYS** House with Ryan Wade and guests (patio)

**ELEPHANT AND CASTLE ON WHYTE** Sleeman Method Thursdays: hip hop, downtempo with DJ Headspin

**FILTHY McNASTY'S** Punk Rock Bingo: with DJ S.W.A.G

**GAS PUMP** Ladies Nite: Top 40/dance with DJ Chnstan

**GUILTY MARTINI** DJ Jeff

**LONGRIDERS** Hot Latin Nights, free dance lessons 8-9:30pm

**NEW CITY LIKWID LOUNGE** Rub-A-Dub Thursday: rocksteady, dub reggae with DJ Jeebus and the Operation Redication Sound System

**NEW CITY SUBURBS** Progress: electro/new wave with DJ Miss Mannered and guests

**RATTLESNAKE SALOON** DJ Butter

**RENDEZVOUS** Metal Night: with DJ McNasty

**THE ROOST** Rotating shows Ladonna's Review, Sticky's open stage and the Weakest Link game with DJ Jazzy second and last Thursday; \$1 (member)/\$4 (non-member)

**SAVOY** Funk and downtempo with Ben Jamini

**SIDETRACK CAFÉ** Night Watch: With Russell Gragg

**THE STANDARD** Kaskade with Nestor Delano, Tripswitch, Johnny D'Enco; \$10 (adv); tickets available at TicketMaster 451-8000, Foosh, Underground (WEM), Colourblind

**VELVET LOUNGE** Urban Substance: hip hop/R&B end of exams jam with Spincycle, Invoiceable, J-Money, Sean B

**VICTORY LOUNGE** Normals Welcome: with Dietzche V and the Abominable Snowman, DJ NIK7 with guests

**YOUR APARTMENT** Jammers: open stage hosted by Katelo with guest DJ Reggie; 8pm

## FRI LIVE MUSIC

**ABBEY GLEN PARK** Debbie Boodram Quartet; 11:30am-2pm

**ATLANTIC TRAP AND GILL 3** Drops of the Pure

**BACCARAT CASINO** Rhonda Withnell; 9pm-1am

**BLUES ON WHYTE** Zig Zag Bluesband

**CASINO (EDMONTON)** Toby Vos (pop/country)

**CASINO (YELLOWHEAD)** Saddlodge (pop/country)

**CHANCE RESTAURANT** Andrew Glover Trio; 4-7pm

**THE COAST PLAZA HOTEL** Andrew Glover Group; 8:30pm; 8:30pm; tickets available at TicketMaster 451-8000

**DONNA** Don Berner; 10pm-1am

**53 L'ATTITUDE** Charlie Austin Trio; 9pm

**FOUR ROOMS** Blake Kinley; 9pm-midnight

**J.J.'S** Right In The Eye (rock)

**JEFFREY'S CAFÉ AND WINE BAR** Soma Trio (jazz); 8-11pm

**JEKYLL AND HYDE PUB** Headwind; 9:30pm; no cover

**JULIAN'S PIANO BAR** Tuxedo Junkies; 7:30-10:30pm

**KINGSKNIGHT PUB SIN**

**NEW ASIAN VILLAGE** Dino Dominelli Trio; 9pm-midnight

**NEW CITY LIKWID LOUNGE** National Campus Radio Association showcase featuring Dead Moon, Falconhawk, Vail Halen, Chad Van Gaalean, Division and Wellesley; 9pm; \$10/free (NCRC delegates)

**PALACE CASINO** The Dave Babcock Orchestra; 9pm-1am

**PCL STUDIO THEATRE** Effendi JazzLab; 10:30pm; tickets available at TicketMaster 451-8000

**PLAYBACK** Mr. Lucky (blues, roots); 9:30pm-1:30am; no cover

**POLISH HALL** Intakto; 9pm, tickets available at TicketMaster 451-8000

**RED'S** Nevest 2004: Wide Mouth Mason, Coldspot, Euphonix, Chalkline, Neevah, Stone Blind, Rally Cap, Leftnutt, Lunda McKee; 5pm; \$20 (adv)/\$25 (door), 487-2066, tickets available at Red's

**RENDEZVOUS** Wicked World (Black Sabbath, Ozzy, Randy Roads tribute)

**RUE MARIE-ANNE GABOURY** Edmonton Chante: French Song Festival featuring Lé Twes, DJ Bishop and others; \$18 (adult)/\$10 (12-17 yrs old)/\$28 (3-day pass, 12-16 yrs old)/\$30 (3-day pass, adult)/free children under 12; 469-4401

**SEEDY'S** Southside Riots, Teenage Surf Invasion

**SHERLOCK HOLMES (CAPILANO)** Tim Becker

**SHERLOCK HOLMES (WEM)** Richard Blais

**SIDETRACK CAFÉ** Dapp Theory, Catch 22; 9pm; \$15; tickets available at TicketMaster 451-8000

**SPRUCE GROVE OUTDOOR STAGE** The Buccaneers; 8-10pm; free, 962-8995

**SUTTON PLACE HOTEL** John Goodwell Trio; 5:30-9:30pm

**URBAN LOUNGE** Connor's Road, \$5

**WINSPEAR CENTRE** Jesse Cook, 8pm; \$39.50

**YARDBIRD SUITE** Tilo Paiz's Latin Jazz Fusion Band; 8pm (door), 9pm (show); \$14 (member)/\$18 (guest); tickets available at TicketMaster 451-8000

**ZENARI'S** Beth Arison

## DJS

**THE ARMOURY** Top 40/dance

**BILLY BOB'S LOUNGE** Big Mouth Entertainment

**BOOTS** Retro Disco: retro dance

**BUDDY'S NIGHTCLUB** Top 40 with DJ Arrowchaser

**CAFÉ SELECT** Funk and downtempo with DJs Tryptomene and

**CALIENTE NIGHTCLUB** Urban

with Black Empera, Invoiceable, Q & guests

**COWBOYS** Ladies Night: top 40

**CRISTAL LOUNGE** Affaire Illicite: industrial noise, neoclassical with Verlaag and Xenxes

**DANTE'S WORLD PUB** Powerhouse Fridays: dance and retro with Zack and Johnny Staub (Power 92); **Upstairs in the Skylounge:** soulful house music; over 23; dress code

**DECADANCE** Vital Fridays: Drum 'n' bass breakbeat with Cartridge, Degree, Phatcat, Dsnow

**DONNA** Silk: house with Winston Roberts and guests

**ELEPHANT AND CASTLE ON WHYTE** DJ Headspin Live

**ESCAPE ULTRA LOUNGE** Freedom Fridays: house, Euro house, club anthems with The Peoples DJ

**FLTHY McNASTY'S** Shake Yo' Ass: with DJ Senal K

**THE FOX** Top 40 retro dance music

**GAS PUMP** Top 40/dance with DJ Christian

**GUILTY MARTINI** DJ Jeff

**HALO** Mod Club: indie rock, new wave, '60s soul, Britpop with DJs Blue Jay and Travy D

**IRON HORSE** Urban Dance Party with DJ Loose Cannon

**THE JOINT** Fresh Fndays: Urban by Urban Metropolis Sound Crew

**MANHATTAN CLUB** R&B Fridays: hip hop/R&B with DJ Mad Noise

**NEWCASTLE PUB AND GRILL** DJ Shawn Z

**ORLANDO'S II PUB AND GRILL** Buttr

**RATTLESNAKE SALOON** DJ Butter

**THE ROOST** Upstairs: Euro Blitz: best new European music with DJ Outtawak, DJ Jazzy and male stripper; **Downstairs:** female stripper; \$4 (member)/\$6 (non-member)

**ROXY ON WHYTE** Babylon Fridays: retro/R&B/dance with DJ Extreme

**SAVOY** Eclectronica with DJs Bryana, Chns

**SIDETRACK CAFÉ** The Jay and Jay Show: With Jay Hannley and Smilin' Jay Willis

**THE STANDARD** Triple X Fridays: top 40/dance

**STARS NIGHTCLUB** Friday Beat: Dusty Grooves, Johnny Five, Quinn the Eskimo and Villan

**STONEHOUSE PUB** Alternative, house, hip hop, top 40 with DJ Rage and DJ Weezle; 9pm

**SUGARBOWL** Listen: ambient/IDM/electronica by Ariel and Roel

**Y AFTERHOURS** House/breakbeat with Tripswitch, Sureshock, MC Flopro, LP, Juicy, Dragon, Old Bitch; 18+

**YOUR APARTMENT** House with DJ Tomek

## SAT LIVE MUSIC

**A STARS Upper Room:** Chick Maggot and guests

**ABBEY GLEN PARK** Elsie Osborne Band, 11:30am-2pm; Pazzport, 3-5pm

**ATLANTIC TRAP AND GILL 3** Drops of the Pure

**BACCARAT CASINO** Rhonda Withnell; 9pm-1am

**BLACK DOG** Hair of the Dog: Mike Alviano; 4-6pm; no cover

**BLIND PIG PUB AND GRILL** Open Stage; 3-9:30pm

**BLUES ON WHYTE** Zig Zag

Bluesband

**BUD'S LOUNGE** Open jam with Lorne Burnstick; 7:30-11:30pm

**CAFÉ SELECT** Stu Crossley Duo 8-11pm

**CASINO (EDMONTON)** Toby Vos (pop/country)

**CASINO (YELLOWHEAD)** Saddlodge (pop/country)

**CITADEL TUCKER AMPHITHEATRE** BEAMS Sonic Extravaganza featuring Shawn Pinchbeck; The Condoleezza Rice Paddies (Bill Damur and Gene Kosowan); 8pm; \$5 (adv)/\$7 (door); tickets available at Blackbyrd Myoozik

**DONNA** Harley Symington Trio 10pm-1am

**DRUID** Harpdog Brown and the Bloodhounds; 4-7pm

**FOUR ROOMS** Blake Kinley; 9pm

**GOLDEN HARVEST MINISTRIES CHURCH** Sam's Gospel Coffee House; free

**J.J.'S** Right In The Eye (rock)

**JEFFREY'S CAFÉ AND WINE BAR** Helena Magerowski (jazz standards); 8-11pm

**JULIAN'S PIANO BAR** Tuxedo Junkies; 7:30-10:30pm

**KINGSKNIGHT PUB SIN**

**NEW ASIAN VILLAGE** Dino Dominelli Trio; 9pm-midnight

**O'BYRNE'S** Chris Wynters and Scott Peters; 3-6pm,

**PALACE CASINO** The Dave Babcock Orchestra; 9pm-1am

**PCL STUDIO THEATRE** Thom Gossage Other Voices; 10:30pm tickets available at TicketMaster 451-8000

**RED'S** Cooking Up Science, Rorshack, Sonic Red; no minors 8pm (door), 10pm (show); \$4

**RENDEZVOUS** Skully and the Hypocrites, The Swill City

**RUE MARIE-ANNE GABOURY** Edmonton Chante: French Song Festival featuring Les Generations Les Jeunes du Galala, Roger Dallaire and R. Caya, R. Walsh, L Villeneuve and more; \$18 (adult)/\$10 (12-17 yrs old)/\$28 (3-day pass, 12-16 yrs old)/\$50 (3-day pass, adult)/free children under 12; 469-4401

**SEEDY'S** ALCB, The Filmstills

**SHERLOCK HOLMES (CAPILANO)** Tim Becker

**SHERLOCK HOLMES (DOWNTOWN)** Jimmy Whiffen

**SHERLOCK HOLMES (WEM)** Richard Blais

**SUTTON PLACE HOTEL** John Goodwell Trio; 5:30-9:30pm

**URBAN LOUNGE** Connor's Road \$5

**VICTORY LOUNGE** Todd Kerns, The Flares; no minors; 9pm (door), 10pm (show); tickets available at the door

**WESTBURY THEATRE** Chns Potter Quartet; tickets available at TicketMaster 451-8000

**YARDBIRD SUITE** Dr. Lonnie Smith, Crash; 8pm (door), 9pm (show); \$18 (member)/\$22 (guest); tickets available at TicketMaster 451-8000

## DJS

**THE ARMOURY** Top 40, dance

**BACKROOM VODKA BAR** Flava: hip hop with Shortround and Echo

**BILLY BOB'S LOUNGE** Big Mouth Entertainment

**BLACK DOG FREEHOUSE** Brendan's Sausage Party: obscure indie rock with DJ Ballhog

**BOOTS** Flashback Saturdays: retro dance, house with Derrick

**BUDDY'S NIGHTCLUB** Animal dance with DJ Arrowchaser

**CRISTAL LOUNGE** Urban with Phat Kat (Toronto), DJ Shocka-Sean

**DANTE'S WORLD PUB** R&B, dance, and retro with Frank the Tank, **Upstairs in the**



skyounge: soulful house, over 24 DJs each

**DECADANCE** Cybernaughtya, a cyber/industrial theme; no minors; 7pm; \$20 (adv), \$25 (door)

**DONNA** Deep lounge house with Sam Pillar, Bryan Beca and guests

**ELEPHANT AND CASTLE ON WHYTE** DJ Headspin Live

**ESCAPE ULTRA LOUNGE** Evolution Saturdays: house, retro dance

**FILTHY McNASTY'S** Shake Yo' Ass; with DJ D-Lusion

**THE FOX** Top 40 retro dance music

**CAS PUMP** Top 40/dance with DJ Christian

**GUILTY MARTINI** Housegroove with DJ Sunny

**IRON HORSE** Urban dance party with DJ 420

**THE JOINT** Get a Nightlife: top 40/dance/urban

**MANHATTAN CLUB** Sinful Saturdays: top 40/dance

**NEWCASTLE PUB AND GRILL** DJ Shawn Z

**NEW CITY SUBURBS** Saturdays 5 P.M.: punk/alt/pop/dance with Blue Jay and Nikoleelya

**ORLANDO'S II PUB AND GRILL** Music with DJ Will Hill; 9pm

**RATTLESNAKE SALOON** DJ Butler

**THE ROOST** Upstairs: Monthly theme parties with DJ Jazzy; New music with DJ Dan and Mike; Downstairs: Retro music; \$4 (member)/\$6 (non-member)

**ROXY ON WHYTE** Session Saturday: dance/R&B, hip hop with DJ Extreme

**SAVOY** Deep house with Winston Roberts

**SIDETRACK CAFÉ** Night Watch. Rock, roots and reggae with Mick Sleeper

**STONEHOUSE PUB** Top 40 with DJ Clay

**TONIC AFTER DARK** Uncensored Saturdays; R&B, hip hop, old school with Urban Metropolis Sound Crew

**TWILIGHT AFTERHOUSE** House/trance with Eric Field, Travis Mateeson, DJ Kibon, Amadeus Ruff, Crunchie, Big Daddy, STX, Jeff Hillis, Gryffin; 18+

**Y AFTERHOURS** House/trance with Donovan, Jucy, Ryan Wade, Luke Morrison, Darcy Klein, Anthony Donohue; 18+

**YOUR APARTMENT** Hip hop, R&B, old school with JMK and guests

## SUN LIVE MUSIC

**BLACK DOG FREEHOUSE** Free jazz Sundays: with Dave Babcock, Sandro Dominelli, Lane Arendt and guests; no cover

**BLIND PIG PUB AND GRILL** The Rusty Reed Band; 7-30-11:30pm; no cover

**CARGO AND JAMES TEA SHOPPE** Open stage with Bob Robichaud; 7-10pm

**DONNA** Dino Dominelli Trio; 10pm-1am

**ECCO PUB** Open jam session hosted by Imaginary Friend (blues, roots); 4-8pm

**THE FOX** Rock Fest; 9pm-12

**O'BYRNE'S** Joe Bird's line jam; 9:30pm

**PCL STUDIO THEATRE** N.O.M.A.; 10:30pm; tickets available at TicketMaster 451-8000

**ROSEBOWL** Jam with Mike McDonald; 10pm

**RUE MARIE-ANNE GABOURY** Edmonton Chante: French Song Festival featuring Trio Classique, Gilbert Parent, Les Hommes Parisiens, Tambours, Crystal Plamondon, Gilbert Bérubé, Guy Cormier, Zéphyr and others; \$18 (adult)/\$10 (12-17 yrs old)/\$28 (3-day pass, 12-16 yrs old)/\$50 (3-day pass, adult)/free children under 12; 469-4401

**SIDETRACK CAFÉ** Under the Covers Sundays: Dabing Elvis; DJ Dudeman; 9pm; \$6

**WESTBURY THEATRE** Pat Martino Quartet; tickets available at TicketMaster 451-8000

## DJS

**CALIENTE NIGHTCLUB** Ladies Night: urban with DJ Invinible

**HALO** House

**MANHATTAN CLUB** Industry Sundays: top 40, dance/R&B

**NEW CITY LIKWID LOUNGE** Atmosphere: funk, rare groove, hip hop with DJ Cool Curt

**THE ROOST** Betty Ford Hangover Clinic Show Beer Bash, every long weekend with DJ Jazzy; \$2

**SAVOY** French Pop: mixed with Deja DJ

**SUGARBOWL** Multipurpose: Eclectic electronic hosted by

Prosper and Eli with guests

## MON LIVE MUSIC

**BLUES ON WHYTE** Blue Mondays: Jam with Tim Lee and the Revelators

**L.B.'S PUB** Open stage with Randy Martin; 9pm-2am

**NEW CITY LIKWID LOUNGE** DKT/MCS featuring Mark Arm, Evan Dando, Marshall Grenshaw, Whitey Houston, and Ex-Boyfriends; \$27.50 (adv)/\$30 (door); tickets available at Blackbyrd, Freecloud, Listen, New City, TIX on the Square 420 1757

**SECOND CUP (CHURCHILL SQUARE)** Open mic every Mon Rob Taylor and Ben Todd; 7-30-10pm

**SHERLOCK HOLMES (CAPILANO)** Cal Collette

**SHERLOCK HOLMES (DOWNTOWN)** Tim Becker

**SHERLOCK HOLMES (WEM)** Richard Blais

**SIDETRACK CAFÉ** Open stage Mondays host by Ben Spencer; 9pm; no cover

## DJS

**DUSTER'S** DJ Dan

**FILTHY McNASTY'S** Metal Mondays: with DJ S.W.A.G.

**O'BYRNE'S** Hip Mondays: Industry night with DJ Finnegan, live music

## TUE LIVE MUSIC

**DRUID** Open stage with Chris Wynters

**LEGENDS PUB** Open jam hosted by Gary Thomas

**O'BYRNE'S** Celtic night with Shannon Johnson and friends; 9-30pm

**PEPPERS** Open stage hosted by the Darryl Meyer Quartet (R&B, blues, jazz)

**SHERLOCK HOLMES (CAPILANO)** Cal Collette

**SHERLOCK HOLMES (DOWNTOWN)** Tim Becker

**SHERLOCK HOLMES (WEM)** Richard Blais

**SIDETRACK CAFÉ** The Subterraneans, Emma Wall, 8pm, \$

## DJS

**BILLY BOB'S LOUNGE** Karaoke and DJ Tues with Run Riot Professional Music Productions

**BLACK DOG FREEHOUSE** Viva with DJ Sean

**BUDDY'S NIGHTCLUB** Top 40 with DJ Stephan

**CALIENTE NIGHTCLUB** Basement Tuesdays: hip hop/R&B/reggae/dancehall with Bomb Squad, DJ Invinible, Q B

**DECADANCE** Too Cool for Tuesdays: Ambient, Trip hop, grn and glitch with Galatea, Bitstream and guests

**DUSTER'S** DJ "Name a Tune" Jan

**FILTHY McNASTY'S** Twisted Trivia, with DJ Whit-Ford

**GAS PUMP** Karaoke contest with DJ Gord

**NEW CITY SUBURBS** Resurrection: industrial/EBM/electro/goth with Nik Rofeelya

**THE ROOST** Hot Butt Contest with DJ Janny; 8-midnight; \$1 (member)/\$4 (non-member)

**SEEDY'S** Tuesday Nights with DJ Miss Mannered

**SIDETRACK CAFÉ** Night Watch: With DJ Whitey Houston (Lyle Bell)

## WED LIVE MUSIC

**ATLANTIC TRAP AND GILL** Open mic; 8pm

**BLIND PIG PUB AND GRILL** Wednesday night jams; 7-11pm

**BUD'S LOUNGE** Acoustic jam; 8-11pm

**FESTIVAL PLACE** Patio Series Norman Rice and friends (Celtic), The Fates (pop/blues/folk), 7:30pm; \$5; tickets available at Festival Place box office

**O'BYRNE'S** Chris Wynters and friends; 9:30pm

**PLEASANTVIEW HALL** Northern Bluegrass Circle Music Society bluegrass jam; 7:30pm

**PROVINCIAL MUSEUM THEATRE**

## VENUE GUIDE

**A STARS** 10545-82 Ave, 439-1422

**ABBEY GLEN PARK** 102 St, Jasper Ave

**THE ARMOURY** 10310-85 Ave, 702-1800

**ATLANTIC TRAP AND GILL** 7704-104 St, 432-4611

**AZUCAR NIGHT CLUB** 11733-78 St, 479-7400

**BACCARAT CASINO** 10128-104 Ave, 413-3178

**BACKDRAUGHT PUB** 8307-99 St, 430-9200

**BACKROOM VODKA BAR** 10324-82 Ave, upstairs, 436-4418

**BILLY BOB'S LOUNGE** Continental Inn, 16625 Stony Plain Road, 484-7751

**BLACK DOG FREEHOUSE** 10425-82 Ave, 439-1082

**THE BLIND PIG** 32 St, Anne St, St. Albert, 418-6332

**BLUES ON WHYTE** 10329-82 Ave, 439-5058

**BOOTS** 10242-106 St, 423-5014

**BUD'S LOUNGE** Grandin Mall, St. Albert, 458-3826

**BUDDY'S NIGHTCLUB** 117258 Jasper Ave, 488-6636

**CAFÉ SELECT** 10018-106 St, 428-1629

**CALIENTE NIGHTCLUB** 10815 Jasper Ave, 425-0850

**CARGO AND JAMES TEA SHOPPE** 10634-82 Ave, 433-8152

**CASINO (EDMONTON)** 7055 Argyle Rd, 463-9467

**CASINO (YELLOWHEAD)** 12464-153 St, 463-9467

**CHANCE RESTAURANT** 10150-101 St, 424-0400

**CITADEL TUCKER AMPHITHEATRE** 3rd Fl, 9828-101A Ave

**COAST PLAZA HOTEL** Glenora Room, 451-8000

**CONVOCAATION HALL** U of A Campus, 420-1757

**COOK COUNTY SALOON** 8010 Gateway Blvd, 432-2665

**COWBOYS** 10102-180 St, 481-8739

**CRISTAL LOUNGE** 10336 Jasper Ave, 426-7521

**DANTE'S WORLD PUB** 170 St, Stony Plain Road, 486-4448

**DECADANCE** 10018-105 St, 990-1792

**DONNA** 10177-99 St, 429-3338

**DRUID** 11606 Jasper Ave, 454-8888

**EASTBOUND EATERY AND SAKA BAR** 11248-104 Ave, 428-2448

**ECCO PUB** 9605-66 Ave, 435-5050

**ELEPHANT AND CASTLE ON WHYTE** 10314-82 Ave, 439-4545

**ESCAPE ULTRA LOUNGE** WEM, 489-1330

**53 L'ATTITUDE** 10612-82 Ave, 431-5343

**FILTHY McNASTY'S** 10511-82 Ave, 432-5224

**FOUR ROOMS RESTAURANT (EDMONTON)** Edmonton Centre, 102 Ave, Entrance, 426-4767

**THE FOX** 10125-109 St, 990-4581

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# The Bad boys of jazz

"Velouria," "Iron Man," "Teen Spirit" all sound like jazz to the Bad Plus

BY DAVE JOHNSTON

Their penchant for covering famous rock songs might have given purists a reason to scoff, but the Bad Plus have managed to do something that's eluded a lot of contemporary jazz musicians, and that's attract new ears to the music. Sure, they had to do it with expansive reinventions of songs like "Smells Like Teen Spirit" and "Iron Man," but it's not every day you get

to see a jazz trio earn some enthusiastic attention from the pop media.

The Bads are renegades in a genre that doesn't seem to have enough of them, and they've paid the price for it. Their critics have characterized the American Midwest natives as stunt players, but you have to be pretty

**PREVIEW JAZZ CITY**

good—and brave—to translate an anthem of a disaffected generation into a whole other musical language, maintaining its power and perhaps uncovering a depth that wasn't apparent before. The trio—bassist Reid Anderson, drummer David King and pianist Ethan Iverson—have skill and heart to match. They can turn a

popular song on its head, but they also compose original material that sounds just as thrilling.

It's that combination that's opened up a world of possibilities to them since their breakthrough album, *These Are the Vistas*, stunned listeners back in 2003. It helped secure a string of shows at the hallowed Village Vanguard in New York, and their new album, *Give*, has allowed Anderson to fulfill a childhood dream. "In Minneapolis, there's a place called the Guthrie Theatre, and growing up, that was where the most established bands played," says Anderson, who grew up in Minnesota along with King. (Iverson hails from Wisconsin.) "As a young person growing up, wanting to be a musician, that was the ulti-

mate place. And we played it. And it was great. The amount of energy you put into dreaming about playing on that stage—it stays with you, and all of a sudden you're there, and you don't take it for granted."

**THE BAND'S** unconventional approach to music was born in the heartland of America, where King and Anderson met through a junior high-era rock band. Anderson then went on to play in Wisconsin cafés with Iverson before the Bad Plus germinated in 1990. It wasn't until 2001 that they managed to release their first disc on a small Spanish label, and a performance at the Vanguard nabbed them a deal with Columbia the following year.

Both of their Columbia albums were recorded with Tchad Blake, a producer better known for his work with Peter Dinklage and Tom Waits. "He's very improvisational," says Anderson, "which is very important to us." Working with Blake also gave the band the confidence to push a little further to create what Anderson calls, "a comfortable energy" on *Give*.

The centerpiece of the record is their cover of the Pixies' "Velouria," a tune that challenged the band's skill and patience. "We look at songs like that as a piece of music that we

think is great," Anderson says. "We want to use our imaginations to see how we can interact with it and sort of take possession of it. We put a lot of work into 'Velouria'—it had a difficult birth. We went through several incarnations of our version before we arrived at [the version on the album]. We've shelved things before, but something about that tune really compelled us. We love the Pixies—it's such great music, and the spirit of that music really kept us working on it, I think."

Despite the open road of success ahead of them, the Bad Plus are cagey about being branded as the saviours of jazz. "I can't really speak for jazz as a whole," Anderson says. "We would love to see jazz be well-received and be as popular as it can be. And if we're turning people onto it, I think that's great. We do get a wide range of people attending our shows, which is something we really celebrate, because we don't want to just appeal to a small group of elitists. We see our music as something for everyone, and everyone is welcome, whether you're a jazz purist or you're into balalaika music. It doesn't matter." ☐

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# Where the Streets has no fame

Brithop hotshot Mike Skinner couldn't care less about America

By ELIZABETH BROMSTEIN

North American hip-hop heads may be baffled by the U.K.'s the Streets, a.k.a. Mike Skinner. Not only is he white and British, but his rhymes, layered atop sparse beats inspired by 2-step and U.K. garage, include no references to bitches, hos, busting caps in any asses or cruising around with any homies. They're also conspicuously devoid of name-dropping. So is it still hip-hop? Well, yeah, sort of. But some places are apparently marketing Skinner's latest album, *A Grand Don't Come for Free*, as "alternative."

"I think American hip-hop is very conservative, and really it's more about the market that it serves," says Skinner over the phone from a Utah resort. "It's the same with garage in England. [That's U.K. garage the dance club music, not garage the rock 'n' roll, for those of you who might not know the terms.] Because I'm never going to be that kind of person, I can never fit into that genre. There's

really no genre out there for me, so alternative is the closest thing."

Chances are, hardcore fans of the yo-yo and the bling-bling will pass over *A Grand Don't Come for Free*. Skinner doesn't mind. "To be honest," he says, "I don't spend much time in America. I don't think I could write an album like that and hope that anyone in America could even understand it. Any sales we can make are great, but I'm concentrating on the U.K. market."

## PROFILE HIP HOP

*A Grand Don't Come for Free* is a concept album, but Skinner hates it when people say that. What else is it, then? "No, you're right," he says. "It is a concept album. I just don't want to be thought of as pretentious, and that whole '70s prog rock thing took it a bit far, didn't it?"

The record relates a tale starring a main character named Mike. Mike loses 1,000 quid, and the ensuing events change his life. The whole story is very British, as Mike focusses on things like trying to get out of tea with mum and losing all kinds of money on football.

Skinner is also terribly clever with lyrics. He has an amazing ability to

make the mundane riveting, and his narrative is by turns hilarious and pitiful. His delivery can be stunted, but that just adds to the disc's overall charm. I listened to the damn thing over and over again for a week. "In England it works well," Skinner explains, "because I'm telling a story about being British, so to them I'm a rapper who's like them rather than like you."

There's also an element of melancholy in Skinner's work that doesn't usually show up in local hip-hop and rap. "Well," he says, "we haven't got the attitude that Americans have. America is all about success. I find everyone you meet in America is always telling you how successful they are, and you're always being sold something. In England and Europe as a whole that element isn't there, so I think that comes across in the music. It's more emotionally honest. We show weakness more."

Women on this side of the Atlantic seem to appreciate this side of him. "Particularly in L.A. they don't seem to be getting what they want out of their blokes," Skinner observes. "They seem to latch onto the British." "And I don't think it's just the accent." ☺

The Streets' new album, *A Grand Don't Come for Free* (Locked On/Warner) is in stores now.

## THE D. RANGERS

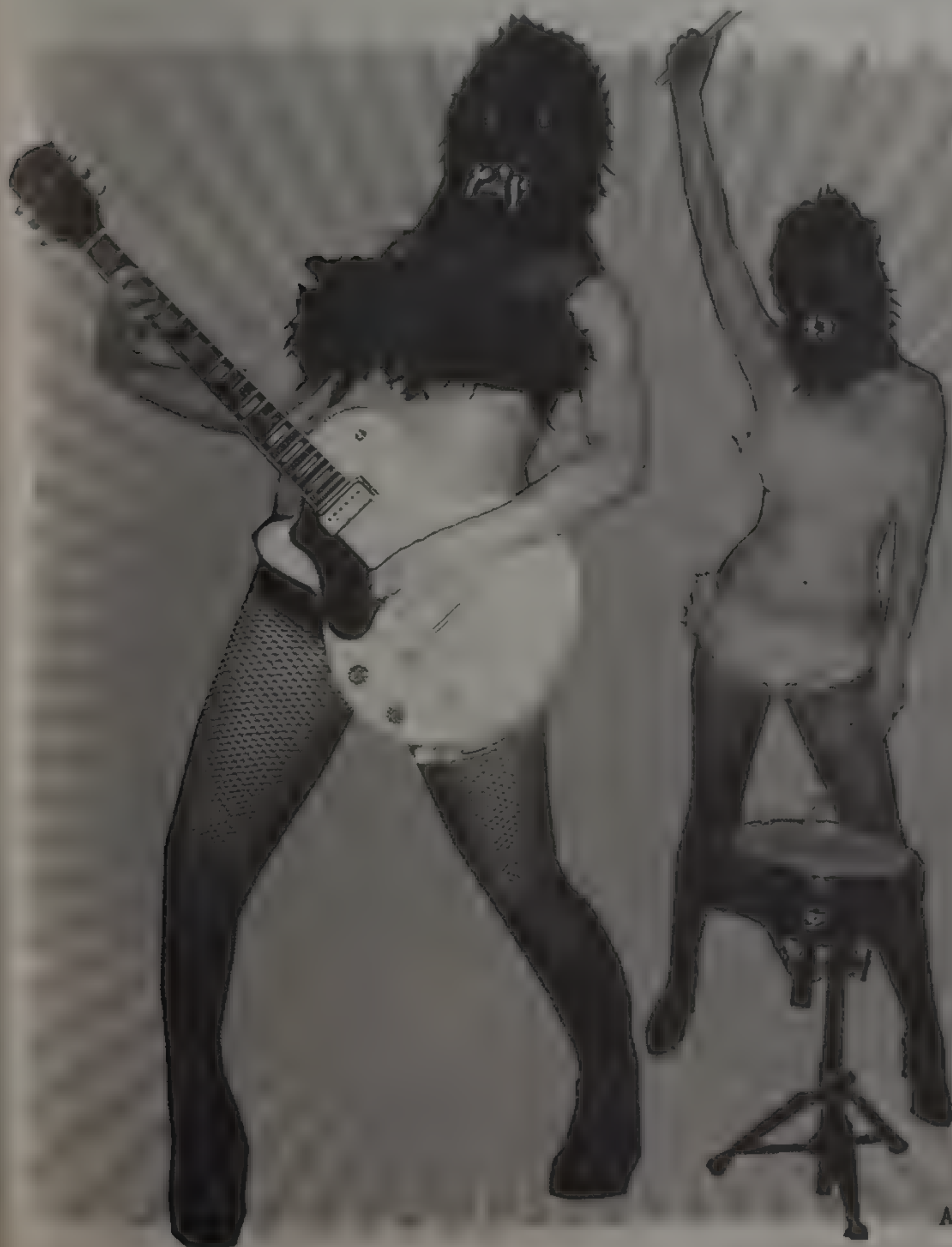
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ON THE COVER

# 5 alive



## Reunited fascist-fighting Detroit rock pioneers the MC5 haven't mellowed with age

BY PHIL DUPERRON

It's been more than 30 years since the surviving members of the MCS took the revolution to the streets. But, bolstered by the success of a now-infamous reunion show last March at London's 100 Club, bassist Michael Davis, guitarist Wayne Kramer and drummer Dennis Thompson are back on the warpath, joined by an ever-changing group of guest musicians, for their current worldwide tour as DKT/MC5, celebrating the music and the legacy of the Motor City Five.

Not only did the MCS blaze a new trail for rock music which was followed by other proto-punks like Iggy and the Stooges, they, like no band before or since, gave meaning and shape to the turbulence of the late '60s. As much a product of their times as a defining force, their relatively short career mirrors the arc of the idealistic and ultimately doomed cultural revolution in America. Their 1972 demise, just three years after the release of their controversial debut album and call to arms *Kick*

*Out the Jams*, left the door wide open for the bloated excesses of the '70s. But their music and message of freedom for all has been picked up by a new generation of musical iconoclasts who kept the flame going long enough for them to pick it back up themselves.

Traveling through Arizona from Tucson to Phoenix, almost a month into the tour, Kramer says things couldn't be better. Although he didn't know what to expect from the shows at first, he's been pleasantly surprised by the reactions they've received. "Who would have ever thought that something like this would be happening?" he asks. "Certainly not me. I had no idea how much the music meant to so many people. I mean, I knew from the musicians how much they're connected to the music, but I didn't know there were that many people in the world, just average people, who knew about the music of the MC5.

"It's the whole spectrum," he continues. "We get really young fans

in their late teens that have just discovered the MC5. We get guys in their late twenties who are music fans who never thought they'd be able to hear this music live. And then we get a smattering of really beautiful middle-aged women. Then we get people who maybe did see the MC5 a long time ago and still want to rock."

Davis, meanwhile, is much less reserved in his descriptions of the band's new audiences. "They're just dying to hear it, they're hungry for it," he says. "I'm not surprised at all. If we were worth a shit 30 years ago, we're still worth a shit today, so it's not surprising to me at all that people are still hungry for it. Because I don't think anything's come along to replace it."

**DAVIS THINKS** that when the counterculture movement of the '60s dis-

persed, it left a social void. The nihilistic noise of punk rock soon rushed in to fill the gap, but things had changed. Punk's sarcastic attack on "normal" society was a far cry from his generation's unified fight against the Vietnam War and the oppression of minorities within America. (Can you imagine the Sex Pistols or the Ramones starting their own political organization like the MCS did with the White Panther Party?) But with America once again bogged down in a foreign war with no end in sight, and George W. Bush's government trying to silence dissent and lead his country towards a police state, maybe it's time for a new revolution.

"You don't hear people talking about 'Give peace a chance.' What ever happened to that idea? Isn't that worthwhile?" Davis asks. "Basically we're at the same point. There's ridiculous wars going on and nobody's talking about it as a black-and-white issue of peace versus war. It's all about this terrorism issue, but

nobody's asking why are the terrorists terrorizing? Y'know, nobody is talking to these guys, so what do you expect? It's a shambles. I think we have a job to just go wake people up.

"For whatever reason," he continues, "us guys have been called back out to deliver some kind of message. If it turns out to be political and we can arouse the people who are intelligent and want peace in the world and people to be happy—so be it. That's a good mission for me. It's always relevant. We do the dance of all time. We do the dance of eternity, so it's always relevant. The truth is always relevant or it wouldn't be the truth."

**FOR KRAMER**, every day is a reason to celebrate. After the MCS broke up his life spiraled into an out-of-control nightmare of booze and drugs. He was eventually arrested and served time for a cocaine rap in the '70s but has since cleaned his life up.

### PREVIEW ROCK

SEE PAGE 24







He's not really sure why he survived while singer Robin Tyner and guitarist Fred "Sonic" Smith both passed away in the early '90s. "I used to think that I was smart or I was shrewd or something like that," he says, "but that's bullshit. It's the grace of God, because there is no logical reason. We're only here for a

minute. My life is really just one day in a larger life. I had a couple bad minutes in the day, but the rest of the day is turning out pretty good."

He's released several solo albums over the years including his latest, *Adult World*, on Muscle Tone Records and continues to stay politically active from his Los Angeles home. He's worked with Rage Against the Machine's Tom Morello on his Axis of Justice concert series promoting workers' rights and Punk Voter, a grass-

roots project aimed at motivating young punks to kick George Dubya out of office in the upcoming elections. For him there is no separation between music and politics. "I'm trying to live an integrated life, y'know?" Kramer says. "Where everything counts and the work I do in music is connected to the way I live my life and my relationships with my friends and family and my neighbourhood and my community. I participate in democracy. Democracy is not

a theory; it's a way of life. It's something for me to do. I'd vote every day if they'd let me."

He feels people have become detached from the problems in the world and gotten more interested in hanging out at the mall than fighting for change. And with the rabid flag-waving that followed in the wake of the terrorist attacks of 9/11, it's become even harder to ask the tough questions without seeming un-American. "In the words of the great Huey

P. Long," Kramer says, "When fascism comes to America, it'll come wrapped up in an American flag."

So does that mean he sees a future of jackbooted stormtroopers squeezing the breath out of freedom? Naturally, Kramer quotes a lyric from "American Ruse": "Well, take a look around." ☐

DKT/MC5

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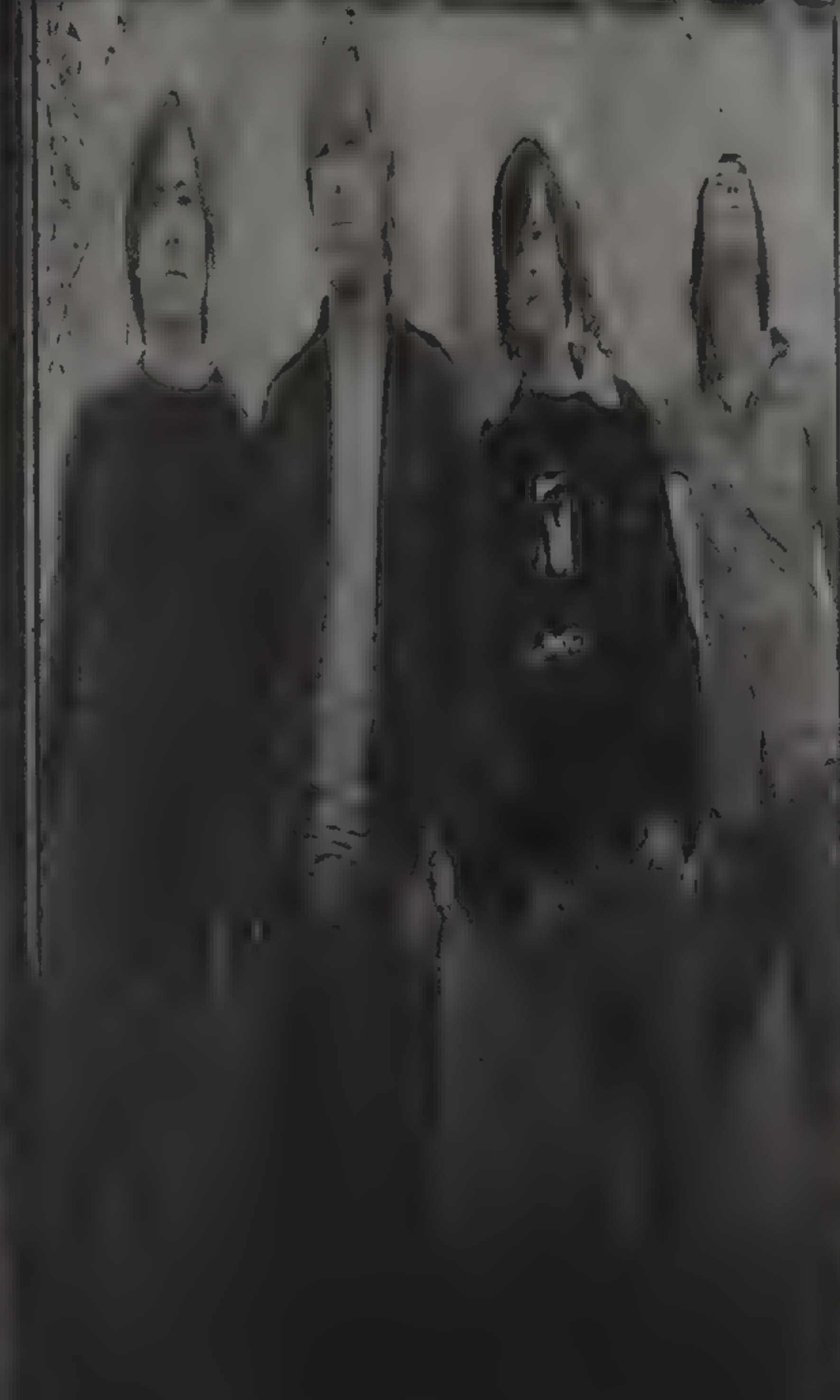
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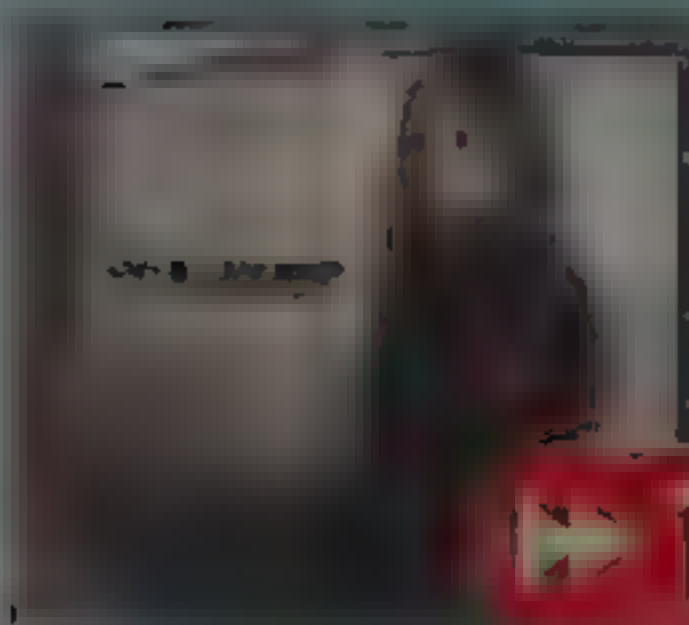
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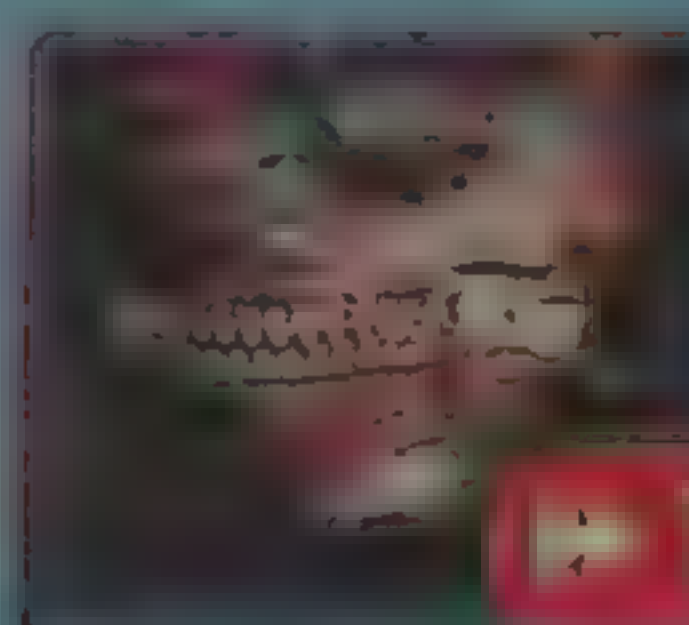
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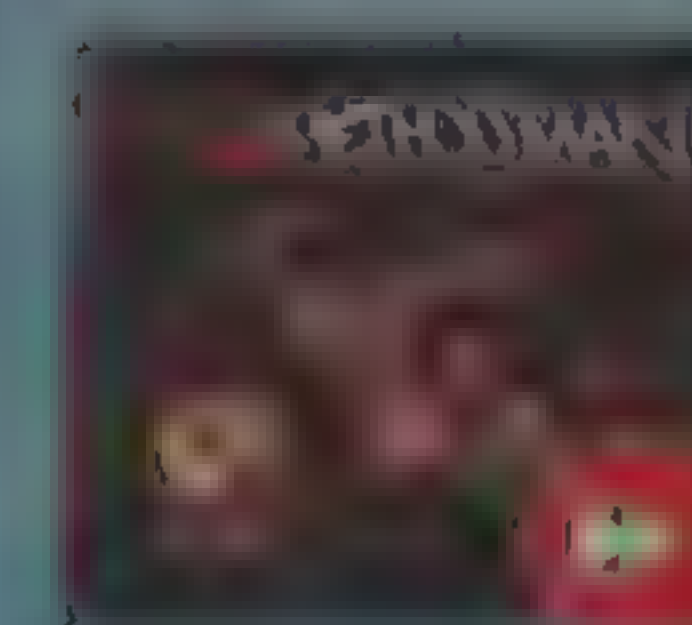
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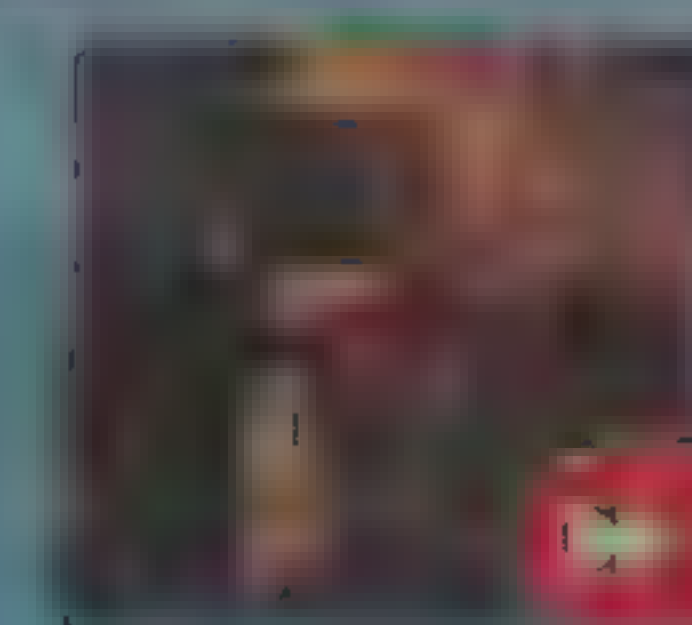
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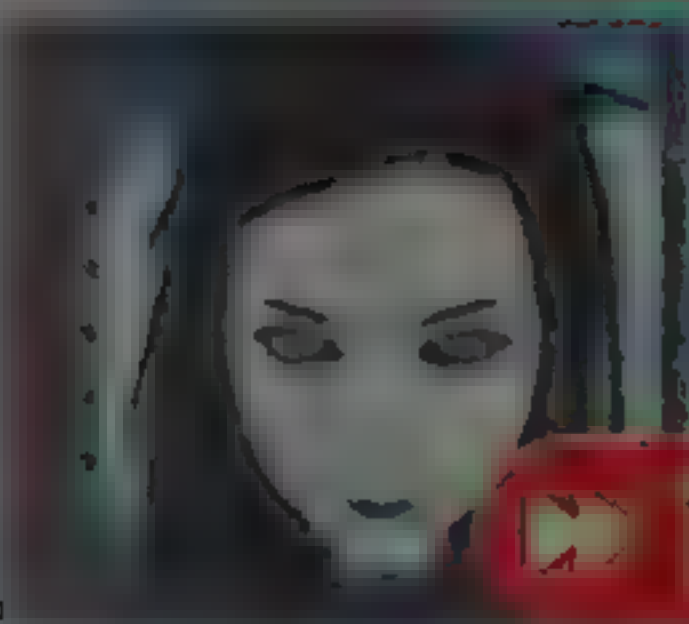
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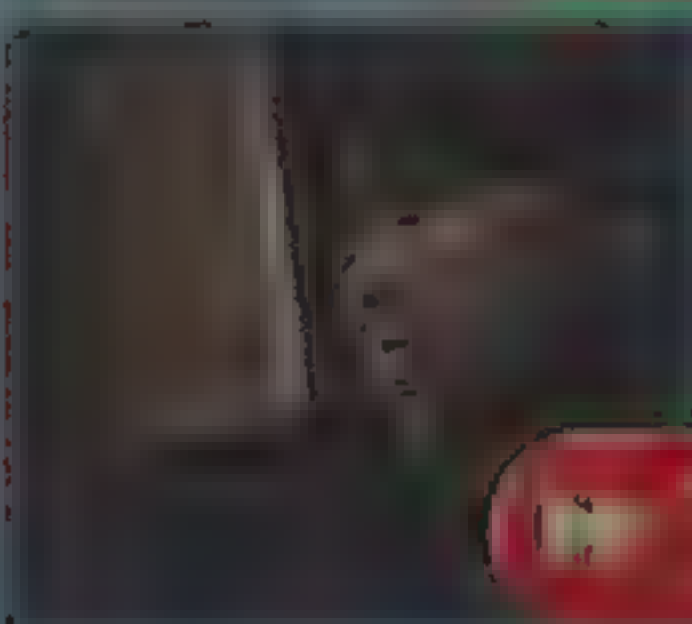
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## MUSIC



root  
down

BY JENNY FENIAK

### Doctor in the house

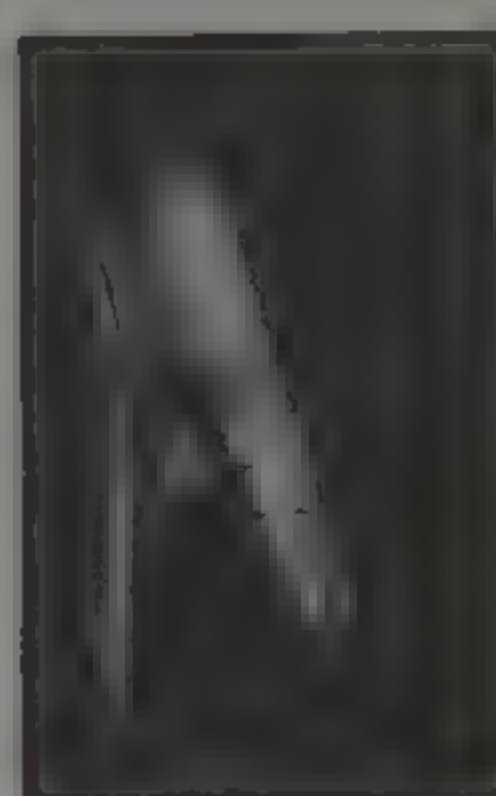
**Crash • With Dr. Lonnie Smith • Yardbird Suite • Sat, July 3** There's a very special birthday this weekend and you're all invited to join in the fun and receive the gift of incredible music. "If you can get down there, I really suggest it because it'll change the way you think about music," insists Cory Weeds about one of his favourite musicians, Dr. Lonnie Smith. Weeds is not only the alto sax player with the instrumental jazz funk quintet Crash; he's also one of the group's founders, and the man who wooed legendary organist Smith to last year's Central City Music Festival in Surrey, B.C.

Weeds (who also owns Vancouver's Cellar Restaurant and Jazz Club and Cellar Live, the record label dedicated to documenting live performances there) and his band recorded a night of music with Smith and released it as their third album, *The Doctor Is In*, two weeks ago. "My first conversation with Lonnie—I just knew it was going to be the time of our life," Weeds says.

Weeds and Crash co-founder/tenor

saxophonist Jerry Cook went to school together and even though they came from different backgrounds, they found an odd musical chemistry together. "I come from more of a jazz/funk kind of background," Weeds says, "and Jerry really cut his teeth playing blues. So, as odd as it sounds, we made a really, really nice fit." As a fan of the two-horn front line, Weeds usually sets up Crash as a sextet, but the bass player is eliminated when Smith is on board thanks to his skill on the Hammond B3 organ. "[Smith's] one of the few organists around who uses foot pedals," Weeds explains. "Not too many people use foot pedals to play bass; they use their left hand, and it's kind of a lost art. I think, too, he's known more for just his groove, the way he grooves and the way he [composes]. He's a whole band all by himself when he gets into it."

Smith got his start in the '60s playing with soul jazz giants like George Benson and Lou Donaldson (who he still plays with today), but he somehow fell between the cracks as far as gaining public recognition himself. "Lonnie has all that same flash that all the other organ players have," Weeds says, "but he knows how to use it. When he gets onstage, it's not the Lonnie Smith Show. He works together with whoever he's playing with and it's a band effort.... He has time for everybody and he's an extremely caring individual and he's absolutely hilarious. I think he thinks his job is to make everybody happy and he does such a damn good job of it—it's really insane."



street  
vision

BY SEAN AUSTIN-JOYNER

### The Green party

First off, I have to say congratulations to **DJ Weez-III**, who was crowned DMC Edmonton champion of 2004. Sadly, not all of his challengers were graceful in defeat (note to self: never give the second runner-up the microphone), but it was obvious to most in attendance that Weez, for all his quirky tendencies, deserved the crown.

Now Weez-III heads to Winnipeg on July 25 to see how his skills fare against winners from the rest of Canada. While Edmonton has yet to produce a national DMC champion, our talent pool has been gaining recognition in recent years. Last year, DJ Reece became the first female to compete in the nationals, and according to Chris Kendall, manager for the North American DMC, she more than held her own.

Weez-III's set consisted primarily of scratching and crowd interaction and not much record juggling or body tricks—a deficiency that second runner-up Kemozabe, who traveled all the way from Kahnawake, Quebec to com-

pete, predicts will hurt him in Winnipeg. ("They'll never let a DJ who doesn't juggle win the nationals," Kemozabe asserted after the show.) Regardless, with an appearance in Winnipeg and a new album both on deck, this is Weez-III's moment to shine.

All in all, it was quite possibly the most entertaining Edmonton DMC contest to date. Between DJ Roach juggling Toni Basil's 1982 hit "Mickey," a six-minute rendition of Usher's "Yeah" and a live striptease during Chief Rock's set, "eclectic" is the only suitable adjective to describe it all. With the exception of a few sound problems (pretty much par for the course when it comes to Edmonton shows), the stage was filled with great talent for the majority of the night.

And I can't mention tremendous stage shows without giving praise to the good reverend **Al Green**, who absolutely commanded the Jubilee stage on June 28. As expected, most of the audience was over the 40-year mark, but that didn't stop Green from bringing a duo of teenage dancers (reminiscent of the New Jack Swing era) onstage to back him up for several songs. Green ran through a selection of hits and lesser-known tracks in what can only be described as a mélange of soul, gospel and brilliant stage presence. As I watched the middle-aged Jubilee audience rush to the front of the stage like screaming fanatics, I didn't know if I was watching Al Green or New Kids on the Block circa 1988. Using the microphone as a prop, interacting with the crowd and directing

### It's a Wall world after all

**Emma Wall • With the Subterraneans • Sideltrack Café • Tue, July 6** It's amazing how well we Canadians connect with people from Australia, a country that's so far away and yet so close to us in spirit. Australian singer/songwriter Emma Wall is returning to Canada with a new CD, *Live*, which was recorded in New Brunswick during the Canadian leg of her nine-month tour (during which she performed in Edmonton's own Daisy Blue Groff).

Wall began her musical career as a solo songwriter in 1998 and, remembering how many obstacles she encountered along the way, she's made an extra effort to support her peers. "I've worked really hard to get to where I'm at and open some doors," she says. "I figure I may as well stick my foot out and hold the door open so it's a little easier for others to get through too. It's all about the sharing of resources and information." Partly to aid others and partly to foster her own independent career, Wall started her own record label, Push the Boat Out. "It's a bit about taking a risk and creating space for independent music," she says.

Aside from her intensive touring and recording schedule (she's expecting to release a sixth album in early 2005), Wall somehow also finds time to help raise funds for her favourite causes. "As an individual, I can't necessarily give a lot of cash to the causes that deserve it," she says. "But as a musician, I can organize events that might raise several thousand dollars for that cause. This puts me both in a place of privilege and responsibility—a place in which I'm happy to stand." ☺

his backup band on the fly, Green, at the age of 58, displayed the excellence 49 years of performing can provide.

That said, it's with great reluctance that I close this column a bit early this week. I believe Street Vision has become an important section of *Vue Weekly* over the last little while, and I thank the entire *Vue* staff for putting up with my often-ranty opinions and still allowing me to write about whatever the hell I want. As opportunities have arisen in another city (which I will name for fear of public scrutiny (\*cough\* Go Stamps! \*cough\*)), this will be the last installment of Street Vision.

Before I go, I'd like to leave a few notes with Edmonton's struggling urban scene. Please accept these as mere observations, and consider them the next time you're reaching for the proverbial "next level."

**Crews:** Edmonton's not that big. Territorial wars are ridiculous at this point.

**Promoters:** No promoter runs this city; some just think they do. If you're throwing an event worth attending, people will attend it.

**MCs:** Though most people tell you otherwise, the quality of music coming from Edmonton is declining. Until the scene truly starts working together, this downward trend will continue.

**Clubs:** You've got two major responsibilities: staff and maintenance. If either one is out of whack, don't be surprised when the money starts disappearing.

**DJs:** Balance your crates! For the love of God, Balance your crates!!! ☺



# BEASTIE BOYS

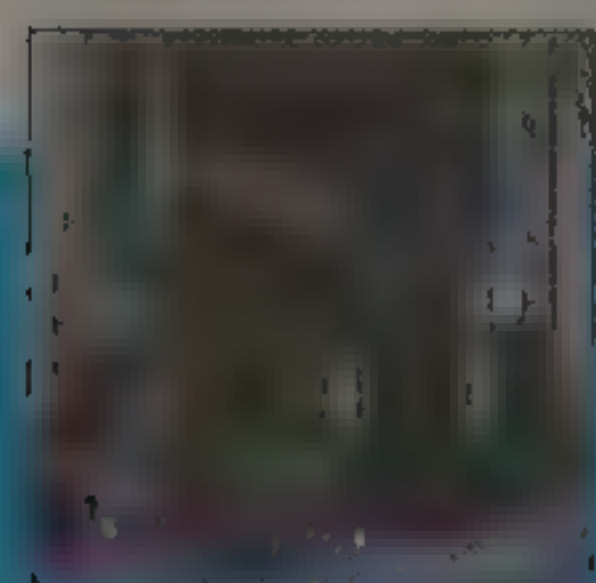
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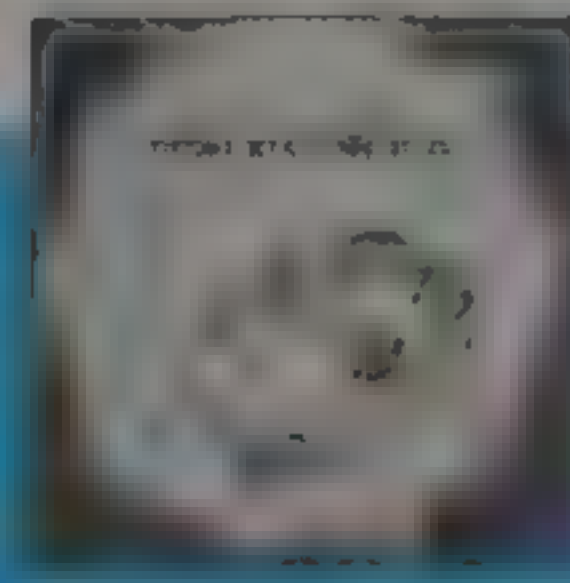
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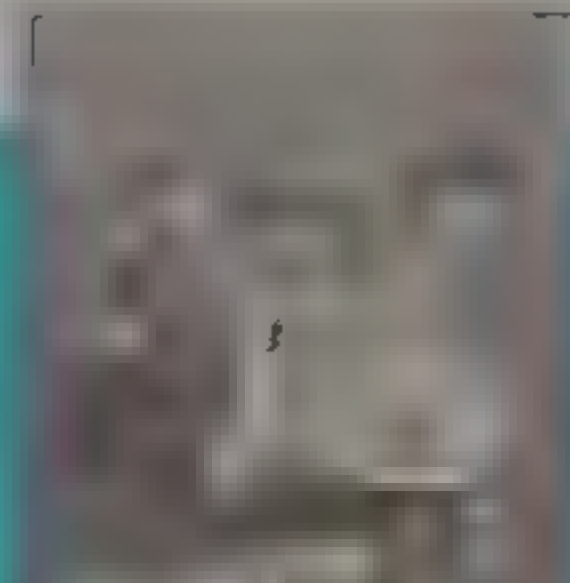
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- 2) BEASTIE BOYS  
TO THE 5 BOROUGHS
- 3) WILCO  
GHOST IS BORN
- 4) VELVET REVOLVER  
CONTRABAND
- 5) GOOD, MATTHEW  
WHITE LIGHT ROCK &  
ROLL REVIEW
- 6) LAVIGNE, AVRIL  
UNDER MY SKIN
- 7) KRALL, DIANA  
GIRL IN THE OTHER  
ROOM
- 8) EVANESCENCE  
FALLEN
- 9) BLACK EYED PEAS  
ELEPHUNK
- 10) GUNS N' ROSES  
GREATEST HITS

# top 10 dvds

- 1) SECRET WINDOW
- 2) SIMPSONS:  
SEASON 4 (4DVD)
- 3) FLEETWOOD MAC
- 4) LORD OF THE  
RINGS: RETURN OF  
THE KING
- 5) 50 FIRST DATES  
(WIDESCREEN)
- 6) CITY OF GOD
- 7) PRESLEY, ELVIS
- 8) CANNONBALL RUN
- 9) SPARTAN (2003)
- 10) PIRATES OF THE  
CARIBBEAN (2DVD)

## NEW SOUNDS

**THE FALL**  
**50,000 FALL FANS CAN'T BE WRONG:**  
**39 GOLDEN GREATS**  
**(BEGGARS BANQUET)**

There's a great song by California singer/songwriter Barbara Manning named "Mark E. Smith and Brix," in which she talks about going on walks and attending concerts—and wherever she goes, she keeps running into Mark E. Smith, longtime frontman for the seminal band the Fall and the man of her dreams. Except she never quite makes contact with him; he and his guitarist and ex-wife Brix Smith keep floating just out of her reach. Who knows where she'll meet them next?

Now, Mark E. Smith is hardly an ethereal figure—he's a rough-living guy who's forever dropping in and out of various jails, courtrooms, recording studios and alcohol treatment programs—but Manning's dreamy song perfectly captures how difficult it is to pin the guy down. The Fall is less a band than an abstract notion of a band (one source calculates that in 26 years, they've had 27 distinct



lineups), and Smith's garbled, gravelly, heavily accented singing style has spawned a whole set of websites that are still trying to decipher his lyrics. And they have plenty of lyrics to sift through: the "summarized discography" that accompanies the essential new best-of collection *50,000 Fall Fans Can't Be Wrong* lists 124 CDs, singles, live albums and compilations. (How someone can be as impossible to work with as Smith is and still get so much work done is beyond me.)

That's a daunting figure, which makes a well-chosen double-disc like *50,000 Fall Fans* an excellent starting point for curious listeners. The Fall's sound varies wildly over the course of these 39 tracks, from the rough-and-tumble "Rowche Rumble" to the double-drum assault of "Lie Dream of a Casino Soul" and "High Tension Line" to chart-friendly dance tunes like "C.R.E.E.P." and "Telephone Thing" to uncategorizable oddities like the brilliant "How I Wrote 'Elastic Man.'" The more recent tracks all sound timeless and the earlier tracks still sound ahead of their time. Pick it up, and you'll only have 123 more albums to check off your must-buy

list. ★★★★★ —PAUL MATWYCHUK

**WILCO**  
**A GHOST IS BORN**  
**(NONESUCH)**

When it picked up Wilco's *Yankee Hotel Foxtrot* album in 2002 after execs at Reprise short-sightedly refused to release it, the Nonesuch label instantly earned itself a reputation for integrity, vision and all-around artist-friendly coolth that's become a rarity in the music business. And those Nonesuch suits probably never regretted their policy of artistic freedom more bitterly than when they first heard "Less Than You Think," the penultimate track on Wilco's much-anticipated follow-up disc, *A Ghost Is Born*. You've probably heard by now what a catastrophe this song is: it goes on for 15 solid minutes, the last 11 or so of which consist of the sound of a radio tuning dial weaving in and out of a gentle wash of white noise. Jeff Tweedy might as well have called the disc *I Am Trying to Exhaust Your Patience*.

At least you get a reward for sitting through all that non-music: a snappy closing track called "The Late Greats" that pays tribute to the kind of gifted also-ran bands that make wonderful music but somehow never make it onto the radio. Not that *A Ghost Is Born* is particularly radio-friendly, either—even the disc's strongest tracks have a tendency to wander off into cryptic, meaningless lyrics ("I'm a wheel/I will turn you/I invented a sister, populated with knives," from "I'm a Wheel") or meandering arrangements (the crazy guitar spasms that unexpectedly close out the

sleepy album opener "At Least That's What You Said"). Still, this is obviously the work of a talented band and good ideas can't help popping up throughout its hour-plus running time: "Hummingbird"'s beautiful central image of an n lover hovering motionless behind you in your memory, or the catchy, chunky riff the band keeps coming back to on the 11-minute-long "Spiders (Kidsmoke)," an extended track that actually works. ★★★ —PAUL MATWYCHUK

**THE GOLDEN VIRGINS**  
**SONGS OF PRAISE**  
**(XL)**

The Golden Virgins combine miserable ballads—songs like "Stay Sober," about an alcoholic's slide past the point of no return—with ballsy, sloppy rock anthems about spying on girls and wanting to get laid.

And it's oh so engaging, because when the Golden Virgins decide to rock, they grab you by the scruff of your neck like a decade-late English version of the Replacements. You can almost sense singer Lucas Renney trying to suppress a chuckle or two when he spouts lines like "You, I got my eye on you, I see the things you do, 'cause baby I'm a camera watching you. I see what makes you tick, and how you get your kicks, and only you can my shutter click, click, click, click" (from "I Am a Camera") or when he begs for sex ("I want to die inside he dress") on "The Thought of Her."

If it wasn't for the prevalence of way-too-important bands like Coldplay and Radiohead on the British scene, the Golden Virgins could be written off as a

# THE ATARIS

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05. achilles heel pedro the lion	10. lilies arovane





dumb rock band. But this is a rallying cry against those who want to make rock vehicle for their own pomposity—and it makes *Songs of Praise* one of most significant efforts to come out of the U.K. in a while. ★★★★★ —STEVEN SANDOR

#### BADLY DRAWN BOY ONE PLUS ONE IS ONE (TWISTED NERVE/XL)

Damon Gough—a.k.a. Badly Drawn Boy—is trying to save pop music, one album at a time. Ever since his 2000 Mercury Prize-winning debut full-length *The Hour of Bewilderbeast*, Gough has been one of the many British artists touted as the next big thing; he followed that disc with 2002's *Have You Fed the Fish* and the soundtrack to the film *About a Boy*. It was a challenge for him to live up to the promise of his much-lauded debut album, beloved for its lush, intricate pop sounds, but Gough sounds like he's finally hitting his stride with *One Plus One Is One*.

He's taken his familiar orchestral heights and quiet, isolated passages and expands on them with every passing track. It's hard not to compare him to Brian Wilson or John Lennon, but Gough's touching lyrics and craftsmanship show a dedication that you don't see too often in the pop music sphere. *One Plus One Is One* is another giant step forward for credible pop music that will be remembered years from now, and not the recycled fluff you

think of when you hear the word "pop." ★★★★★ —TAZ

#### THE CURE THE CURE (Geffen)

Backed by a mournful guitar, Robert Smith kicks off the Cure's latest with a typical refrain: "I can't find myself," he repeats during the slow build of "Lost," but there's a different character in his voice. More than 10 years ago on *Disintegration*, the Cure defined its sound as pure melancholy, awash in dreamy guitars and orchestrated beds, and it was a gorgeous experience that held up remarkably well through the years. On this self-titled reintroduction—after *Bloodflowers*, Smith vowed that the Cure was done—they seem to have found themselves back at the beginning, recalling lessons and tricks they've picked up in past lives and applying them in the simplest fashion.

Which is why *The Cure* sounds so stripped, raw and almost angry. Perhaps the young generation that has come to champion their sound—Hot Hot Heat, Interpol, et al.—has refilled the well of vitriol that Smith exhausted while trying to top *Disintegration*. Here, the band sounds back in top form, spinning out lovely songs about being in love ("Before Three"), sliding back to the bottom ("The End of the World"), hiding out ("alt.end") and looking for salvation ("The Promise"). While every reverberated

guitar line and soaring note from Smith's broken voice sounds like the Cure we've come to know, they don't sound dated at all. Smith might say he's lost, but we know better. ★★★★★ —DAVE JOHNSTON

#### ROGUE WAVE OUT OF THE SHADOW (SUB POP)

On the first couple of tracks on *Out of the Shadow*, Zach Rogue comes off as an adventurous pop songwriter, fronting a band that likes to dress up their summery pop tunes with interesting arrangements and layers of instruments ranging from horns to a xylophone. Sure, it's a bit of a cop-out to claim that the opening tracks of the album owe a lot to the Beach Boys' seminal *Pet Sounds*, because it's the easiest reference point for a band that writes accessible pop songs dressed up in psychedelia—in this case, though, the comparison really works.

But as soon as the ballads kick in, the album collapses under its own too-cool-for-school veneer. The likable pop is replaced by high-pitched, miserable vocals that are meant to act as a contrast to the campfire guitars. When the songs slow down, the band is in trouble; in "Postage Stamp World," yet another scarred-as-a-child confessional, Rogue begs some greater power to "save us from this revelry." It's faux-introspection, and 100 per cent pompous. Too bad for a record that showed such early promise. ★★ —STEVEN SANDOR

## QUICK SPINS

BY WHITEY AND T.B. PLAYER

## retro FUNK edition

Whitey hit the jackpot last weekend at the Red Deer Value Village, where he found about 30 golden funk nuggets in the used-vinyl bin. And so to celebrate, we are ever so proud to present our...

#### New York City I'm Doin' Fine Now (Chelsea)

How many bands can you think of that are named after cities? The obvious: Boston, Chicago and Berlin. Not as obvious: Chiliwack and Toronto. (No, L.A. Guns and Hanoi Rocks don't count, smartass.) Anyhoo, I've asked this question many times and no one has ever mentioned New York City. These dudes are a pretty good representation of the prototypical '70s easy listening funk band. A little disco, a liberal sprinkling of arranged strings and a fair chunk of Commodores. Unfortunately, not the chunk that sold 40 million records.

#### B.T. Express Do It 'Til You're Satisfied (Roadshow)

More classic '70s AM gold. A little funkier, and they actually managed a number of minor hits. All in all a pretty solid album, but the strings really date this mother.

#### A Taste of Honey A Taste of Honey (Capitol)

Watch MuchMoreMusic's *Retro Boogie Dance Party* long enough, and you'll see the video for "Boogie Oogie Oogie." A classic disco standard, lemme tell ya. And those ladies were dang pretty. Unfortunately, when I dip into the album sleeve out comes *The Best of the Hues Corporation*. Not a bad album, but come on! Where are the sexy ladies on guitar? What a rip job.

#### Tavares Love Storm (Capitol)

Holy shit, this album sounds a lot like old Jackson Five. Not to mention the fact that the band is comprised of five brothers. Who knows? If Tavares had their own little androgynous robot dancer, maybe they'd have been able to ride his coattails to stardom too.

# live at reds

friday  
july 2

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\$20 advance / \$25 day of

no  
minors

saturday  
july 3

## cooking up science

rorshack / sonic red

doors 8pm / show 10pm  
\$4 cover

no  
minors

wednesday  
july 14

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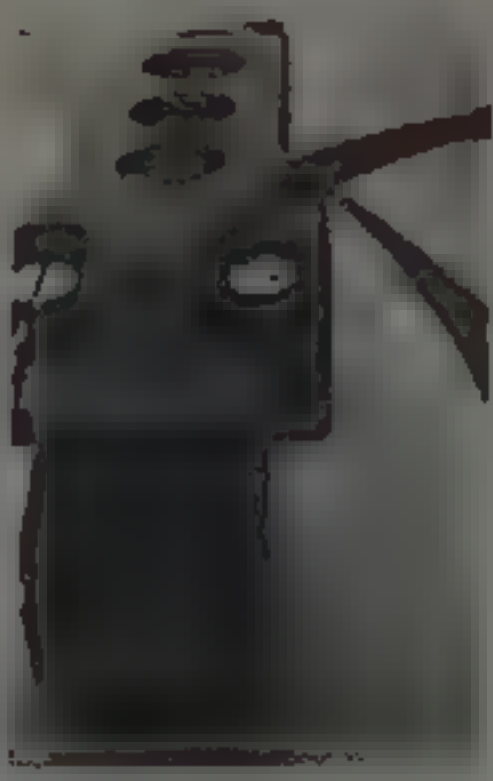
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## MUSIC



bpm

BY DAVID STONE

### Felix hunger

Talk about a wild time. Last Thursday, **Felix Da Housecat** destroyed a capacity crowd at the Standard with a dizzying set that spliced together Blur, Depeche Mode and Pink Floyd with an electro backbeat. It was also the most eclectic crowd I've ever seen at the southside club, with indie kids bopping alongside seasoned clubbers like it was the most natural thing in the world.

One of those front and centre for Felix's set was local musician and producer Nik Kozub, who's starting up a new night down at the Victory Lounge tonight (Thursday). Entitled **Nrmls Wlcm** (or Normals Welcome, if you crave vowels), it's a hodgepodge of hip hop, disco punk and no wave spun by Kozub under the guise of DJ Nik7. This week's kickoff party features a live set from Dietzche V and the Abominable Snowman.

This is the first of several new DJ nights that are filling up the weekly schedule of the new downtown space,

located in the basement of the Starlite Room. In the coming weeks, there's going to be a new metal night (starting July 16), a punk night and **Covert**, a progressive dance night—hosted by yours truly—on Saturdays, launching on July 31. That night will be a western-themed costume party featuring the techno delights of Tryptomene and Neal K. Unlike the Starlite, though, you don't need a membership to enjoy the Victory events.

Last Monday was another shaker, this time with **Paul Oakenfold** at Escape. Sporting longer hair and a few classics in the bag, Oakie hit the decks just before midnight in front of a packed house and threw down a set of big room anthems. Yet he was done a scant 90 minutes later, which put me back up in the booth to pick up where he left off. Happily, everyone was still ready to party—on a Monday night, no less—and we pushed it into to the wee hours before we had to shut everything down.

With that show behind them, **United Productions** is taking a well-deserved break through the summer, but word has it they won't be idle. There's talk that the veteran promoters are preparing to establish a Friday night at a downtown club in the fall that will feature a good mix of local and international talent every week. I'm looking forward to seeing how this will all play out.

Back at the Standard, the boys behind Spin Thursdays are getting ready to celebrate Canada Day with a return visit from San Francisco's **Kaskade**. The last time Connected

Entertainment brought the house producer to town, people were so blown away by the slick music on hand that they're still talking about it. Expect a set that's just as memorable, as Kaskade's brand-new album, *In the Moment*, that's stunning listeners everywhere, not to mention a production résumé that spawned dancefloor weapons for the likes of Miguel Migs and Mark Farina.

If you're hankering for some Latin flavour in your evenings, the Urban Lounge might have the prescription for your fever—even if you don't have a cowbell. Hosted by Cristian Munoz, the new Tuesday night hooper is called **Salsa and the City**, and promises to be just the thing for you to samba the hot summer evenings away.

Then there's the other end of the dance spectrum with Subterranean Sound's Vital Fridays at DecaDance. The breakbeat night has really come into its own over the past few weeks with a mixed format that embraces everything from hip hop right up to jungle. On July 23, the club night welcomes another international player, U.K. producer **Shy FX**, who's created some massive bombs in his time, including the unforgettable "Bambaataa". Advance tickets are available at Foosh.

One final note: this Saturday is the first time you'll hear **BPM** at its new time at 6 p.m. on CJSR-FM 88.5, taking the place of the dearly departed *Frequency*, hosted by Prosper and Eli. Their show was always outstanding and I wish them all the best in their future endeavours. 'Nuff respect. ☺

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# The Spidey chronicles

Spider-Man 2's ambitions clash with its comic-book roots, but it still gets your senses tingling

BY CHRIS BOUTET

I must admit, I didn't expect to leave the screening of *Spider-Man 2* feeling as conflicted as I did. After all, summer popcorn movies aren't supposed to make you *feel* things; they're supposed to provide some quick, flashy entertainment heavy on hotshot action sequences and padded out with cookie-cutter characters and mediocre dialogue. You expect to pay your money, sit in an air-conditioned theatre and get bombarded with the sights and sounds of explosions and whizzing things for a couple hours while you eat your Twizzlers. But *Spider-Man 2* doesn't seem to be interested in simply providing this service, although all these elements are there; it tries to *think*, tries to make *you* think—and it's this attempt at depth that is at once the film's greatest achievement and its greatest downfall.

Before I get too ahead of myself, I should qualify my criticism by saying that *Spider-Man 2* is actually a very good movie. It far surpasses its predecessor in pretty much every way and easily establishes itself as the cream of the recent comic-book-cash-in crop. Really, this film writes the book they should hand out at film school on how to make a sequel that works. Everything disappointing about the first film? Done right this time. Everything that came off well? Done even better. Gone is the goofy, rubbery CGI Spidey of yesteryear, replaced by bar-setting computer animation that never looks that way. Gone is the hokey, cackling train-wreck of a bad guy that was Green Goblin, wiped completely from our memories by Alfred Molina's incredibly human and dangerously frightening Doctor Octopus.

And all that iconic, superheroic pop-psychology grandstanding that bogged down the first installment? Well, it's gone, but only kind of. (At least we only get one reminder that "with great power comes great

responsibility" this time around instead of the 800 million times the phrase was violently barfed out by anyone who spent more than two seconds onscreen in *Spider-Man 1*.) What's left is a far more exciting, interesting and touching film that dares to remind everyone just how much all that aforementioned responsibility would completely and irreversibly fuck up your life.

**AS WE JOIN UP** with Peter Parker (Tobey Maguire, of course, in all his doe-eyed, bewildered glory), he's just about to get fired from his job as a pizza delivery boy, which he does to make ends meet in between the meagre freelance checks he collects from the *Daily Bugle* as Spider-Man's official photographer. The glamorous high of being New York's greatest hero is no longer enough to sustain Parker's happiness; he's months behind on his rent for his run-down

## REVUE SUPERHERO

coldwater flat, he's failing his classes at the university, his aunt is about to lose her house to the bank and it's become clear that he can never get close to the woman he loves, Mary Jane (Kirsten Dunst), for fear that his enemies may use her against him.

Yep, being a superhero sure does suck the proverbial dink, and Parker finds his powers failing him as he wrestles with the moral obligations that come with his gift and the selfish desire to leave it all behind and just be a normal kid. Complicating things, naturally, is genius scientist Otto Octavius (Molina), who tries to create a miniature fusion sun that would serve as a sustainable energy source and ends up, after the experiment goes awry, as a madman with four mechanical arms. As everything crumbles around him, Parker has to decide whether or not he's willing to risk losing everything he cares about just to be the hero.

For going this route (and with as much sincerity as they do), I have to applaud returning director Sam Raimi and the screenwriters on this project. They bring a depth to the characters and their inner conflicts that a movie like this could have easily coasted along without. But at the same time, when you introduce this level of char-

acterization into a film like this, you run the risk of making another *Hulk*: a movie that can't decide whether it's a flashy action-centric comic-book story or an subdued character drama. *Spider-Man 2*, thankfully, manages fairly handily to be both—the problem is, the writers pull off the character end of things so well that I almost wished they didn't need to have the comic-book element at all.

**MAYBE MY EXPECTATIONS** were just to high coming in, but I was pretty excited to hear that Raimi brought in writers Alvin Sargent and Michael Chabon to put a little meat on this sequel's bones. Sargent, some may know, was the screenwriter behind *Ordinary People*, an intense character film about a family's slow degradation that was so powerful it managed to unseat *Raging Bull* for Best Picture in 1980. And Chabon, well, he wrote possibly my favourite novel of all time, *The Mysteries of Pittsburgh*, as well as the novel that was adapted into the wildly underappreciated 2000 film *Wonder Boys*. Obviously, Sargent and Chabon's contributions work well here, but when the comic's trademark, dime-store-novel monologues about responsibility, sacrifice and the problem-erasing power of love start flying, they stick out like a sore thumb against the established backdrop of subtle introspection.

I know it sounds like a pretty stupid criticism to make of a comic-book film, but if it had been just a little less *comic-book* (in the negative sense), if those surprising moments of humanity and longing had been trusted to carry the plot and underscore the action by themselves, then this film would have been a complete success. It seems that Raimi is just toeing the line, seeing how people will react to this added layer before going all-out. And with Chabon slated to be alone at the screenwriting helm for 2007's *Spider-Man 3*, maybe Raimi will. Again, don't get this aging cynic wrong: *Spider-Man 2* works very well. It just, you know, could have worked a little better. ☹

### SPIDER-MAN 2

Directed by Sam Raimi • Written by Alvin Sargent, Michael Chabon, Alfred Gough and Miles Millar • Starring Tobey Maguire, Kirsten Dunst, Alfred Molina and James Franco • Now playing

Rivers and Tides profiles the awe-inspiringly ephemeral art of Andy Goldsworthy

BY JOSEF BRAUN

Though the durability of art is often considered the true test of its worth, and though most artists, be they professional or amateur, strive to preserve their work for the ages as carefully as possible, there remains in all of us the impulse to create something ephemeral: a sandcastle, a snow angel, a seasonal garden, a message written with a finger in the fog on a window pane that no one will ever read. Art is meant to be man's attempt at immortality, so is there not something perverse in making art that openly defies permanence? Or is it rather a way of making art that's uncorrupted by ego, fear and time?

Theatre artists, of course, have always been on the side of impermanence, striving to tap into the primal magic of ritualized yet fleeting collective experience. So in a sense, you could describe the work of Scottish environmental artist Andy Goldsworthy in terms of sculpture as theatre, though the theatrical events of his pieces are frequently witnessed by only a few. Goldsworthy, himself part of a movement that began to rise in stature with his generation, spends his time going to different natural settings, exploring the naturally occurring materials at hand—be they rocks, leaves, ice, moss, driftwood or wool—and creating works that mirror the shapes and riddles inherent in the landscape. He painstakingly tries to make work that almost seems like it could have occurred there without human intervention. Almost. His work is a conversation with landscapes, with perpetual movement, abundance and emptiness, and while some pieces make it through the changing of seasons intact, many collapse, often within hours as the tides rise and wind picks up. In this process there is something of a rehearsal for death.

**Rivers and Tides: Andy Goldsworthy Working With Time**, Thomas Riedelsheimer's documentary about Goldsworthy, does do something to etch this work in stone however, and it does so very well because Riedelsheimer's camera undulates

with the serpentine flow of Goldsworthy's large-scale pieces. This film is extremely significant in the way that it provides a window into the philosophy, practice and inevitable disintegration of Goldsworthy's landscape reconfigurations. And, with the filmmaker repeatedly and successfully giving us an impression of discovering Goldsworthy's pieces as though by accident (the moment of surprise are boldly reinforced by Fred Frith's excellent score), *Rivers and Tides* becomes an experience of pure, intoxicating awe. One of the most mesmerizing montages cuts between two of Goldsworthy's large acorn-like pieces—one on a beach, one in a pasture—while sea and snow slowly consume them.

**UNLIKE, FOR EXAMPLE**, Robert Smithson's audacious *Glue Pour*, the 1969 piece where Smithson dumped a huge vat of glue down a Vancouver slope, Goldsworthy's oeuvre is fixated on natural harmony, accepting the conditions nature sets and extending its patterns in unexpected directions, usually to the point of collapse. He wants to see what is already there but we've conditioned ourselves to ignore, and he wants to facilitate this for

others. Goldsworthy is virtually the only person on camera in *Rivers and Tides*, though thankfully he's extremely articulate about what he's trying to do, and the relationship between his words and what Riedelsheimer captures is direct.

Of course, the number of things Riedelsheimer doesn't capture here is another story. We get no idea of where Goldsworthy sits within the world of art, or any explanation of precedents in his field. There's almost no biographical information about Goldsworthy aside from a few stray comments he makes and a brief glimpse into the country home he shares with his wife and children. There's no explanation of how Goldsworthy makes a living and what those who commission his work expect from him. But *Rivers and Tides* is in no way a conventional artist profile: it's a focused meditation on the work itself. Corny as it sounds, it truly is all about the flow, man. ☺

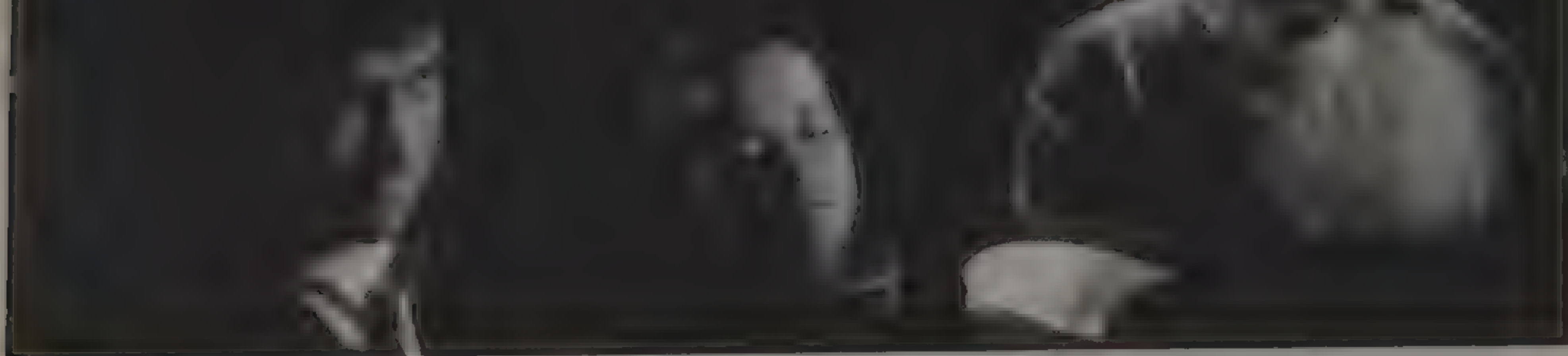
### RIVERS AND TIDES: ANDY GOLDSWORTHY WORKING WITH TIME

Written and directed by Thomas Riedelsheimer • Featuring Andy Goldsworthy • Zeidler Hall, The Citadel • Fri-Mon, July 2-5 (7pm) • Metro Cinema • 425-9212





# Back down the rabbit hole



**Donnie Darko's world of '80s music and evil bunnies finally hits the big screen**

By JOSEF BRAUN

**D**awn. Distant thunder rumbles like some hungry beast inching ominously toward the hamlet of Middlesex while a tracking shot delivers us to our eponymous hero, rising from sleep off a dirt road, confused and bemused as he gazes out into the horizon like Toshiro Mifune in the opening shot of *Yojimbo*. I've watched Richard Kelly's feature debut *Donnie Darko* a few times now, and this opening never fails to energize me with its distinctive setting of mood. The repeat viewer of *Donnie Darko* is rewarded with deeper penetration into the film's repetitions, portholes and hidden passages, while it becomes increasingly apparent how its hero is strangely cursed from the get-go, how seemingly everything

anticipates him, placing a morbid slant on the debate of fate vs. free will that underlies the entire film and is surreptitiously announced in Echo and the Bunnymen's "The Killing Moon," the song that incites the first of Kelly's bravura montage sequences. A few years ago I wrote about *Donnie Darko* when it became available on video, lamenting the fact that it never played theatrically almost anywhere.

## REVUE DRAMA

Since then, the film, widely available in an extremely inexpensive DVD, has become a cult hit, and this weekend has its long-overdue debut Edmonton screening at Metro Cinema. I can't find my original review, though I seem to recall being dazzled and a tad suspicious of the film. Well I'm still pretty dazzled, but my suspicion has given way to genuine admiration, especially for the labyrinth of cues that ripple outward into the film's extranarrative, those areas where we fill in the blanks. I'm not the sort who likes to "figure out" a movie, but there's enough going on in

*Donnie Darko* to keep me pondering its interconnections while still enjoying its rush of creepy nocturnal wanderings, vivid hallucinations and terrific, frequently very funny (if occasionally shrill) performances. (Few upper-middle class American movie families come to life as irreverently and believably as the Darkos, and this one introduced the wonderfully talented Gyllenhaal siblings Maggie and Jake—a younger, even more brooding version of Tobey Maguire.)

**LATE ONE NIGHT**, a jet engine bursts through the roof of the Darkos' suburban home, demolishing Donnie's bedroom—though luckily he's not there, having sleepwalked away after dark. But is the jet engine still destined to consume Donnie? Are his treatments and therapy sessions finally only fleeting diversions from his true path, the dreadful fate that awaits him when he meets that freaky-looking rabbit? *Donnie Darko*, piling on coincidences and recurring symbols, functions as a tragic myth, where images and dialogues recur so that we can observe them both in minute and broader terms, the char-

acters establishing themselves both as individuals and players in an elaborate ritual sacrifice existing somewhere between the world of the film and the mind of its troubled hero. Since we experience the story almost entirely through Donnie's perspective, it remains unclear how much of what we see is real. Prophecy and paranoia (or meditation and medication, if we place Donnie's illness in the narrative's forefront) intermingle here as twins spinning on an axis, and the destination we arrive at once the story comes full circle seems less important than our private reconstruction of the events that led us there.

The ambiguity is grounded in a solid sense of humour (the sex life of Smurfs is brilliantly addressed) and setting, specifically October 1988, a time recent enough to avoid the distancing effect of period trappings, but far enough away to feel decidedly like the past. In the same way that Kelly constructs narrative interconnections, he hones his setting: the references to the '88 presidential election, the cast-

ing of familiar faces from the '80s, such as Drew Barrymore and Patrick Swayze, the '80s pop songs Kelly uses without nostalgic kitsch or irony, choosing instead to give songs like Tears for Fears' "Head Over Heels" an adoring homage.

Yet Kelly's most prominent '80s reference may be the influence of *Blue Velvet* on his film: the father on the front lawn, the picket fence, the fascination with local eccentrics, the obscured evil waiting to be unmasked by a youth in the grips of some inexplicable impulse, a power represented by those crazy liquefcent blobs that lure characters to the things they desire. With any luck, one of those blobs will emerge from your chest and lead you to Metro's Zeidler Hall, where you can finally experience *Donnie Darko* in all its big-screen glory. **D**

**DONNIE DARKO**  
Written and directed by Richard Kelly •  
Starring Jake Gyllenhaal and Jena Malone  
• Zeidler Hall, The Citadel • Fri-Mon, July 2-5 (9pm) • Metro Cinema • 425-9212



heresy!

Every week in *Heresy!*, *Vue* invites its film writers to champion a film that everyone else thinks is terrible or to slam a film that everyone else regards as art. This week, **Chad Huculak** attacks *Donnie Darko*.

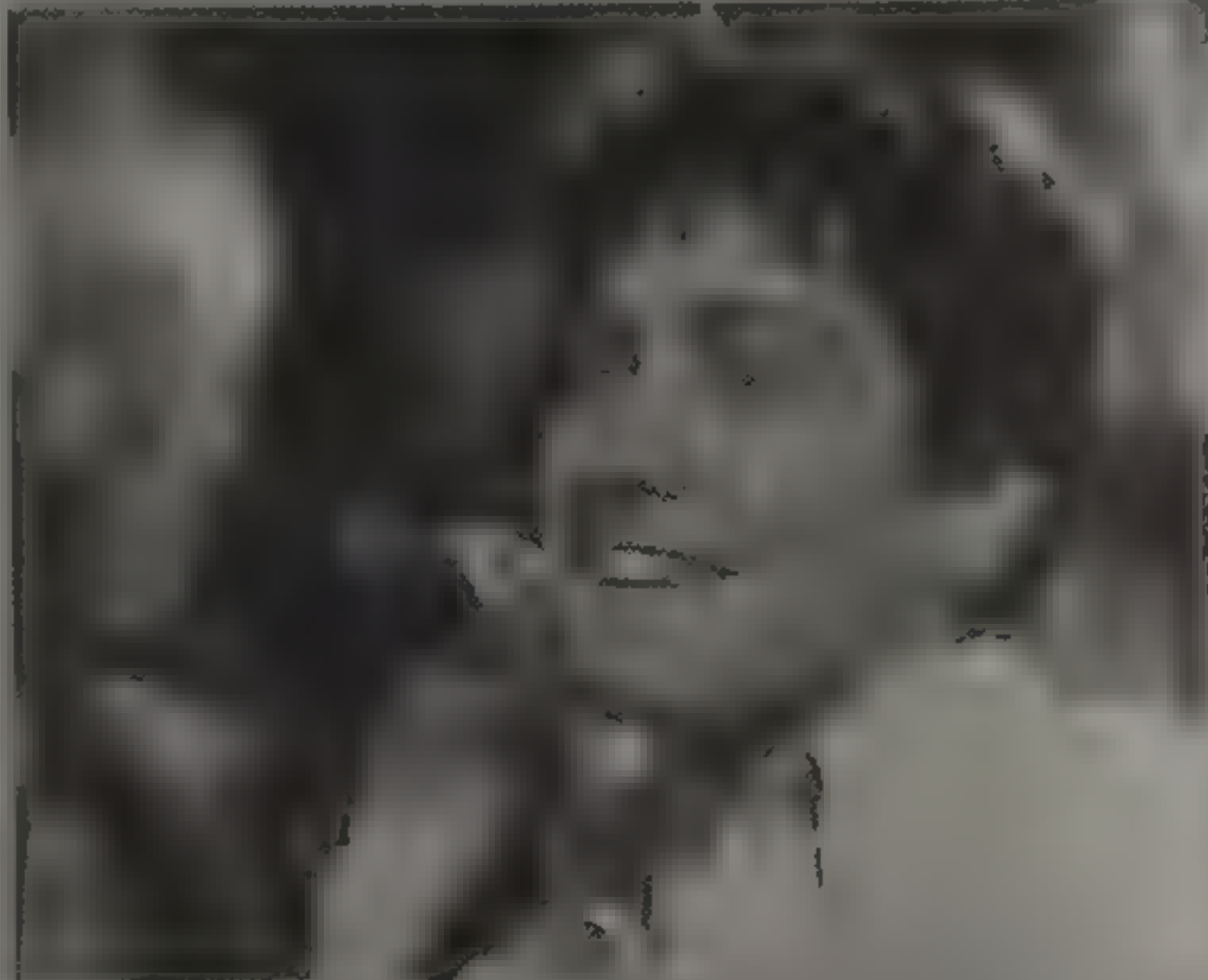
As the 2001 film *Donnie Darko* is about to be re-released with new special effects and music, I am bracing for another wave of unfounded critical praise for this "cult classic." *Donnie Darko* is really just an emo-boy's wet dream—a story about a misunderstood suburban teen (Jake Gyllenhaal) who must face his dark destiny as saviour of the world. Made by first-time director/wunderkind Richard Kelly on a small budget, *Donnie Darko* didn't attain cult status until it was released on DVD. But it's confused, pandering films like this one that give "cult movies" a bad name.

*Donnie Darko* deals with more alternative universe crap than a pre-Crisis DC comic book. (I'm allowed to allude to obscure comic knowledge since Kelly has stated that *Darko* is a comic book film.) The plot basically consists of hyper-sensitive Donnie talking in a stoner giggle to a creepy rabbit dude about something that has to deal with time-travel. Add in other topics like religion, teen angst, comedy and John Hughes high-school hijinks and you get *Donnie Darko*, a film crammed with so many ideas it implodes.

Ah, where to begin with the criticisms? The fact that film's setting of 1988 has nothing to do with the story (aside from some references to

the Bush/Dukakis election, a Duran Duran song and cocaine as the high school drug of choice)? The stereotypical wrinkly high school teacher and principal who just don't understand? Or how the mother doesn't bat an eyelash when her son calls her a bitch? The new girl at school that is also misunderstood so she and Donnie fall in love almost instantly? A stereotypical Asian student who yelps "Chut up!"? A cute younger sister who says adorable things? Patrick (I need work so I'll play a pedophilic motivation speaker) Swayze?

What's frustrating about *Darko* is how it manages to mangle its potentially mind-blowing themes by neatly wrapping everything up into a pitiful ending. That demon rabbit? Nothing but a dude in a Halloween costume. Time travel and fate? Why not just



have Donnie fly around the world to reverse time like Superman? Hell, even *Back to the Future* raises more profound metaphysical questions than this thing does.

But for a small film it plays okay, despite indie-pratfalls such as the obligatory pop-culture sex reference (Donnie and his friends speculating on the carnal habits of the Smurfs) and slumming celebrities (Drew Barrymore and Noah Wyle as hip teachers who totally understand). Listening to the director's commentary on the DVD filled in many of the gaps for me, but while I can't profess to be some sort of David Lynch-understanding genius, I prefer films that I can make sense of on my own. **D**

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# This year's model

Audrey Hepburn musical *Funny Face* has incredibly misleading title

BY PAUL MATWYCHUK

**F**unny Face is a 1957 musical that takes place in a bizarre parallel universe where no one thinks Audrey Hepburn is beautiful. She plays Jo Stockton, an insufferably serious-minded Greenwich Village bookstore clerk, a disciple of the obscure French philosophy of "empathicalism," who's plucked from obscurity by care-free fashion photographer Dick Avery (Fred Astaire) to become *Quality* magazine's newest "Quality Girl." Maggie Prescott, the imperious *Quality* editrix, thinks the idea of turning Jo into a model is the most ridiculous thing she's ever heard, and she's not the only one. "I always thought my face was funny," mopes Jo in one scene, to which Avery reassuringly replies, "What you call funny, I call interesting!" All this sets up a crazy scene where Jo's new look is unveiled after she's been made over by *Quality*'s team of hairstylists and makeup artists and everyone professes amazement

that they've found some miraculous way to make Audrey Hepburn look gorgeous. I'm surprised they didn't include a subplot where Fred Astaire's character takes dancing lessons and dumbfounds everyone by turning out to be pretty light on his feet.

Despite its elite cast and a score packed with Gershwin standards, *Funny Face* (which kicks off the Edmonton Film Society's summer series of classical Hollywood musicals) is pretty thin stuff—the central romance has no heat, the satire of French intellectuals is toothless and

## REVUE CLASSICS

Hepburn is an absolutely terrible singer—but it's still enjoyable as a loving evocation of the golden age of American fashion magazines. Astaire's character was inspired by Richard Avedon, who helped design the film's fashion sequences, including Kay Thompson's giddy opening number, "Think Pink." (The film contains cameos by many of the era's great fashion models, including Dovima and Suzy Parker.) I've always adored the scenes where Astaire coaches Hepburn during their photo shoots together—he's like D.W. Griffith barking out commands to Lillian

Gish: "You're walking out on the opera!" he shouts. "You're leaving to the lush, passionate music of *Tristan und Isolde*. There was a rendezvous at the opera. Two seats. He didn't show up. You're furious. Now, when I say go, walk down with fire in your eyes and murder on your mind. Wet your lips. You're Isolde! You're a queen! Now go, go, go!!!"

Here's a rundown of some of the other, lesser-known films in this summer's EFS series to watch out for:

- **42nd Street** (July 12): Warner Brothers musicals of the 1930s—like the rest of the films that studio made during the Depression—had a street-smart grittiness to them that will surprise viewers whose only exposure to movie musicals has been the lush, brassy fantasies MGM started pumping out in the mid-'40s. Films like *42nd Street* and *Gold Diggers of 1935* (which the EFS is screening on August 23) were backstage musicals that balanced out their outrageous Busby Berkeley production numbers with a keen awareness of the hard lives of chorus girls and stagehands, all of whom were always just barely keeping poverty at bay.

- **Calamity Jane** (July 19): Not a great musical by any stretch of the imagination, this 1953 Doris Day



vehicle has nevertheless gotten a lot of attention from film scholars because of the way its main character can be read as a coded lesbian figure. Maybe they're reaching, but it's hard nowadays to watch Day dressed up in her tomboy duds belting out "I've got a secret love" and not get the implications.

- **Yolanda and the Thief** (August 2): Perhaps the most ill-conceived Hollywood musical this side of *Xanadu*, *Yolanda and the Thief* stars Fred Astaire as a con man who travels to the fictional land of "Patria" where he conspires to bilk a sheltered heiress of her fortune by posing as an angel. Meanwhile, a *real* angel lingers on the fringes of the action. This Technicolor fever dream has a cult following among stupefied movie buffs who still can't quite believe a

movie this strange actually exists.

- **Small Town Girl** (August 9): Jane Powell and Farley Granger get top billing in this squeaky-clean picture off the MGM assembly line, but it's a pair of numbers from the supporting players that are the only thing people ever remember about it: a routine where lovestruck Bobby Van travels from his house to his girlfriend's house, jumping like a pogo stick every step of the way; and Ann Miller singing "I Gotta Hear That Beat" accompanied by a band consisting of a bunch of disembodied arms sticking out of the floor. Now, that's what I call a Quality Girl! ☺

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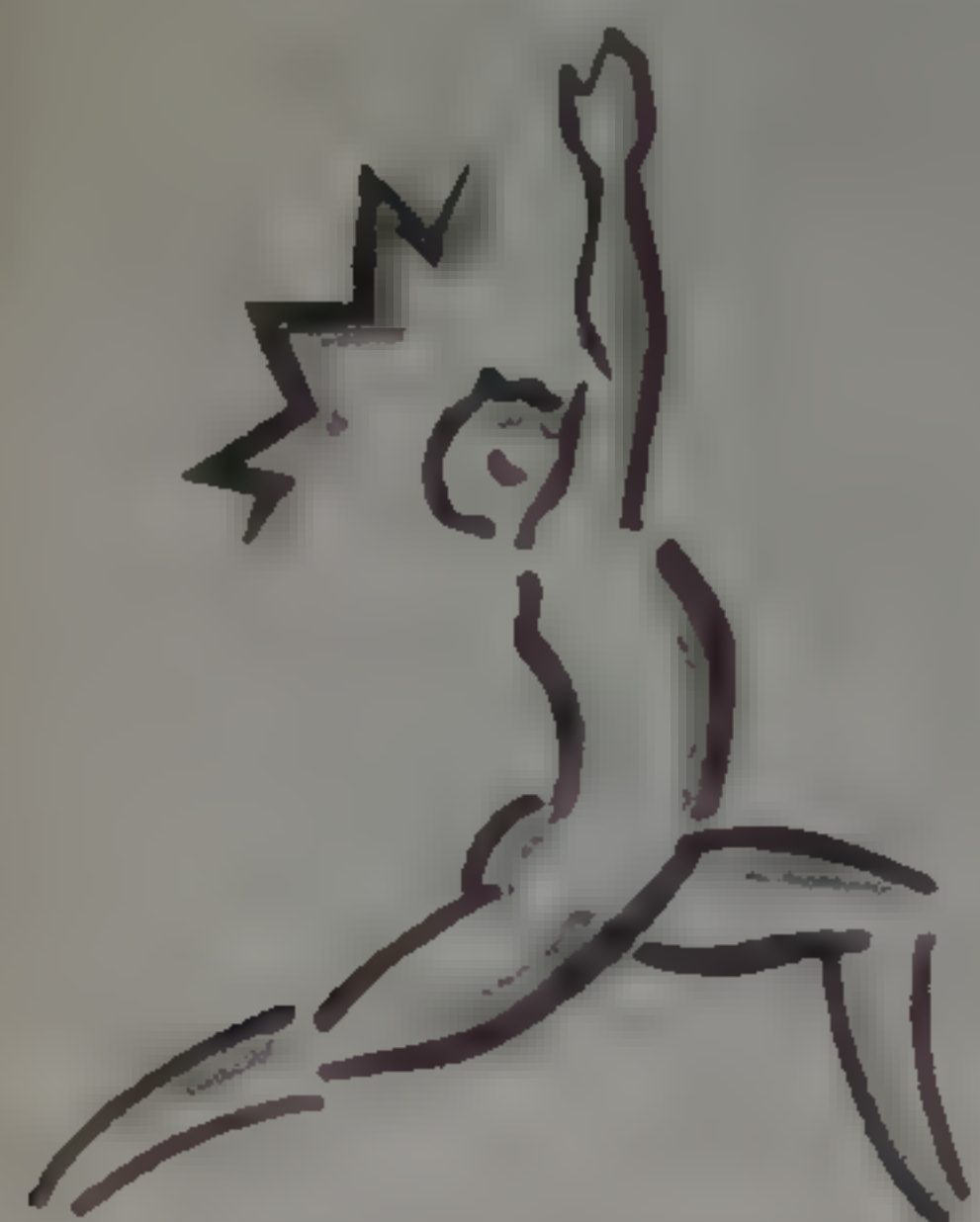
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Well, it's unanimous: pretty much every movie critic in North America thinks the Wayans Brothers's new cross-dressing comedy, *White Chicks*, is terrible. But what no two reviewers can agree on is what movie character Shawn and Marlon Wayans's hideous "whiteface" makeup reminds them of. Here's a sampling of some of the contenders: "It's like they're wearing masks from the low-rent films" (Kevin Carr, *Film Threat*). "They look like they've wandered off the set of *Dawn of the Dead*" (Keith Phipps, *The Onion*). "They resemble Michael Caine when he donned a blonde wig and bad dress in *Dressed to Kill* all those years ago" (Jeffrey Gomova, *Arizona Republic*). "Like a double dose of Edith Sepp's doomed Christiana from George Franju's iconic 1959 film, *Without a Face*" (Mark Savlov, *Austin Chronicle*). "They are hideous, looking more like Frank Langella's Skeleton from the *Masters of the Universe* picture than human beings" (Nathan Baran, *Hybrid magazine*). Vivid descriptions all around, was *White Chicks* a comedy that hit the nail on the head when they said, "They look like they killed the Hilton sisters and are wearing their skin

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## RIVERS AND TIDES

ANDY GOLDSWORTHY WORKING WITH TIME

Photographed and Directed by Thomas Riedelsheimer • Music by Fred Frith

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## FILM WEEKLY

### THIS WEEK'S NEW MOVIES

**Donnie Darko** Jake Gyllenhaal, Jena Malone, Drew Barrymore, Patrick Swayze and Noah Wyle star in writer/director Richard Kelly's mindbending 2001 cult film about an alienated '80s suburban teenager who begins having strange visions of the future after a jet engine crashes through the roof of his family's house. *Zeidler Hall, The Citadel; Fri-Mon, July 2-5 (9pm)*

**Funny Face** Fred Astaire, Audrey Hepburn and Kay Thompson star in *Singin' in the Rain* director Stanley Donen's classic 1957 musical

about a world-famous fashion photographer who turns a serious-minded bookstore employee into an international modeling sensation. *Provincial Museum Auditorium (102 Ave & 128 St); Mon, July 5 (8pm)*

**King Arthur** Clive Owen, Stephen Dillane, Keira Knightley and Ioan Gruffudd star in *Training Day* director Antoine Fuqua's attempt to fuse fifth-century British history and popular British legend to tell the story of King Arthur's campaign, after the fall of the Roman Empire, to unite the scattered knights of the British Isles into a unified

governing force. *(Opens Wed, July 7)*

**Rivers and Tides: Andy Goldsworthy Working With Time** Director Thomas Riedelsheimer's moving documentary, about Scottish artist Andy Goldsworthy, whose fragile, time-intensive work—created in natural settings using whatever flotsam and jetsam is close at hand—seldom exists longer than a week before the wind and weather destroy it. *Zeidler Hall, The Citadel; Fri-Mon, July 2-5 (7pm)*

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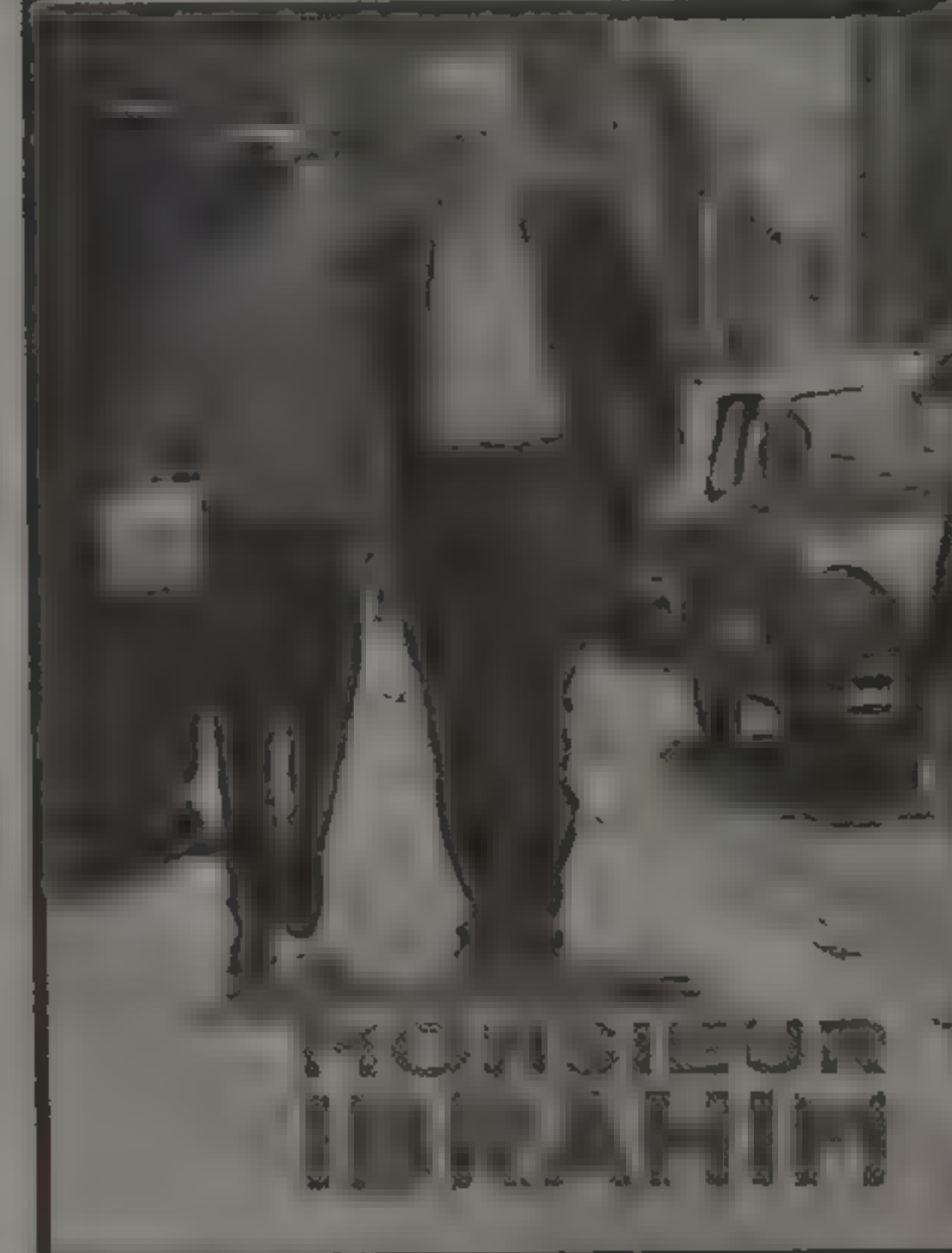
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10337 - Whyte Ave. - 433-0728



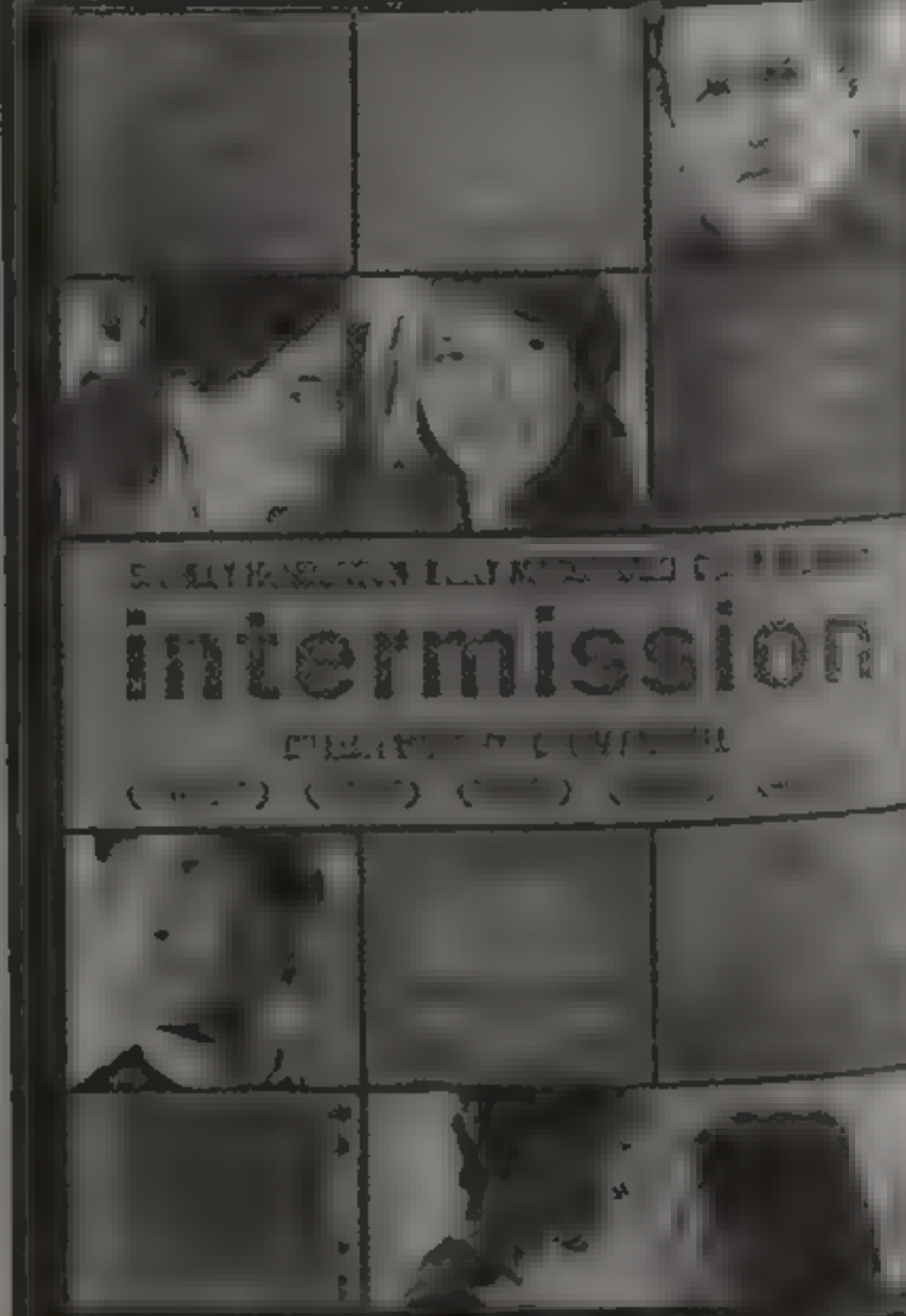
### MONSIEUR IBRAHIM

Nightly 7:15 & 9:15 pm

Sat Sun and July 1st Matinee 2:30 pm  
•14A• (mature theme)

### PRINCESS THEATRE

10337 - Whyte Ave. - 433-0728



### intermission

Nightly 7:00 & 9:05 pm

Sat Sun and July 1st Matinee 2:00 pm  
•18A• (coarse language)



# FILM LISTINGS

Showtimes for Friday, July 2 to Thursday, July 8

All showtimes are subject to change at any time. Please contact theatre for confirmation.

**GARNEAU**  
8712-109 St. 433-0728

**WINTER SIZE ME** PG  
Daily 11:00 2:30

**PRINCESS**  
10337-82 Ave. 433-0728

**MONSIEUR IBRAHIM** 14A  
Daily 11:00 2:30

**INTERMISSION** 18A  
Daily 11:00 2:30

**METRO CINEMA**  
8820-101A Ave. Citadel Theatre 425-9212

**RIVERS AND TIDES** PG  
Daily 11:00 2:30

**DONNIE DARKO** STC  
Fri Mon 9:00

**IMITATIONS OF LIFE** 18A  
Daily 11:00 2:30

**GRANDIN THEATRE**  
Grandin Mall, Sir Winston Churchill Ave.  
8712-109 St. 433-0728

**HARRY POTTER AND THE PRISONER OF AZKABAN** PG  
Frightening scenes. Daily 7:10 9:40

**GARFIELD** G  
Daily 11:00 2:30

**THE TERMINAL** PG  
Coarse language. Daily 6:50 9:30

**DODGEBALL: A TRUE UNDERDOG STORY** PG  
Coarse language, crude content. Daily 1:15 3:45 5:15 7:15 9:15

**SPIDER-MAN 2** PG  
Frightening scenes, unsuitable for younger children. Daily 1:00 1:30 3:30 4:00 6:30 7:00 9:00 9:30

**LEDUC CINEMAS**  
8712-109 St. 433-0728

**THE NOTEBOOK** PG  
Suggestive scenes. Daily 12:50 3:30 6:50 9:30

**TWO BROTHERS** PG  
Daily 12:50 3:30 6:50 9:30

**SPIDER-MAN 2** PG  
Frightening scenes, unsuitable for younger children. Daily 1:00 3:45 7:00 9:45

**THE CHRONICLES OF RIDDICK** 14A  
Violence. Daily 9:20

**AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS** PG  
Daily 1:10 3:40 7:10 9:40

**WETASKIWIN CINEMAS**  
3840-56 Street 352-3922

**TWO BROTHERS** PG  
Daily 11:40 2:10 5:00 7:30 9:50

**AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS** PG  
Daily 1:10 3:40 7:10 9:40

**DODGEBALL: A TRUE UNDERDOG STORY** PG  
Coarse language, crude content. Daily 1:20 3:20 7:20 9:20

**GARFIELD** G  
Daily 1:10 3:10 7:10 9:10

**SPIDER-MAN 2** PG  
Frightening scenes, unsuitable for younger children. Advance tickets available. Daily 12:50 3:30 6:50 9:30

**CINERPLEX OROUO CINEMAS**  
CINEMA GUIDE

**CITY CENTRE**  
10200-102 Ave. 421-7020

**THE CHRONICLES OF RIDDICK** 14A  
Violence. Fri Tue 10:10

**SPIDER-MAN 2** PG  
Frightening scenes, unsuitable for younger children. No passes. Daily 12:15 12:45 3:30 4:00 6:45 7:15 10:00 10:30

**FAHRENHEIT 9/11** 14A  
Disturbing content. Daily 1:00 3:45 7:00 9:45

**THE NOTEBOOK** PG  
Suggestive scenes. Daily 12:30 3:15 6:35 9:20

**TWO BROTHERS** PG  
Fri-Tue 1:10 4:40 7:25 Wed-Thu 1:10 4:40

**HARRY POTTER AND THE PRISONER OF AZKABAN** PG  
Frightening scenes. No passes. Daily 12:00 3:00 6:30 9:30

**THE TERMINAL** PG  
Coarse language. Daily 1:20 4:15 7:35 10:25

**DODGEBALL: A TRUE UNDERDOG STORY** 14A  
Coarse language, crude content. Fri-Sun Tue-Thu 1:40 4:30 7:50 10:40 Mon 1:40 4:30 10:40

**WHITE CHICKS** 14A  
Crude content. Fri-Tue 1:30 4:20 7:45 10:35 Wed-Thu 7:45 10:35

**KING ARTHUR** STC  
No passes. Wed-Thu 1:30 4:20 7:25 10:15

**WEST MALL 8**  
8882-170 St. 444-1829

**THE PUNISHER** 14A  
Brutal violence throughout. Daily 8:50

**THE WHOLE TEN YARDS** 14A  
Daily 2:00 4:20 7:20 9:40

**STARSKY AND HUTCH** 14A  
Daily 2:10 4:30 7:10 9:35

**HIDALGO** PG  
Violence. Daily 2:30 6:35 9:25

**HELLBOY** PG  
Violence. Daily 1:40 4:10 6:45 9:30

**VAN HELSING** 14A  
Frightening scenes, not recommended for young children. Daily 2:20 6:30 9:15

**SCOOBY-DOO 2: MONSTERS UNLEASHED** PG  
Daily 1:50 4:00 7:00 9:05

**HOME ON THE RANGE** G  
Daily 1:20 3:00 4:40 6:50

**THE ALAMO** 14A  
Daily 2:40 6:40 9:20

**CLAREVIEW**  
4211-139 Ave. 472-7600

**SPIDER-MAN 2** PG  
Frightening scenes, unsuitable for younger children. Advance tickets available. Daily 12:30 1:00 1:30 3:30 4:00 4:30 6:45 7:15 7:45 9:35 10:05 10:30

**THE NOTEBOOK** PG  
Suggestive scenes. Daily 12:50 3:40 6:40 9:20

**TWO BROTHERS** PG  
Daily 12:40 3:00 5:20 7:50

**THE CHRONICLES OF RIDDICK** 14A  
Violence. Daily 10:20

**GARFIELD** G  
Fri Tue 12:10 2:15

**SHREK 2** G  
Daily 12:00 2:25 4:40 7:30 9:40

**HARRY POTTER AND THE PRISONER OF AZKABAN** PG  
Frightening scenes. No passes. Daily 12:20 3:35 6:50 9:50

**THE TERMINAL** PG  
Coarse language. Fri-Tue 4:20 7:20 10:10

**DODGEBALL: A TRUE UNDERDOG STORY** PG  
Coarse language, crude content. Fri-Tue 12:20 4:10 7:00 9:10 Wed-Thu 1:20 4:10 7:00 9:10

**WHITE CHICKS** 14A  
Crude content. Fri-Tue 1:10 3:50 6:30 9:00 Wed-Thu 12:10 3:50 6:30 9:00

**KING ARTHUR** STC  
No passes. Wed-Thu 1:10 4:20 7:20 10:10

**SOUTH EDMONTON COMMON**  
7700-170 St. 444-1829

**SPIDER-MAN 2** PG  
Frightening scenes, unsuitable for younger children. Advance tickets available. No passes. Daily 11:30 12:00 12:30 1:00 1:30 2:40 3:10 3:40 4:10 4:40 5:30 6:15 6:45 7:15 7:45 8:30 9:15 9:45 10:15 10:45

**FAHRENHEIT 9/11** 14A  
Disturbing content. Fri-Tue 1:10 4:20 7:20 10:10 Wed-Thu 1:10 4:20 7:20 10:10

**TWO BROTHERS** PG  
Daily 11:40 2:10 5:00 7:30 9:50

**THE NOTEBOOK** PG  
Suggestive scenes. Daily 12:50 3:50 6:50 9:40

**THE DAY AFTER TOMORROW** PG  
Not recommended for young children. Fri-Tue 1:20 4:30 7:35 10:35 Wed-Thu 7:35 10:35

**SHREK 2** G  
Daily 11:50 2:20 4:50 7:10 9:30

**HARRY POTTER AND THE PRISONER OF AZKABAN** PG  
Frightening scenes. No passes. Daily 11:45 2:40 5:50 9:00

**THE CHRONICLES OF RIDDICK** 14A  
Violence. Daily 1:50 5:20 8:00 10:40

**WHITE CHICKS** 14A  
Crude content. Daily 2:00 4:45 7:40 10:20

**THE TERMINAL** PG  
Coarse language. Daily 12:40 3:30 6:30 9:20

**DODGEBALL: A TRUE UNDERDOG STORY** 14A  
Coarse language, crude content. Daily 12:15 2:30 5:10 8:10 10:30

**KING ARTHUR** STC  
No passes. THX Wed-Thu 12:45 4:00 7:00 10:00

**GALAXY CINEMAS @ SHELDON PARK**  
2920 Sherwood Drive, 416-0150

**SPIDER-MAN 2** PG  
Frightening scenes unsuitable for younger children. Advance tickets available. No passes. Daily 12:00 12:45 1:30 3:00 3:45 4:30 6:30 7:00 7:30 9:30 10:00 10:30

**THE NOTEBOOK** PG  
Suggestive scenes. Daily 1:00 4:00 6:50 9:55

**TWO BROTHERS** PG  
Daily 1:40 4:40 7:50

**DODGEBALL: A TRUE UNDERDOG STORY** 14A  
Coarse language, crude content. Daily 2:10 4:50 7:40 10:20

**THE TERMINAL** PG  
Coarse language. Fri-Tue 4:20 7:15 10:10 Wed-Thu 10:10

**HARRY POTTER AND THE PRISONER OF AZKABAN** PG  
Frightening scenes. No passes. Daily 12:15 3:20 6:40 9:50

**SHREK 2** G  
Daily 12:20 2:40 5:00 7:20 9:45

**WHITE CHICKS** 14A  
Crude content. Fri-Tue 10:15

**KING ARTHUR** STC  
No passes. Wed-Thu 1:10 4:10 7:15 10:15

**FAHRENHEIT 9/11** 14A  
Disturbing content. Daily 12:40 3:30 6:45 9:40

**NORTH EDMONTON CINEMAS**  
14231-137 Ave. 732-2236

**SPIDER-MAN 2** PG  
Frightening scenes, unsuitable for younger children. No passes. Fri-Tue 11:30 12:00 12:30 1:00 2:15 3:15 3:45 4:15 5:15 6:30 7:00 7:30 8:30 9:30 10:00 10:15 10:30 Wed-Thu 11:30 12:00 12:30 1:00 2:15 3:15 3:45 4:15 5:15 6:30 7:00 7:30 8:30 9:30 10:00 10:30

**FAHRENHEIT 9/11** 14A  
Disturbing content. Daily 12:40 3:30 6:50 9:40

**TWO BROTHERS** PG  
Daily 1:30 4:30 7:45

**THE NOTEBOOK** PG  
Suggestive scenes. Daily 1:10 3:50 7:20 10:10

**THE CHRONICLES OF RIDDICK** 14A  
Violence. Fri-Tue 1:40 4:50 7:15 10:05 Wed-Thu 10:05

**SHREK 2** G  
Daily 12:15 2:15 4:20

**THE DAY AFTER TOMORROW** PG  
Not recommended for young children. Daily 7:05 10:00

**SHREK 2** G  
Daily 12:30 3:00 5:30 7:40 9:55

**HARRY POTTER AND THE PRISONER OF AZKABAN** PG  
Frightening scenes. No passes. Daily 12:10 3:20 6:20 9:20

**THE TERMINAL** PG  
Coarse language. Daily 12:50 3:55 6:40 9:45

**DODGEBALL: A TRUE UNDERDOG STORY** 14A  
Coarse language, crude content. Daily 12:20 2:50 8:00 10:20

**WHITE CHICKS** 14A  
Crude content. Fri-Wed 2:10, 5:10 7:50, 10:15 Thu 2:10 10:15

**STC**  
No passes. Wed-Thu 1:40 4:40 7:15 10:15

**FAMOUS PLAYERS**  
1000-101A Ave. 433-0728

**GATEWAY 8**  
1000-101A Ave. 433-0728

**KILL BILL: VOLUME TWO** 14A  
12:45 3:40 6:40 9:25

**THE BLIND SWORDSMAN: ZATOICHI** 14A  
Violence throughout. 1:00 3:45 7:00 9:45

**MEAN GIRLS** PG  
Coarse language, not recommended for young children. 1:00 3:45 7:00 9:45

**ETERNAL SUNSHINE OF THE SPOTLESS MIND** 14A  
Coarse language. 12:30 4:00 6:50 9:20

**THE STEPFORD WIVES** PG  
Not recommended for children. 1:25 3:50 7:20 9:35

**AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS** PG  
1:10 4:10 7:15 9:50

**DAVIDE HELL** 14A  
1:20 4:15 7:10 9:55

**TRICKY** 14A  
Gory scenes. 12:40 4:20 8:45

**SILVERCITY WEST EDMONTON MALL**  
WEM. 8882-170 St. 444-2400

**SPIDER-MAN 2** PG  
No passes. Frightening scenes, unsuitable for younger children. 11:45 12:15 1:00 1:30 3:00 3:30 4:15 4:45 6:30 7:00 7:40 8:00 9:40 10:10 10:45 11:00

**GARFIELD** G  
12:10 2:30 4:40

**SHREK 2** G  
11:50 2:15 4:50 7:25 9:35

**THE DAY AFTER TOMORROW** PG  
Not recommended for young children. 5:45 9:30

**TWO** 14A  
Gory scenes. Fri Sat Sun Mon Tue 9:50

**HARRY POTTER AND THE PRISONER OF AZKABAN** PG  
Frightening scenes. Fri Sat Sun Mon Tue 12:00 12:30 3:15 3:45 6:40 7:10 10:20 Wed-Thu 12:30 3:45 7:10 10:20

**THE TERMINAL** PG  
Coarse language. Fri Sat Sun Mon Tue 12:45 3:40 6:50 9:45 Wed 12:45 3:40 9:45

**DODGEBALL: A TRUE UNDERDOG STORY** 14A  
Coarse language, crude content. 12:20 2:40 5:00 7:45 10:00

**WHITE CHICKS** 14A  
Crude content. 1:45 4:20 7:50 10:50

**THE NOTEBOOK** PG  
Suggestive scenes. Fri Sat Sun Mon Tue Thu 1:15 4:10 7:15 10:15 Wed 1:00 4:10 7:15 10:15 Famous Babes Wed 1pm

**FAHRENHEIT 9/11** 14A  
Disturbing content. 12:40 4:00 7:20 10:30

**WESTMOUNT CENTRE**  
111 Ave. Great Rd. 455-8726

**THE TERMINAL** PG  
Coarse language. Fri Sat Sun Mon Tue 12:30 3:15 7:10 10:00

**SHREK 2** G  
12:00 2:15 4:30 7:20 9:30

**SPIDER-MAN 2** PG  
No passes. Frightening scenes, unsuitable for younger children. 12:15 3:30 7:00 10:10

**THE NOTEBOOK** PG  
Suggestive scenes. 12:45 3:45 6:45 9:45

**THE TERMINAL** PG  
Coarse language. 12:45 3:45 6:45 9:45

**THE NOTEBOOK** PG  
Suggestive scenes. 12:45 3:45 6:45 9:45

**THE NOTEBOOK** PG  
Suggestive scenes. 12:45 3:45 6:45 9:45

**MOVIES 12**  
130 AVE - 50TH STREET 472-9779  
**CINEMA CITY 12**  
3633-99 STREET 463-5481  
SHOWING AT BOTH CINEMAS

**THE ALAMO** 14A  
Daily 10:40 1:25 4:15 7:15 10:00 Fri Sat late night 12:15

**THE LADYKILLERS** 14A  
Coarse language. Daily 7:30 10:10 Fri Sat late night 12:15

**ELLY BROOKER** G  
Daily 11:20 1:40 4:50

**BEVY** PG  
Coarse language. Showing at Movies 12. Daily 11:30 1:50 4:20 7:40 10:10 Fri Sat late night 12:20

**HOME ON THE RANGE** G  
Showing at Movies 12. Daily 11:15 1:05 3:05 5:00 7:30 9:30 Fri Sat late night 11:25

**SCOOBY-DOO 2: MONSTERS UNLEASHED** PG  
Daily 11:40 2:00 4:45 7:10 9:25 Fri Sat late night 11:40

**HIDALGO** 14A  
Violence. Daily 11:10 1:45 4:30 7:00 9:40 Fri Sat late night 12:10

**NEW YORK MINUTE** G  
Daily 11:25 1:55 4:25 7:00 9:30 Fri Sat late night 11:25

**VAN HELSING** 14A  
Frightening scenes, not recommended for young children. Daily 11:00 1:05 4:15 7:15 10:15 Fri Sat late night 12:25

**MAN ON FIRE** 18A  
Daily 10:45 1:20 4:10 7:00 9:45 Fri Sat late night 12:25

**THE GIRL NEXT DOOR** 18A  
Showing at Movies 12. Daily 11:35 1:15 4:45 7:55 10:15 Fri Sat late night 12:15

**THE GIRL NEXT DOOR** 18A  
Showing at Movies 12. Daily 11:35 1:15 4:45 7:55 10:15 Fri Sat late night 12:15

**THE GIRL NEXT DOOR** 18A  
Showing at Movies 12. Daily 11:35 1:15 4:45 7:55 10:15 Fri Sat late night 12:15

**THE GIRL NEXT DOOR** 18A  
Showing at Movies 12. Daily 11:35 1:15 4:45 7:55 10:15 Fri Sat late night 12:15

**THE GIRL NEXT DOOR** 18A  
Showing at Movies 12. Daily 11:35 1:15 4:45 7:55 10:15 Fri Sat late night 12:15

**THE GIRL NEXT DOOR** 18A  
Showing at Movies 12. Daily 11:35 1:15 4:45 7:55 10:15 Fri Sat late night 12:15

**THE GIRL NEXT DOOR** 18A  
Showing at Movies 12. Daily 11:35 1:15 4:45 7:55 10:15 Fri Sat late night 12:15

**THE GIRL NEXT DOOR** 18A  
Showing at Movies 12. Daily 11:35 1:15 4:45 7:55 10:15 Fri Sat late night 12:15

**THE GIRL NEXT DOOR** 18A  
Showing at Movies 12. Daily 1



# The parallels of Pauline

Susan Sontag gets played off against Pauline Kael in unique *Sontag & Kael*

By PAUL MATWYCHUK

Just about my favourite thing in the world to read is movie reviews. I often spend hours on Friday searching the Internet for new reviews by my favourite critics: David Edelstein at *Slate*, Charles Taylor at *Salon*, Ed Gonzalez at *Slant*. I was overjoyed to learn last week that Manohla Dargis just got hired by the *New York Times*—now I won't have to pay that ridiculous \$60 annual subscription fee her former employers at the *L.A. Times* charge you to access their website.

And I know exactly where my appetite for film criticism comes from: reading (and re-reading and re-reading) the work of the late, great *New Yorker* critic Pauline Kael. I stumbled across her when I was about 14 years old and checked out her collection *Taking It All In* from the Hamilton Public Library. I got pretty drunk on her—not just her funny, snarky pans of *Sophie's Choice* and *Gandhi*, but her unexpected raves for lowbrow stuff like *Caveman* and Mel Brooks's *History of the World, Part One*. The book began with an incisive essay called "Why Are the Movies So Bad?" but at the same time, no one was better at evoking why those precious few good movies that miraculously appeared every year were so good.

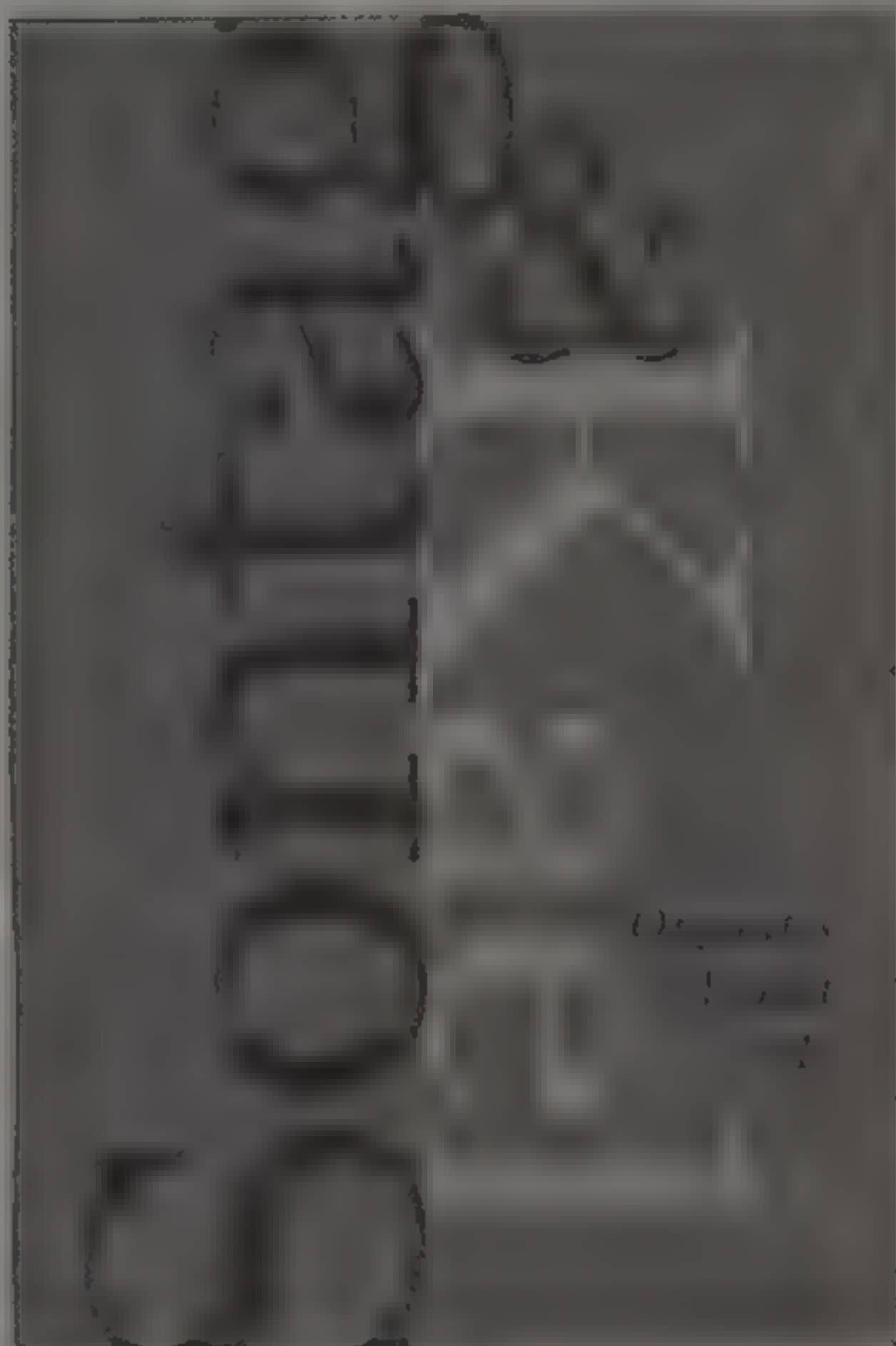
Anyway, my point is that I know where author Craig Seligman is coming from in his wonderful new book *Sontag & Kael: Opposites Attract*

Me when he writes, "I revere Sontag. I love Kael." I can't think of another book quite like *Sontag & Kael*; it's a wonderfully entertaining blend of close textual analysis, armchair psychiatry, cultural history, media criticism and personal essay that takes arguably the two leading critics of the latter half of the 20th century, Susan Sontag and Pauline Kael, and plays them off one another—their

## REVUE BOOKS

writing styles, their personalities, their careers, the controversies they inspired—in an attempt to explore the nature of criticism and the nature of Seligman's own outlook on the world.

Seligman has never met Sontag, but he was a friend of Kael's, and I like to think a miniature, devilish



Pauline was perched on Seligman's shoulder when he typed out his book's hilarious opening sentence: "I didn't want to write a book with

a hero and a villain, but Sontag kept making it hard for me." With her famous humourlessness, her slow-moving prose, her constant search for moral seriousness, Sontag is by far the more forbidding companion of the two—I'd never think to read *Illness as Metaphor* or *Regarding the Pain of Others* for pleasure, but I pull Pauline Kael's books off the shelf and dive into them all the time whenever I need a quick pick-me-up. "The purpose of art is always, ultimately, to give pleasure," Sontag once wrote, but it's Kael's jazzy, argumentative essays that are the more consistent pleasure-givers.

**BUT SELIGMAN'S AFFECTION** for Kael doesn't blind him to Sontag's considerable strengths (or Kael's many failings). He gives a memorably sensuous description of Sontag's prose—"as colourless, as odorless and as intoxicating as vodka"—and indeed, Sontag works on his intellect in an erotic way that Kael can never quite manage. ("Her meticulously worked sentences give off a soft glow," he writes.) Seligman has a great eye for small but telling biographical details: for instance, the fact that Sontag, with her signature shock of white hair, was the subject of so many great photographic portraits while Kael, the supposed sensualist, was the subject of zero. (Seligman tells us that Kael was vain about being photographed with her glasses on, which meant that every photo we have of her depicts "a woman gazing into a blur.") Near the end of the book, Seligman swallows hard and even confesses that "[Kael's work] doesn't have the amplitude of Sontag's—which is why Sontag often seems to me the greater writer."

Of course, he immediately starts waffling on that judgment ("What does 'the greatest writer' mean, anyway?"). Who could possibly pick between them? As Sontag herself once wrote, "If I had to choose between the Doors and Dostoevsky, then—of course—I'd choose Dostoevsky. But do I have to choose?" Seligman didn't write this book in order to choose a champion anyway; you get the sense that he wrote it in order to deepen his own appreciation of both writers. "Sontag and Kael deal in ideas," he says, "but I don't reread them for their ideas, which I've assimilated about as well as I'm ever going to. I reread them for what's left over after their ideas." What's left over after you read *Sontag & Kael* is the awareness that Seligman regards criticism the same way his two brilliant heroines did: not as a destructive process, but an act of love. ☺

**SONTAG & KAEI:  
OPPOSITES ATTRACT ME**

By Craig Seligman • Counterpoint • 244 pp. • \$36



## Perfect Bitch

Kate Boorman hopes to reclaim the b-word with punk-fueled dance show

By HEATHER ADLER

Let's face it, there's a plague of political correctness infecting the progressively-abled mindset of North America: ugly people are "aesthetically challenged," dead people are "metabolically disadvantaged" and Christmas is a denominationally inclusive happy-fun-day. Today, everyone seems to think being offensive is destructive and will keep the world from being a harmonious utopia—you know, like in John Lennon's "Imagine"—but there's at least one local woman who isn't afraid of language that upsets. Meet Kate Boorman—she's a superbitch.

A veteran of the Alberta dance community for more than 16 years, Boorman hasn't always described herself as a bitch, but this week she'll be coming out as one as part of choreographer Kathy Ochoa's new contemporary dance production *Bitch*. The purpose of the event, Boorman explains, is to reclaim a word that has haunted outspoken women for years. "There are many different types of bitches in the world," she says, "and basically [this show] is about being able to claim your inner bitch so you don't have to end up passive and meek. For me, it's a woman's issue in that lots of times women are taught to be nice girls that follow the rules, and often when they voice something that doesn't necessarily want to be heard or when they take power, they are called a bitch. I think if we claim the bitch then we take back that word, so it's not something people can call us."

Boorman hopes people stop being offended when they're called a bitch and start taking as a compliment. To her, being a bitch simply

means learning "to be assertive and not to care what other people think, a quality more women (and men) could use more of. "I think children inherently have their inner bitches and bastards," Boorman says. "They have no problem saying 'I want this,' or 'I want that,' but through years of being socialized to be nice and to fit into the status quo, children learn to repress those feelings. Tired feminist rhetoric pushes people away if it is

exclusive, which means it only includes women, but I think men

have to reclaim their inner bastards too instead of just being bastards."

**IN BITCH**, Boorman, Ochoa and fellow independent dance artists Kathy Metzger-Corriveau and Kristine Nutting perform a series of dance vignettes tailored around "the blossoming of the bitch." Outfitted in bad '80s fashions and set to a 70's punk soundtrack, the event seeks to provoke "nausea, dizziness and random bouts of laughter" in addition to preaching the bitchy gospel. "The bitch has an inherently rebellious nature to her," Boorman says, "and I think pop culture's most rebellious era was during the '70s with punk, so it really fits. I also chose the '80s fashion because that was when lot of the pop culture revolved around women being tough and being able to fuck as many men as men did women; It was all about upping the ante with men, instead of really finding their own definition of what strength is."

Citing Madonna and Sinéad O'Connor as "the number one bitches of our time," Boorman hopes she can follow in the footsteps of her superstar idols and convert the PC public into people who aren't afraid to speak their minds. If you hate the show, though, try and refrain from heckling the dancers from your seat. That's not bitchery; that's just being a jerk. ☺

**BITCH**  
Choreographed by Kathy Ochoa •  
Edmonton Room, Stanley A. Milner Library  
• Fri, July 2 (8pm) and Sat, July 3 (3pm)

**Roll up your Sleeves, Canada!**

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Nashville Recording Artist

**Dr. Oxide**

appearing at

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10068-108 St., Edmonton  
**Saturday, July 3, 2004**  
**9:00 PM**

... a CD release party for a new classic ...



# Diary of a Mad man

Ron Pederson returns home for *Shockers Delight!*, the play he fell in love with 10 years ago

BY PAUL MATWYCHUK

"Hello my name is Alex & there's this named Ron Pederson who stars on TV & I really love him & i want to see him so please pray for me."

"I love Ron Pederson too! But don't pray i will pray for you! Pray for me to become a famous Hip-Hop dancer!!"

—AN EXCHANGE POSTED TO AMERICA PRAYING ON-LINE (WWW.APOL.ORG), A CHRISTIAN WEBSITE THAT PROMISES TO "PRAY FOR YOUR NEEDS AND CONCERNS BY POSTING YOUR PRAYER ON OUR PRAYER PAGE"

Ron Pederson chuckles with disbelief at the printouts I've shown him. The Edmonton actor is on a break from rehearsing Stewart Lemoine's *Shockers Delight!*, his first bit of stage acting since he went back to Los Angeles last year to shoot his second season with the Fox sketch comedy show *Mad TV*. He hasn't quite "broken out" as a cast member yet, but it may be only a matter of time before he does—his Clay Aiken imitation is a fan favourite, and with some

of the senior, more entrenched cast members poised to leave the show, Pederson will only be getting more airtime when he returns for his third year. And if nothing else, his popularity among the boy-crazy teenaged-Christian set seems pretty solid.

"This is the kind of thing that's started to happen," Pederson says. "I get all these e-mails sent to me through the show as well. All this fan mail has started stacking up. The weird thing, though, is that it's all

## PREVIEW THEATRE

about how cute I am—it's all 'I wish he was my boyfriend' instead of about how funny I am or 'Give him some more to do.'"

The funny thing, though, is that Pederson can still get as hopelessly starstruck as any of his fans. He recently spent a couple of weeks devouring plays in New York and he's full of stories about awkwardly introducing himself to Stephen Sondheim at the first premiere of the current revival of *Assassins* ("He was talking and gesticulating behind me and kind of bumping me with his beer bottle"), getting recognized by *Avenue Q* star John Tartaglia in the lobby after the show ("He goes, 'Hey! You're Ron from *Mad TV*!' This Tony nominee! And I was all, 'You were awe-

some, you were terrific' and he's 'No, I love you!'") and being so overcome by Bernadette Peters's performance in Sam Mendes's revival of *Gypsy* that he had to duck into an alley and cry after leaving the theatre.

**IN OTHER WORDS**, he hasn't changed much from the drunk-on-theatre 16-year-old who went to see *Shockers Delight!* night after night—seven times in all—when it originally produced back in 1993. Pederson had won parts in a few children's plays at that point and he'd even appeared in a couple of Lemoine shows (*The Spanish Abbess of Pilsen* and *Neck-Breaking Car-Hop*), but *Shockers Delight!*—a wistful tale about three romantically entangled 1950s university students whose lives take on tragic dimensions when one of them suffers a freak brain injury—was the show that crystallized all of his ambitions. This was the kind of play he wanted to do, he realized, and this was the company he wanted to do it with. To this day, *Shockers Delight!* is Pederson's favourite play.

"I remember the magic of the downtown Phoenix Theatre, which I miss so much," he says. "My parents would drop me off, and there would be prostitutes out there. It'd be gross—it was this gross part of town, and my parents would go, 'Is there a theatre here? Are you sure?' And



you'd go into this dirty, gross building and sit there and watch a play like *Shockers Delight!* which would take you away and would be so beautiful and simple and spare and have these ideas about young people and questions you can't answer. The play would just make me cry and I didn't know why. I'd never sat in the theatre and just cried before."

**MAYBE IT'S BECAUSE** *Shockers Delight!* is an unusually dark play in Lemoine's oeuvre. Like *Pith!* and *The Margin of the Sky* (its companions in the recently published anthology *A Teatro Trilogy*), the characters in *Shockers* spend a lot of time play-acting in a whimsical fantasy world. But the fantasy world in *Shockers* doesn't quite replenish the characters the way it does in *Pith!* and *Margin*; it's more a horrible limbo that Marcus, the character Pederson plays, will never escape from. "There is a sadness

to it," Pederson agrees, "but it's fun, too. And the characters *do* have to deal with their problems—it's a play about sacrifice. There's that beautiful speech about the smaller river giving itself up to the larger river. [Co-star Josh Dean] keeps calling Marcus the 'little river' as a bit of a jab."

But Pederson doesn't think he's sacrificing anything himself by spending his summer doing a play in Edmonton and bunking in his old room in Dana Andersen's house instead of going out to auditions in L.A. for what he dismisses as "a lot of movies that don't have titles yet." "It would be a lot of sitting around," he says, "and I just can't do that." ☐

### SHOCKERS DELIGHT!

Written and directed by Stewart Lemoine  
• Starring Ron Pederson, Jocelyn Ahlf and Josh Dean • Varscona Theatre • July 1-17  
• 433-3399 (ext. #2)/420-1757

# "Her art gallery is the land"

Ingrid Koivikangas's North Saskatchewan River Project bows to the power of nature

BY AGNIESZKA MATEJKO

My first year university art professor was a burly Englishman who never, never showed his feelings in public. Then, one day, he sat down in front of our class with an orange and held it out to us as solemnly as a Druid priest. The room became as silent as a tomb; we knew that he had something of great importance to tell us. "If you want to be artists," he said, "you have to breathe art. It isn't just the way you paint; it's how you watch an orange." Gazing at the orange as if it were a rare flower, he smelled and peeled it, delighting in the textures. When I ran into him in the hallway at the end of the class, his stiff upper lip was trembling. As an artist, he had just shared with us his deepest secret. Up to that point, it had never occurred to me that art could be much more than picking up a brush or molding a piece of clay. The idea that the way

we eat an orange influences the way we paint one, came as a bit of a shock. Since then, I have always searched for that kind of spirit behind works of art—and that's the spirit I found when I met Ingrid Koivikangas and saw her *North Saskatchewan River Project*.

Merely getting to Koivikangas's work is a big undertaking. You have to walk down a steep embankment by the Kinsman Fieldhouse (or in my case, slither down into a pool of

## PROFILE THE WORKS

mud up to my knees) and clamber along the slippery stretch of river until you find a 50-foot line of whitish rocks embedded into the side of the cliff, roots of trees dangling above them like strands of thinning hair. If you didn't know this was an artwork, you would pause in wonder at the strange geologic forces that aligned them. Koivikangas's related installation in Commerce Place is a lot easier to get to, but no less atmospheric. It consists of another 50-foot path of mud meandering along the shopping mall floor, with objects that Koivikangas collected along the Saskatchewan River suspended on each side. Visitors are given a magni-

fying glass so that they can inspect the crystalline veins of a decaying leaf or the winding strands of driftwood as if they were precious gems.

The many hours of labour that Koivikangas put into constructing her rock path, searching for river treasures and hauling them to the gallery will soon be a memory. "The only way this work will survive is online," she explains. Her rocks may stay suspended along the cliff for decades, or they may slide down by the next rainfall, but the gallery installation will disappear in two weeks. "Each object collected is returned back to the river," she explains. "It's important that they go back to the site. Taking them back is honouring the life of what it was. It's borrowed, it's not a commodity."

**IF KOIVIKANGAS'S ART** is reminiscent of native spirituality, that's no coincidence. From the time she was a child in northern Ontario, Koivikangas found herself strangely at home with native people. Her own Finnish roots were remarkably similar to those of her native neighbours. "Back where I am from they say that Natives and Finns are the same," she says. "All Finnish people believe that there are spirits in everything. That's how I was taught by my mother and grandmother."



Even her name—like the names of Native Canadians—comes from nature: Koivikangas means "birch plains." For her, attending a sweat lodge was old hat; after all, she grew up going to traditional Finnish saunas. Even the climate of northern Finland is remarkably similar to that of Canada. During a visit to Lapland, Koivikangas woke up at night and turned to her cousin. "Is somebody shooting a gun?" she asked. "No," came the reply. "It's just tree branches exploding from the cold." It made her marvel how her own ancestors and the ancestors of native people survived this harsh climate. To them, nature did not come in plastic packages; it was a power, a force to be revered.

As soon as Koivikangas began her cultural training in the Cree and

Blackfoot traditions she found herself at home. "It was like learning things I already knew," she says. Now, each of her installations starts out with a ceremony. "I pray, I give a tobacco offering to the spirits of the land and I ask for guidance," she explains. Humbly, Koivikangas has not attached a nametag or any sort of identification to the edge of the cliff. It's enough that her rocks along the Saskatchewan River fall back into their rightful home. Her art gallery is the land. "I don't go to church," she says. "When I need to go, I go to the land." ☐

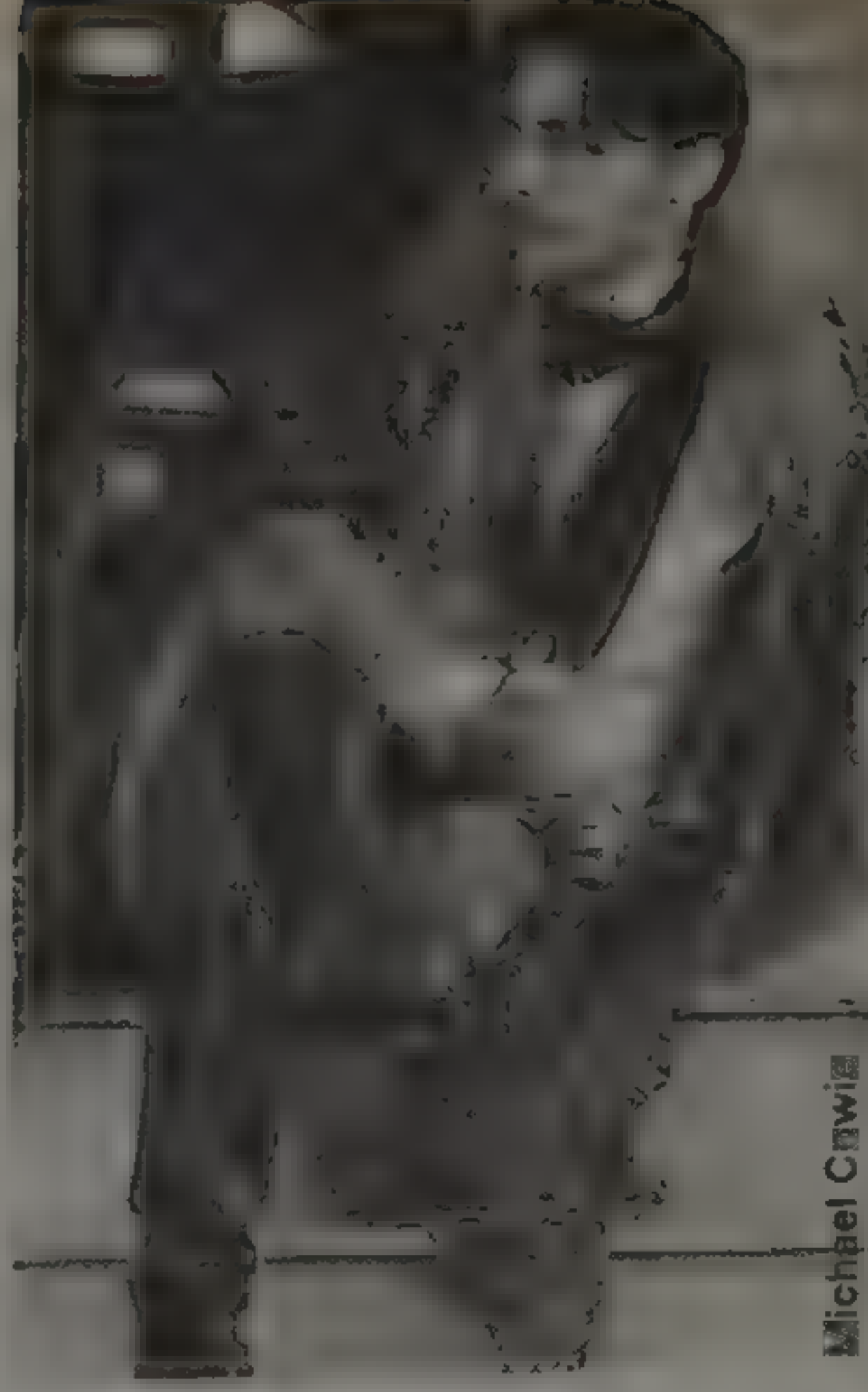
### NORTH SASKATCHEWAN RIVER PROJECT: EDMONTON

By Ingrid Koivikangas • Commerce Place/River Valley (between the High Level and Walderdale Bridges) • To July 7





Daniela Vlaskalic, Julien Arnold and Michael Scholar Jr. in *Twelfth Night*



Michael Crivie



## theatre notes

By PAUL MATWYCHUK

### Lintel things mean a lot

Last Saturday night I had the honour of appearing as a guest on *Oh Susanna!* at the Varscona Theatre along with my fellow theatre writers Liz Nicholls (from the *Edmonton Journal*) and Eva Marie Clarke (from *SEE Magazine*). When we weren't downing shots of aquavit, Liz, Eva Marie and I were offering our predictions as to who would win Sterling Awards in the major categories on Monday night.

Well, Monday night's Sterling ceremony has come and gone, so let's check the results and see how well I did. Hmm. Not well. My big oversight was underestimating the support for Chris Wynters and Bridget Ryan's *The Winter's Tale Project*. This ambitious adaptation of Shakespeare's play, boasting an unusually large cast and high production values for an indie production, won four Sterlings: Outstanding Production by a Collective, Outstanding Score, Outstanding Musical Direction and even nabbed the big prize, Outstanding Production of a Musical. (And you know, maybe it's about time Wynters and Ryan considered dropping "Project" from the title. Surely it qualifies as a real play by now.) Anyway, they pulled off a real *Avenue Q*-style upset over its chief competition (and the show I thought would prevail), the Citadel's much higher-profile production of *The Sound of Music*, which came up empty on awards night despite being the most-nominated show of the season.

Maybe all the exotic liqueur in my bloodstream was clouding my judg-

found a way to make them, not his own virtuosity, the focus of attention. And I correctly predicted that Shadow Theatre's terrific production of *Underneath the Lintel*—a bittersweet one-man show about a sheltered Dutch librarian whose determination to track down the owner of a long overdue library book eventually takes him all around the world—would be popular with Sterling voters: Andy Curtis was named Outstanding Lead Actor. Jim DeFelice won Outstanding Director and the show itself was named Outstanding Production of a Play.

The remaining mainstage Sterlings were shared by an eclectic array of shows. Roy Jackson won a well-deserved trophy for his atmospheric lighting design on *A Dybbuk for Two People* (which made dramatic use of lights shining up on the actors from beneath slats in the stage); the Outstanding Set Design category went up in a tie between perpetual Sterling winner Bretta Gerecke's antiseptic gallery in *The Shape of Things* and Roger Schultz's grimy, dirt-encrusted Irish cemetery in *A Skull in Connemara*. Ronnie Burkett's *Provenance* was named Outstanding New Play; *Jack and the Beanstalk* was named Outstanding Production for Young Audiences; and kilt-wearing fight director Kyle Jorde won the Outstanding Choreography award for Marty Chan's *The Forbidden Phoenix*. (I could be wrong here, but I think Jorde was all the only Sterling winner to actually bring a weapon with him onstage, was only a small dagger-looking thing tucked into his sock, but still!)

I was especially pleased with the outcome of the Fringe categories. My favourite show of the entire year was *Someone Who'll Watch Over Me*, which won Outstanding Fringe Production. The 11 playwrights of *Change Room*—some kind of Fringe record by sharing the Outstanding Fringe New Work award—co-winner Mark Stubbings—me they were contemplating sawing

# The quality of *Merchant* is not strained

Wright and Loisele shine in outdoor staging of the Bard's most controversial play

By PAUL MATWYCHUK

The plot of *The Merchant of Venice* seems to resolve itself very neatly, with three sets of young lovers happily paired off, the villainous Shylock getting a thorough comeuppance in public court and all the good guys making a tidy profit to boot. Except this excellent production of the play, shrewdly directed by Marianne Copithorne, complicates things by never letting you forget the anti-Semitic attitudes that so many of the characters share. No triumph is a complete triumph here—there's always a worm in the apple. When Bassanio passes the "test of the caskets" and wins Portia's hand in marriage, for instance, the celebratory scene that follows is stopped cold when Lorenzo shows up with his Jewish fiancée Jessica and is greeted with the words, "Who comes here? Lorenzo and his infidel?" And although you're not exactly rooting for Shylock in the final courtroom scene as he implacably demands his "pound of flesh" from Antonio, it's hard to feel much joy in his defeat when you see Gratiano obnoxiously shoving him around as he trudges offstage.

Copithorne convincingly depicts Shylock as a decent man whose heart has hardened as a result of all the un-Christian abuse he's suffered at the hands of so many Christians—in the very first scene, we see the friends of Antonio, the "hero," spit on him in the street. And John Wright's perfectly calibrated performance deepens the character even further—you get the sense in the courtroom scene that even Shylock is a little shocked to find himself embodying the old caricature of the villainous Jew. Deserted by his daughter and his servant, scorned by his "honourable" fellow citizens, he seems frightened by how powerful

his thirst for vengeance turns out to be. He's deadly serious about carrying through with Antonio's contract, though—he actually brings his own scales to the courtroom.

Balancing out the grim Shylock plotline, however, is the presence of Portia, easily one of the most appealing female creations in all of Shakespeare, and Annette Loisele's sparkplug of a performance more than does justice to the role. She looks great kicking up her heels in her straight-waisted '30s dresses and she manages to seem lively and active even in those *Let's Make a Deal* scenes with her suitors where Portia's fate is farthest out of her hands. That Loisele even registers in those scenes at all is a tribute to her stage presence, since Michael Scholar Jr. does a virtuoso bit of scene-stealing as Portia's

## REVUE THEATRE

suitor the Prince of Morocco—and then reappears a few minutes later and cracks the audience up all over again as the flamenco-addled Prince of Aragon. Scholar's work here belongs to a long, proud tradition of broad ethnic sendups—it reminded me a little of Sal Mistretta's performance as Pirelli in the TV production of *Sweeney Todd*. It's harmless fun (and totally hilarious to boot), but it's also interesting to think of it as a harmless manifestation of the same urge to stereotype other races that causes Shylock so much misery in his life.

**SCHOLAR DOESN'T FARE** quite so well in *Twelfth Night*, which is running in repertory with *The Merchant of Venice* at this summer's River City Shakespeare Festival. He's playing the louche, lovesick duke Orsino, whom director John Kirkpatrick has fashioned into a Prince figure: a sexually ambiguous Lothario in lacy robes and scarves who apparently keeps a small funk combo on retainer in his living room to supply mood music whenever the fancy strikes him. It's an apt updating of the character—Shakespeare in the Paisley Park!—but Scholar gives a disappointingly reined-in performance and he seems

out of place among the other actors, whose costumes and attitudes are a mixture of the Victorian and Edwardian eras. *Twelfth Night*'s gender-confused plot would seem to mesh well with the 1980s—why not find '80s equivalents for all the characters? An Annie Lennox-style Viola would be a real sight to see.

The production may not quite gel, but there's a lot of good acting to savour all the same. Chris Bullough, a sad little forelock pasted to his brow, makes a fine, hapless Andrew Aguecheek, and Daniela Vlaskalic is very good as Olivia, especially in the early scene where she tries to maintain her stony, black-clad demeanour, but can't help cracking a smile when Sheldon Elter's Feste tells her a silly joke. Best of all is Julien Arnold's stuttering Malvolio; he finds a rare dignity in the character, even after he's been completely humiliated. The final image Kirkpatrick chooses for the play—Malvolio sadly walking off alone into the rain—is an unusually haunting note for a Shakespearean comedy to end on.

Copithorne ends *Merchant* in a similar way, with Shylock walking off alone into an uncertain future while Tiffani Mann sings a haunting version of the old Yiddish folksong "Oyfn Veg." Both of these plays are billed as comedies, but neither of them is content to be "merely" a comedy—and it's that unexpected mixture of tones that may well be these productions' most Shakespearean quality. ☐

### THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

Directed by Marianne Copithorne • Written by William Shakespeare • Starring John Wright and Annette Loisele • Heritage Amphitheatre, Hawrelak Park • To July 18 (odd-numbered nights at 8pm), plus July 4 and 18 (2pm) • 420-1757

### TWELFTH NIGHT

Directed by John Kirkpatrick • Written by William Shakespeare • Starring Tiffani Mann, Julien Arnold and Daniela Vlaskalic • Heritage Amphitheatre, Hawrelak Park • To July 18 (even-numbered nights at 8pm), plus July 3, 10 and 17 (2pm) • 420-1757

George Szilagyi and Sharla Matkin managed to say "fuck" more times than every other show in the history of the Mayfield put together

ment, but I also got the two supporting actor categories completely wrong. I thought Jeff Haslam's change-of-pace turn as an insidiously charming blonde-haired gangster in Ron Chambers's *17 Dogs* would win, but it was John Kirkpatrick's equally entertaining performance as the double-dealing Lucio in the Citadel's *Measure for Measure* that took the prize. (It was the first of two Sterlings Kirkpatrick collected that night—he was also named Outstanding Fringe Director for his beautiful work on *Someone Who'll Watch Over Me*.) And I thought Jan Alexandra Smith (who ably co-hosted the Sterling ceremony with Mark Meer) might win Outstanding Supporting Actress for *The Sound of Music*, but it was a comparative newcomer, Vanessa Holmes, who prevailed for her work in a delectable small role as Vincent van Gogh's overbearing sister in *Vincent in Brixton*.

But I hit my stride when it came to the marquee categories. I knew Liisa Repo-Martell would win Outstanding Lead Actress for her extraordinarily selfless performance in *The Syringa Tree* at the Citadel—she played a dozen memorable, fully imagined characters across a wide spectrum of ages and races, and

the trophy into 11 pieces. (He hopes he gets the head.) And not only did real-life husband-and-wife team George Szilagyi and Sharla Matkin both win well-deserved acting awards for the hilarious work in *The Anger in Ernestine*, but in the two-minute excerpt they performed from the show during the Sterling ceremony, they managed to say "fuck" more times than every other show in the history of the Mayfield put together.

Fashion reporting is not my forte, but since people seem to expect awards-night correspondents to make up "best-dressed" lists, I'll give it a shot. The best-dressed male, by overwhelming consensus, was *Die-Nasty!* director Dana Andersen, looking appealingly foppish in a richly brocaded Magli Walt greatcoat and the flounciest shirt I've seen this side of *Pirates of the Caribbean*. Best-dressed female? Tougher call, but I'm leaning toward Briana Buckmaster, who wore a jaw-green evening gown in a cut reminiscent of... um... uh... reminiscent of...

Oh hell, who am I kidding? I'm way over my head here. God, I hope the new theatre season starts soon so I can get back onto familiar ground.



# free will astrology

BY ROB BREZSNY

## ARIES Mar 21 - Apr 19

is Reinvent Your Family Month, and begins Home Improvement Week. A short-term assignment is to beautify a sanctuary. Get rid of stuff that tends to lock you into staid memories and fill place with fresh symbols and accessories that make you excited about the future. That would get you in the mood for the more demanding task, which is to change whatever needs to be changed in order to create the family feeling you have always wanted.

## TAURUS Apr 20 - May 20

I need to laugh more this week than I've ever laughed before. I'm not exaggerating, Taurus. Mirth is not just food but medicine for your soul. It's an absolute necessity, not a luxury. I'm talking about amusement as a way of life, not a pleasant diversion; as the attitude that underlies everything you do, not just an occasional escape into frivolity. You probably have many ideas about where to begin: which friends you should hang out with, which comedians you should expose yourself to. But in order to fulfill your assignment, you'll also have to track down laugh-inducing stimuli; you'll have to use your capacity to be delighted.

# ARTS WEEKLY

your free listings to 426-2889 or e-mail to Glenys at [lists@vancouverweekly.com](mailto:lists@vancouverweekly.com). Deadline is Friday at 3pm

## DANCE

**STANLEY A. MILNER LIBRARY** Edmontan Room, 100 St. Winston Churchill Sq. • Choreography by Ochoa • July 2 (8pm); July 4 (3pm)  
**ROSEIRA** Rice Howard Way, 100A St, 101A Ave • 6-12:22 • Brazilian dance that combines fight techniques with choreography • July 1 (1pm)  
**AMENCO EN VIVO** Timms Centre for the Arts, 112 St, U of A Campus (349-4843) • Live dance with guitarists and singers • Sat, July 3 (8pm) • \$25 (adv)/\$30 (door)

**INUMENT AND VARIATIONS** Rice Howard Way, 100 St, 101A Ave (426-2122) • A trio performance and Royden Mills sculpture • July 1 (2pm)

**LOUI HIZZI** Provincial Museum of Alberta, 100 St, 101A Ave (426-2122) • Middle Eastern dance • Sat, July 10 (8pm) • \$10 (adv)/\$15 (door)

## GALLERIES/MUSEUMS

**ART CRAFT COUNCIL GALLERY** 10186-106 St (461-1480/5900) • Open Mon-Sat 10am-6pm (closed all hols) • **New Lower Level** • **Handwork Series: TO THE BONE, IN THE HEART, FROM THE HEART:** Series by Calgary tapes-artist Jane Kidd; until July 7 • **FINE LEGS, GREAT FEET, HOT SEATS:** Works by NAIT's Advanced Textile and Furniture Design graduating students; until July 7 • **TRANSLATIONS:** Artworks by Canadian artists; July 10-Sept. 25

**BEAT GALLERY** 26 St. Anne Street, St. Albert • Paintings by Andrew Rzewski

**ARTSHAB STUDIO GALLERY** 3rd Floor, Knol St, 10217-106 St (423-2966) • Open noon-6pm • **ARTSHAB IN HEAT: THE SUMMER SHOW:** New art by the residents of ArtsHab • Until July 7

**ITAL RESTAURANT** Sutton Place Hotel, 100 St • **ARCTIC DIARY** Photographs by Glenn • Until Aug. 16

**ARTS VISUELS DE L'ALBERTA** 9103-101 St (427-427) • **C'EST SI BON:** Artworks by Trudie, Jeanette Ouellette, Yardley and Mary Trapping • Until July 7

## GEMINI May 21 - June 20

Some mistakes are too much fun to make only once. Wouldn't you agree? And that's one reason I'm authorizing you to repeat a naughty or excessively rowdy adventure from the past, Gemini. Here's another reason: the same series of actions that had an awkward result way back when will lead to a breakthrough this time. That's what I predict, anyway—especially if you add a little tenderness to your mischief this time around.

## CANCER June 21 - July 22

I propose that you conduct a radical experiment for the next three weeks. Between now and July 22, try on the theory that life is on your side. Assume that all of creation is conspiring to give you exactly what you need, exactly when you need it. At least once every day, speak these words with passionate sincerity: "I believe that reality is a sublime comedy staged for my education and amusement, and that there is a benevolent conspiracy to liberate me from my ignorance and help transform me into the unique masterpiece I was born to be."

## LEO July 23 - Aug 22

Astronomers recently discovered a planet-like world orbiting the sun beyond Pluto. They called it Sedna, a name they said was derived from the Inuit deity that created the Arctic's sea creatures. They didn't realize that the myth of Sedna is far more complicated. She is the Dark Goddess, embodiment of the wild female potencies that are feared yet sorely needed by cultures in which the masculine perspective dominates. Dwelling on the edge of life and death in her home at the bottom of

the sea, Sedna is both a source of fertile abundance and a mysterious prodigy. Shamans from the world above swim down to sing her songs and comb her long black hair. If they win her favour, she gives them the magic necessary to heal their suffering patients. In the coming weeks, Leo, Sedna is your special ally. Call on her power as you work to cure the part of you that you've thought would always be wounded.

## VIRGO Aug 23 - Sept 22

This may be the turning point your grandchildren will tell stories about years from now: the time you leap over the abyss to the other side of the Great Divide and begin your life in earnest. On the other hand, this moment of truth may end up being nothing more than a brief awakening when you glimpse what's possible on the other side of the Great Divide, but then tell yourself, "Nah, that's wa-a-a-a-ayyyy too far to jump." In that case, your grandchildren will have to be content talking about what delicious cookies you used to bake or what your favorite sports team was. It will all depend on how brave you'll be.

## LIBRA Sept 23 - Oct 22

The Monster Raving Loony Party is a political party that nominates candidates for British elections. Its goal is to inject invigorating mayhem into a process that everyone takes far too seriously. Here are a few of its proposals: anyone using a cellphone in a theater must be squirted with silly string; joggers should be required to run on giant treadmills that generate electricity for public use; and Britain should be towed 500 miles south to improve the climate. I call on you, Libra, to create a branch of the Monster Raving Loony Party in your own locale. Or at least inject some medicinal teasing into the political intrigues you're

Grove (962-9505) • Open Tue-Sun 11-5pm, anytime by appointment • Work by local artists Beth Coulas, Earl Cummins, Henry de Jager and Mary Masters

**GRANT MACLEWAN COLLEGE** 10700-104 Ave • **VIEWPOINTS: ALBERTA YOUTH:** Artworks by teens in celebration of the 2004 Alberta Summer Games • Opening reception: July 4 (2pm)

**HANGAR 11** City Centre Airport, 11760-109 St (439-9532) • **ART IN THE HANGAR IV:** Sculptures by Bianca Khan, Rogelio Menz, Linda Maines and Patrick Jacob. Paintings by Jeff Collins, Greg Swain, Tim Rechner, Tom Gale • July 9-11; Fri 7-midnight, Sat/Sat noon-5pm

**HARCOURT HOUSE** 10215-112 St (426-4180) • Open Mon-Fri 10am-5pm; Sat 12-4pm • **Front Room: MEMBERS ONLY:** Members exhibition; until July 17 • **Annex: I LOVE ALBERTA BEEFCAKE:** Naked show; until July 17

**JEFF ALLEN ART GALLERY** Strathcona Place Senior Centre, 10831 University Ave (433-5807) • Open Mon-Fri 9am-4pm • Pottery and abstract paintings by Robert Learning • July 5-Aug 5 • Open house: Wed, July 7 (1-3pm)

**JOHNSON GALLERY** 7711-85 St (465-6171) • Open: Mon-Fri 9am-5:30pm; Sat 9am-5pm • Artworks by Don Sharpe, George Weber, Al Roberge, Joyce Boyer, Gail Farewell, Glenda Beaver, Sophia Podyhula-Shaw, Lois Bauman, Joyce Boyer. Bronzes by Gina McDougall-Cohoe • Through July

**JOHNSON GALLERY** 11817-80 St (479-8424) • Open Mon-Fri 9:30am-5:30pm; Sat 9:30am-4pm • Serigraphs and watercolours by George Weber. Watercolours by Keith Nunan, etchings by Thelma Manarey, Silkscreens and serigraphs by Josh Kakegamic, Sam Ash, Jackson Beady, Garry Meeches, Richard Bedwash, Isaac Bignell and Saul Williams • Through July

**LANDO GALLERY** 11130-105 Ave (990-1161) • Mon-Fri 10am-5:30pm; Sat 10am-4:30pm • **LLEWELLYN PETLEY JONES-EDMONTON AND AREA 1930-1933:** Artworks on paper depicting scenes from the Edmonton and surrounding area • Until July 7 • Opening reception: July 3 (1-4pm)

**LATITUDE 53** 10248-106 St • Open: Tue-Fri 10am-6pm; Sat noon-5pm • **Main Space: EDEN.** Paintings by Jeff Nachtigall • **Project Room: NOISEBLEDS, AMERICAN BEAUTIES AND HEAVY-WEIGHTS.** Painting/installation by Penny Jo Buckner • Until July 7

**McMULLEN GALLERY** U of A Hospital, 8440-112 St (407-7152) • Open Mon-Fri 10am-8pm; Sat-Sun 1-8pm • **CONSTRUCTED KNOWLEDGE:** Installation of sculpture and paintings with text by Marilyn Grabinsky • Until Sept. 5

**MCPAG MULTICULTURAL PUBLIC ART GALLERY** 5411-51 St, Stony Plain (963-2777) •

having to navigate, whether they're in your family, workplace or social circle. The astrological omens say you now have a knack for lightening up group dynamics that have become way too heavy.

## SCORPIO Oct 23 - Nov 21

The astrological omens are telling me you need a vacation from media babble. That's probably the only way you'll be able to tune in to the crucial messages that are being sent out by the still, small voice within you. Do you have the willpower to carry out this heroic discipline? I dare you to unplug your TV and keep your radios turned off. Avoid films. Don't even open up a newspaper or magazine. It would also be great if you'd boycott computers. But if that's impossible—if you have to stare at a computer screen for the sake of your work—then check your e-mail just once a day and don't surf the Web aimlessly. Create a silence that's deep enough for the still, small voice to be heard.

## SAGITTARIUS Nov 22 - Dec 21

Gypsy Rose Lee (1914-1970) was not a stripper in the sense we think of it today. Her more precise title was *striptease artist*. During her performances, she never actually took off all of her clothes. Her style was rooted in the advice her mother gave her: "Make them beg for more—and then don't give it to them." While I don't suggest you apply for a gig at a strip club this week, Sagittarius, I do recommend that you incorporate some of Lee's approach in your own chosen field.

## CAPRICORN Dec 22 - Jan 19

The emotions in your vicinity are about to get very interesting. Here's a rapid-fire flurry of advice to match the fluttery, fluctuating

Open 10am-4pm • Ceramic artworks by Bibi Clement; July 3-Aug. 4

**MURUNGO GALLERY** 12505-102 Ave • Open Tue, Wed, Sat: 10am-6pm; Thu-Fri 10am-9pm; Sun 12-5pm • Sculpture, batiks, masks, paintings and wood carvings • Until Sept. 5 (open Canada Day 10am-6pm)

**MUSÉE HERITAGE MUSEUM** 5 St. Anne Street, St. Albert (459-1528) • Open Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 1-5pm • **WATER UNDER THE BRIDGE:** The history of the Sturgeon River and Big Lake • July 8-Sept 26 • Opening reception: July 8 (7:30pm)

**MUTTART CONSERVATORY** 9626-96A St (496-8787) • **THE HISTORY OF CLOVERDALE:** Artworks by Robert Dixon • Until Aug. 20

**PROFILES PUBLIC ART GALLERY** 19 Perron Street, St. Albert (460-4310) • Open Tue-Sat 10-5pm; Thu 10am-8pm • **INTERPLAY:** Installation by John Graham and Jude Gnebel; until July 31 • **Artist Trading Card Session:** July 10 (12-4pm)

**PROVINCIAL MUSEUM OF ALBERTA** 12845-102 Ave (453-9100) • Open: Mon-Sun 9am-5pm • **WHERE ARE THE CHILDREN? HEALING THE LEGACY OF THE RESIDENTIAL SCHOOLS:** until Aug. 2 • **SYNCRUDE CANADA ABORIGINAL PEOPLES GALLERY:** Spans 11,000 years and 500 generations, people of the past and present, recordings, film, lights, artifacts and more • Permanent exhibit • **Spotlight Gallery: EVERY MOTHER'S FEAR: ALBERTA'S POLIO EXPERIENCE** until Sept. 12 • **The Natural History Gallery:** • **BUG ROOM** Live invertebrate display. Permanent exhibit • **THE BIRD GALLERY:** Mounted birds • Permanent exhibit • **TREASURES OF THE EARTH** Geology collection. Permanent exhibit • **WILD ALBERTA** Geology collection. Permanent exhibit • **Wild Alberta** every weekend. Presentations start at 1 pm and 2 pm • Admission is half price Sat and Sun (9-11am)

**RED STRAP ART MARKET** 10405-97 St (497-2211) • Open: Tue-Sun 11am-5pm • Artworks by various artists and artisans • **2nd Fl: TRAW** Furniture design by Edmonton artisans; until July 7, opening reception: Sat, July 3 (7-9pm)

**REYNOLDS-ALBERTA MUSEUM** Wetaskiwin (1-800-661-4726) • **SALUTE TO AVIATION.** • July 17-18

**ROWLES AND COMPANY GALLERY** 10130-103 St (426-4035) • Open: Weekdays 9am-5pm, Sat 12-5pm • Glass blown sculptures by Mark Gibeau, Susan Gotsche, and Darren Petersen. Metal sculptures by Rogelio Menz and Raku by Joanna Drummond • **Hotel Macdonald:** Acrylics by Steve Mitts • **Westin Hotel (Pradera Room):** New oils by Audrey Pannmuller

**SNAP GALLERY** 10137-104 St (423-1492) • Open Tue-Sat (12-5pm) • **A PRAIRIE RESPONSE.** Printworks by Janet Lowry • **GROUND TRUTH:** Printmaking artworks by Rhonda Neufeld • July 8-Aug. 8 • Opening reception: July 8 (7-9pm)

rhythm you'll be navigating. Day 1: Don't fight the problem; make yourself bigger than it. Day 2: Become better acquainted with the part of yourself that sometimes does things unconsciously. Day 3: Allocate more funds and resources for foreign affairs. Day 4: A little rebellion will prevent a debilitating weakness from erupting. Day 5: Prove your love not with sentimental sweetness but with exuberant adventure. Day 6: Talk about the two things you never talk about.

## AQUARIUS Jan 20 - Feb 18

This will be a bad news, good news kind of week, Aquarius. But the bad news will be small in proportion to the good news, and may even be necessary for the good news to occur. For instance, a mosquito might keep you up all night. That in turn could lead you to call in sick for work, spend the day rethinking your whole life and decide to make a dramatic move that will change everything for the better.

## PISCES Feb 19 - Mar 20

My Piscean friend Risa dreamed that the Buddhist monk and teacher Thich Nhat Hanh wanted to give up his celibacy to pursue a romantic relationship with her. She was flattered—the man is a brilliant saint who has written more than 20 books—but she ultimately decided to stick with her husband. The night after she told me this dream, I dreamed that my three best Piscean friends were making love with Mother Teresa, Buddha and the 16th-century Kabbalist holy man Isaac Luria. From this evidence, as well as certain astrological data, I conclude that you Fish are in the midst of trying to integrate your spiritual and sensual yearnings. To expedite this exciting process, I suggest you murmur exuberant prayers during your sexual encounters this week. ☺

**SNOWBIRD GALLERY** WEM, 8882-170 St (444-1024) • Work by J. Yardley-Jones and Gregg Johnson, acrylics by Jim Vest, pottery by Noburo Kubo and Jacqueline Stenberg

**STANLEY A. MILNER LIBRARY** 7 Sir Winston Churchill Sq, 100 St, 102 Ave • **Main Floor: UGU-ISTICS OF LANDSCAPE:** Artworks by Christine Hwang and Jennifer van de Pol • **Edmonton Room: BATS IN THE BELFRY:** Artworks curated by Dawn Saunders Dahl and Lisa Mizeri • **Theatre Foyer: EXPERIENCED RESONANCE:** Printworks by students from the University of Guelph • Until July 7

**STOLLERY GALLERY** Nina Haggerty Centre for the Arts, 9702-111 Ave (474-7611) • **HUMAN RIGHTS AND CITIZENSHIP: THROUGH THE EYES OF ARTISTS:** Featuring artworks by the artists of the Nina Haggerty Centre for the Arts

**STUDIO 321** Rice Howard Way, 10168-100A St (424-6746) • Open: Sat-Sun 1-4pm • **THE FATHER-SON EXHIBIT** Landscapes, florals, portraits by Marc Munan and sculptures by Louis Munan

**UBAHAIAN CULTURAL HERITAGE VILLAGE** 23 mins E of Edmonton on Hwy 16 (662-3640) • Open 10am-6pm • **TKANYNA** Collection of historical weavings • Until Oct. 11

**VAAA GALLERY** 3rd Fl, Harcourt House, 10215-112 St (421-1731) • **DIVERSITY:** Artworks by members of the Visual Arts Alberta Association • Until July 17

**VANDERLEELIE GALLERY** 10183-112 St (452-0286) • Group show featuring paintings by gallery artists James Lahey, David Alexander, Sam Lam, Johathan Forrest and Gregory Hardy. Sculpture by Isla Burns • Until July 6

**WALTERDALE PLAYHOUSE** (459-1076/481-1169) • **Art in The Lobby: A COMMON THREAD** Paintings by Romana T. Yuca and Sharon Moore-Foster • Until July 3 (7pm)

**WEST END GALLERY** 12308 Jasper Ave • Open Mon-Sat 10am-5pm • Artworks by gallery artists

**WILDWOOD GALLERY AND STUDIO** 5410-50 St, Wildwood, (780-325-3904) • Open: Tue-Sat 11am-5pm, or by appt • Metal, wood and clay sculptures, paintings, furniture • Through July

**THE WORKS VISUAL ARTS FESTIVAL** Various Venues throughout downtown Edmonton, [www.theworks.ab.ca](http://www.theworks.ab.ca) (426-2122) • Until July 7

**WORKS GALLERY** Commerce Place, 10150 Jasper Ave • Open: 10am-8pm; Sun, hol: noon-5pm • **PEACE, LOVE AND ROCK 'N' ROLL:** Posters by Bob Masse • Until July 7

SEE NEXT PAGE



## LIVE COMEDY

**THE COMEDY FACTORY** 3414 Gateway Boulevard (469-4999) • Attila Kun; July 2-3 (8:30pm) • Brian Work; July 9-10 (8:30pm) • Tom Liske; July 16-17 (8:30pm)

**LEGENDS PUB** 6104 172 St (481-2786) • Comedy Mondays With Yuk Yuks on Tour

**WESTBURY THEATRE** TransAlta Arts Bams, 10330-84 Ave (425-5162/451-8000) • *Women in Comedy*: Featuring Miss Behave (Amy Saunders), Linda Karenko, Andrea House, Zuzu (Jan Streader), Miss Information (Heather D. Swain), Annie Dugan and Darin Hagen • Sat, July 10 (10pm) • \$10 (adv)/\$12 (door) • Tickets available at TicketMaster

## THEATRE

**CAROUSEL** Mayfield Dinner Theatre, Mayfield Dinner Theatre, Mayfield Inn, 16615-109 Ave (483-4051) • Rodgers and Hammerstein's tearjerking musical adaptation of Ferenc Molnar's play *Lilom*, about an irresponsible carnival barker who is allowed to return from the dead for one day and try to repair the lives of the wife and teenaged daughter he left behind • Until July 4 • Tickets available at Mayfield Dinner Theatre box office

**CHIMPROVI** Varscona Theatre, 10329-83 Ave (448-0695) • Long-form improvisational sketches performed by Rapid Fire Theatre's top improvisers • Every Sat (11pm) except last Sat of each month

**COMMUNICATING DOORS** Walderdale Playhouse, 10322-83 Ave (439-2845/420-1757) • Jan Neuman directs Alan Ayckbourn's ingenious comedy about a dominatrix who uses her discovery of a "closet door

to the past," which allows her to travel back and forth in time between 1982, 2002 and 2022, to defeat a scheming, amoral murderer • Until July 3 (8pm) • \$12-\$14 (adult)/\$10-\$12 (student/senior) • Tickets available at TIX on the Square

**CSI MOOSE JAW: THE COUNTRY CASES** Jubilations Dinner Theatre, 8882-180 St (484-2424) • The world's top forensic investigators congregate in rural Saskatchewan, only to have their relaxing retreat shattered by a shocking murder that will test their crime-solving skills and their knowledge of country music in this music-filled send-up of *CSI* and *CSI: Miami* • Until Aug. 22

**DAD'S II: THE TODDLER'S REVENGE** Mayfield Dinner Theatre, Mayfield Inn, 16615-109 Ave (483-4051) • Three stay-at-home fathers deal with more of the joys and agonies of parenting in this musical sequel to *Dads*, one of the big hits of the 2001-2002 Mayfield Dinner Theatre season • July 9-Sept. 5

**OCEAN'S ELEVEN AND A HALF** Celebrations

Dinner Theatre, Oasis Entertainment Hotel, 13103 Fort Rd (448-9339) • Charming criminal Harry Ocean reunites his old gang of bumbling thieves in order to pull off a daring casino heist in this musical spoof of the film *Ocean's 11* • Until Aug. 7 • \$34.95-\$49.95 • For Tickets, call 448-9339

**RIVER CITY SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL** Hawrelak Park (425-8086/420-1757) • The Free Will Players return for their 16th season of outdoor Bardolatry with new artistic director John Kirkpatrick at the helm. Kirkpatrick himself directs the gender-bending romantic comedy *Twelfth Night*, starring Tiffani Mann as Viola, Daniela Vaskalic as Olivia and Julien Arnold as Malvolio, and Marianne Copithorne directs the controversial comedy/drama *The Merchant of Venice*, starring John Wright as Shylock and Annette Loisele as Portia • Until July 18, Tue-Sun (8pm), Sat Sun (2pm); *Twelfth Night* (even evenings, Sat matinees); *Merchant of Venice* (odd dates, Sun matinees); no performances: Sun, July 11 • \$15

(adult)/\$11 (student/senior)/\$22 (passes for both shows); pay-what-you-can Tuesdays • Tickets available at TIX on the Square

**SHOCKERS DELIGHT!** Varscona Theatre, 10329-83 Ave (433-3399/420-1757) • Ron Pederson, Jocelyn Ahlf and Josh Dean star in this revival of writer/director Stewart Lemoine's wistful 1993 comedy/drama about golf, ballroom dancing, boilermakers, Biedermayer furniture and a romantic triangle involving a trio of 1950s university students • July 1-17, Tue-Sat (8pm), Sat (2pm) • \$18 (adult)/\$15 (student/senior/Equity), Pay-What-You-Can: Tue evening and Sat matinee, Two-For-One: Fri, July 2 • Tickets available at TIX on the Square

**THEATRESPORTS** Varscona Theatre, 10329-83 Ave (448-0695) • Presented by Rapid Fire Theatre • Teams of improvisers create sketches on the spot based on audience suggestions, and have the results evaluated by a team of heartless judges • Every Fri (11pm) • Tickets available by phone

## EVENTS WEEKLY

Fax your free listings to 426-2889 or e-mail them to Glensy at listings@vueweekly.com. Deadline is Friday at 3pm

## CLUBS/LECTURES

**GEMS** Provincial Museum Theatre (420-1757) • Presented by Deuteronomy Ministries International • July 3 (7:30pm) • \$15 • Tickets available at TIX on the Square

**KARMA TASHI LING TIBETAN BUDDHIST MEDITATION SOCIETY** 10762 Whyte Ave (437-3688) • Lojong (Mind Training) Tape series meeting every Wed (7:30pm)

**SCRAPBOOK EDMONTON 2004** City Hall, City Room, 1 Sir Winston Churchill Sq • Scrapbooks to be photographed for Edmonton's online gallery • Sun, July 4, 25 (12-4pm)

**THE TIBETAN BUDDHIST MEDITATION SOCIETY, GADEN SAMTEN LING** 11403-101 St (479-0014) • Learn about Tibetan Buddhism and meditation with Kushok Dhamchoe of Namgyal Monastery in India • Every Tues (7-9pm): beginners • Every Wed (7-9pm) and Sun (11am-1pm): advanced

**UPWARD BOUND TOASTMASTERS** Baker Centre, 10th Fl, 10025-106 St (477-2613) • Every Wed (7pm): Weekly meeting about public speaking, and how to improve your communication and leadership skills

## QUEER LISTINGS

**AXIOS** (454-8449) • A support group, local chapter of the international organization of Eastern Orthodox and Eastern Rite Catholic Gay and Lesbian Christians

**BOOTS AND SADDLES** 10242-106 St (423-5014) • Large tavern with pool tables, restaurant, shows. Members only

**BUDDY'S NITE CLUB** 11725B Jasper Ave (488-6636) • Open 9-3 • Dancing, strip contests, go-go boys • Every Mon: Free pool. Djs Arrow Chaser, Jeffy Pop, Code Red • No membership needed

**DIGNITY EDMONTON** (482-6845) • Support community for lesbian Catholics and friends

**DOWN UNDER** 12224 Jasper Ave (482-7960) • Steam bath

**EDMONTON RAINBOW BUSINESS ASSOCIATION** (422-6207) • An organization for gay men and lesbians in business and their non-gay friends to share business knowledge, learn, make friends and network in a positive, proud space where being yourself is the norm

**GAY MEN'S OUTREACH CREW (GMOC)** 45, 9912-106 St (488-0564) • Peer education initiative for gay/bisexual men that works toward preventing the spread of HIV by improving self-esteem

**HIV NETWORK OF EDMONTON SOCIETY** 105, 10550-102 St (488-5742) • Programs and support services for people affected and infected by

HIV/AIDS and related illnesses. Counselling, referrals, support groups, harm reduction, education, advocacy and public awareness campaigns

**ICARE** 702A, 10242-105 St (448-1768) • www.icarealberta.org • The Interfaith Centre for AIDS/HIV Resources and Education (formerly Interfaith Association on AIDS) provides spiritual support and connections for those affected by HIV/AIDS

**ILLUSIONS SOCIAL CLUB** GLCCE, Suite 45, 9912-106 St • Meetings every second Thursday each month

**INSIDE/OUT** U of A Campus • Monthly meetings for campus-based organization for lesbian, gay, bisexual, transgender and queer (LGBTQ) faculty, graduate student, academic, straight allies and support staff of the U of A to network and socialize in a supportive environment (fall and winter terms). Contact Kris Wells (kwells@ualberta.ca) or Marjorie Wonham (mwonham@ualberta.ca) for info • www.ualberta.ca/~ciied/eps/AgapeVerdana.htm

**LAMBDA CHRISTIAN COMMUNITY CHURCH** Gameau United Church, 11148-84 Ave (474-0753) • Every Sun (7pm): Worship services. Serving the gay, lesbian, bisexual and transgender community

**LIVING POSITIVE** www.connect.ab.ca/livepos (488-5768) • Edmonton Persons Living with HIV Society. Peer-facilitated support groups, peer counselling • Daily drop-in

**LUTHERANS CONCERNED** www.lcna.org (426-0905) • A spiritual community which gathers monthly for sharing, friendship, individual support and a safe space for our own spiritual questions

**MADELEINE SANAM FOUNDATION** Rm 3-18, Faculté Saint-Jean, 8406 Marie-Anne Gaboury, 91 St (490-7332) • Organization for the emancipation and autonomy of African women through programmes on economy and community health. Training in French and other African languages on HIV/AIDS prevention, treatment and harm reduction • Meeting every 3rd and 4th Sat (9am-5pm) • Free (member)/\$10 (membership fee) • Pre-register

**MAKING WAVES SWIMMING CLUB** www.geocities.com/makingwaves\_edm • Recreational and competitive swimming with coaching, beginners encouraged to participate. Socializing after practices • Practices every Mon and Thu

**METROPOLITAN COMMUNITY CHURCH OF EDMONTON** (429-2321) • Weekly non-denominational church services

**OUT IS IN** (492-0767) • A youth arts project about GLBT issues, and addressing homophobia in schools and in the community • For more info www.ualberta.ca/~outisin or outisin@ualberta.ca

**PFLAG** GLCCE, Suite 45, 9912-106 St (462-5958) • Meetings every third Tuesday of the month at 7:30pm • Support/education for parents, families and friends of lesbians/gays/bisexuals/transgenders

**POLICE LIAISON COMMITTEE** (421-2277/1-877-882-2011, ext. 2038) • Edmonton Police Service and the gay and lesbian community

**PRIME TIMERS** (426-7019) • Meetings every sec-

ond Sunday of the month at 3pm. A social group for gay/bisexual men over 40 and their friends

**PRISM BAR AND GRILL** 10524-101 St, back entrance (990-0038) • Lesbian and gay bar/restaurant

**THE ROOST** 10345-104 St (426-3150) • Open Sun-Thu 8pm-3am, Fri-Sat 8pm-4am • TUE: Hot Butt Contest (8pm-midnight) with DJ Janny • WED: Amateur strip with Weena Luv, Sticky Vicky, DJ Alvaro • THU: Rotating shows: Ladonna's review, Sticky's open stage and the Weakest Link game second and last Thursday with DJ Jazzy • FRI: *Upstairs*: Euro Blitz: New European music with DJ Outtawak, DJ Jazzy and male stripper *Downstairs*: female stripper • SAT: Every Sat like new years: *Upstairs*: Monthly theme parties with DJ Jazzy, new music with DJ Dan and Mike *Downstairs*: Retro music • SUN: Betty Ford Hangover Clinic Show Beer Bash; every long weekend with DJ Jazzy • Tue-Thu \$1 (member)/\$4 (non-member); Fri-Sat \$4 (member)/\$6 (non-member); Sun \$2

**TRANSEXUAL/TRANSGENDER SUPPORT GROUP** egret@hotmail.com • Meetings every fourth Tuesday of the month • Information and mutual support for transgendered people in an open, friendly and safe environment. Open to transsexuals, transvestites, cross-dressers, drag queens/kings

**WOODY'S** 11723 Jasper Ave (488-6557) • Open Sun-Thu 1-12; Fri Sat 1-3 • Gay nightclub. Every Sun-Tue (7-12am): karaoke with Tizzy. Every Wed: game show. Every Fri: free pool. Every weekend: open stage, dance with DJ Arrow Chaser • No membership needed

**YOUTH UNDERSTANDING YOUTH** Gay and Lesbian Community Centre of Edmonton (GLCCE), 45, 9912-106 St (488-3234) • www.yuyouth.tripod.com/yuy • Every Sat (7-9pm) • A facilitated social/support group for lesbian, gay, bisexual, transgendered, straight and questioning youth under the age of 25

## SPECIAL EVENTS

**CANADA DAY CELEBRATIONS** • **City Hall**, City Room, Plaza, Sir Winston Churchill Sq (496-8200); displays, music, workshops with Tandie McLeod; July 1 (11am-4pm) • **City Hall Wading Pool**; boat making; July 1 (12-4pm) • **Fort Edmonton** (496-8787) Dominion Day; July 1 (10am-6pm) • **Multicultural Heritage Centre**, 5411-51 St, Stony Plain (963-2777) Opening of the interactive community history corner featuring exhibits and presentations on the R.C.M.P.; Thu, July 1 (1:30-4pm) • **Reynolds-Alberta Museum**, Wetaskiwin, HWY 13 (780-361-1351/1-800-661-4726) *Made in Canada*: Featuring Canadian inventions and ideas and radio-controlled aircraft demonstrations and display; July 1 • **Shikaoi Park**, Stony Plain (963-2777) Bike parade, games, entertainment featuring Cooper Studio Singers and Multi Youth Productions; Thu, July 1 (11:15am)

**CELTIC FESTIVAL** U of A's Foote Field • Celtic celebration featuring piper competitions, games; mainstage with entertainment by the Wajjo African Drummers accompanied by pipers and the Buccaneers (Celtic rock) • Sun, July 11 (9am) • \$7 (adult)/\$5 (child/senior) • Tickets available at the gate

**DOWNTOWN WALKING HISTORY TOURS** City Hall, Sir Winston Churchill Sq (909-8687) • Until Sept 12, Mon, thu 6pm; sat 2pm, sun 10am •

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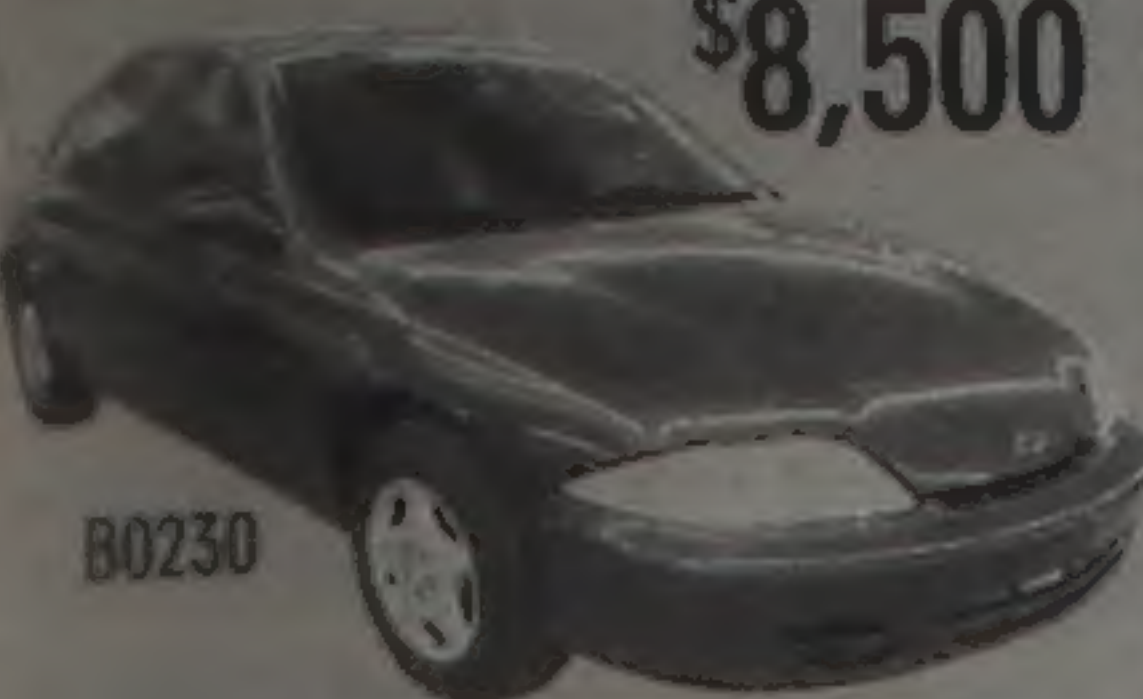
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friendly as we waited in line. I was unusually tongue-  
tie-tethered, all sorts on my mind-my apologies. I  
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Networks New Media is searching for artists to  
display their work within the café. Contact Angie  
(780) 439 0303 or [networkscale@hotmail.com](mailto:networkscale@hotmail.com)

40,00 sq ft of Red Strap Market! Artists, crafters,  
collectibles, antiques and more. growing fast.  
10305-97 St, 497-2211.

The Second City and Edmonton's Anaid  
Productions are looking for 16 talented  
Edmonton-area teens aged 14-19, who will write  
and perform skits for a half-hour sketch comedy  
show called LMAO TV. Audition: July 6-7 at the  
Spruce Avenue Community Centre, 10240-115  
Ave, Edmonton, 10am-7pm, Ph (780) 413-9285.

Seeking dancers for music video. Must have  
experience and ability to learn quickly. Info, bene-  
fits, registration Ph Krista, Media Masters 413-6999

Seeking attractive, exotic-looking model to play  
lead role in music video. Exp. in acting/dancing  
asset. Ph Krista, Media Masters 413-6999

Wanted: One male and one female actor for an  
upcoming Fringe play. Age range: around 25 to  
30. For more info phone 434-5261.

SCREENWRITERS circle. First Tues of ea. Month  
@ 7:30pm. Call 429-1671 or visit FAVA.ca

Darksand looking for someone to do new web  
site for artistic credit. (780) 918-20-64,  
darksand5000@hotmail.com

Develop filmmaking skills at the MONDAY  
NIGHT CLUB: screenwriters, directors & actors  
workshop a scene for camera. \$2. Ph 429-1671  
or visit FAVA.ca

Looking for spirited dancers & musicians (18-  
30yrs) for existing improvising collective. Marcus  
430-6429

Visions of fantastical, magical, inspirational living  
storybook theatre troupe bazaar extraordinaire!  
Dancers/musicians/actors ph Marcus 430-6429

NFP looking for funding? Our BBQ event c/w  
entertainment will help. Call 440-9541 or e-mail  
fundraiser@musicale.ca

10th Annual Seven Hills Literary Contest: unpub-  
lished works; Memoirs-deadline July 31; Short  
Story-deadline Aug. 31. Info: Tallahassee Writers  
Association [www.twaonline.org](http://www.twaonline.org)

## musicians

Wanted: Drummer and bass player for original  
band. Contact Robin @ 475-0091 or Shane at  
452-4101.

Musicians wanted for Ben Folds Five tribute  
band. Nothing serious, just for fun.  
Cody 975-2719.

Musicians needed for band. Inf: Oasis, Sam  
Roberts, Weakerthans. Own gear and love for  
hacky-sack req. Cody 975-2719.

The Beatles, Oasis, Coldplay, U2 infl musicians  
wanted to form new cover/original band.  
Bassist, lead guitarist, drummer req to join expe-  
rienced singer/guitarist. Call 455-4555.

Seeking a committed, unique and inventive Alt-  
Rock Drummer, with own kit. Raven 445-8754

Singer? Beginner to advanced. Looking for  
opportunities? We need you! Call 440-9541 or  
e-mail tellmemore@musicale.ca

Musicians needed for studio recordings.  
Ph 429-2262.

## volunteers

Sound & Fury Theatre seeks committed and  
enthusiastic board members and  
volunteers. Call Sheila at 433-4999 or visit  
[www.soundandfury.ca](http://www.soundandfury.ca).

Volunteers needed for Kids University. Help  
with the literacy and numeracy sessions, field  
trips Ph 429-5701.

The Edmonton International Street Performers  
Festival: seeking volunteers to become super  
StreetFest 2004 volunteers in Old Strathcona's  
McIntyre Park and Theatre District from July 9-  
18. Ph 425-5162.

The Cycle Messenger World Championships July  
2-4 need your help to make it a weekend to  
remember. Be part of the mayhem that is courier  
racing. Ph Lesley 780-988-8493,  
e-m: [lesley115@hotmail.com](mailto:lesley115@hotmail.com)

The Sierra Club - Prairie Chapter and the  
Edmonton Bicycle Commuters' Society are look-  
ing for volunteers to help out with summer  
events. Contact the Sierra Club 439-1160,  
Commuters' 433-2453.

VOLUNTEER TUTORS NEEDED! Can you read  
this? Many can't! Become a Tutor and share the  
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change a life through literacy. Training and mate-  
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Check out the Easter Seals ON-LINE AUCTION  
at <http://auction.edmonton24hourrelay.com>  
for some great items. Bid and support Alberta  
Easter Seals March of Dimes.

Volunteers wanted for the Edmonton Klondike  
Days Association. Ph: Karen, volunteer coordina-  
tor 423-2822, ext. 21.

Musée Héritage Museum need a volunteer to  
help with collections inventory (spring/summer).  
Ph Ann Ramsden 459-1529 for info.

The River City Shakespeare Festival,  
June 24-July 18, seeks volunteers. Ph Sarah @  
425-8086 or visit  
[www.rivercityshakespeare.com](http://www.rivercityshakespeare.com).

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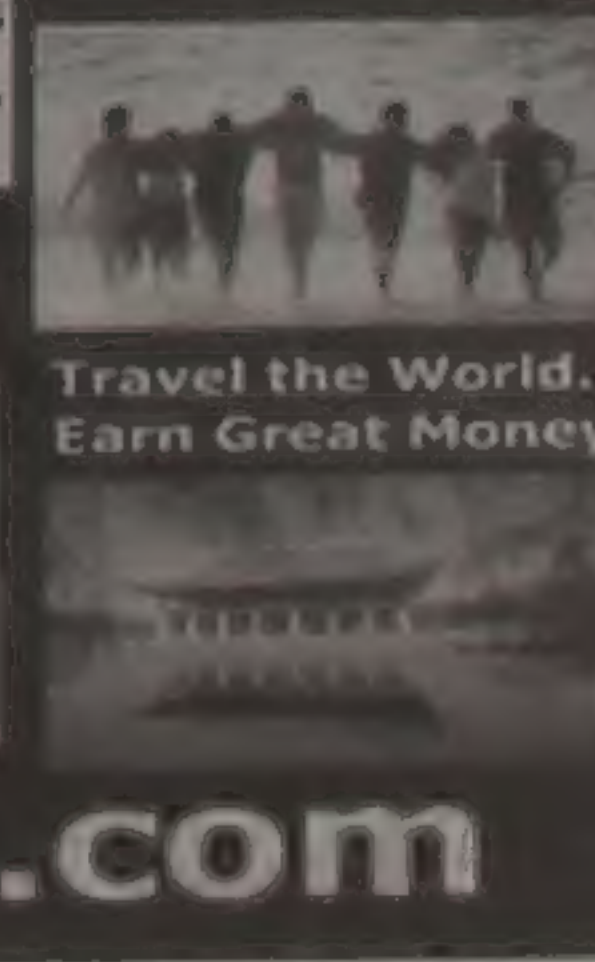


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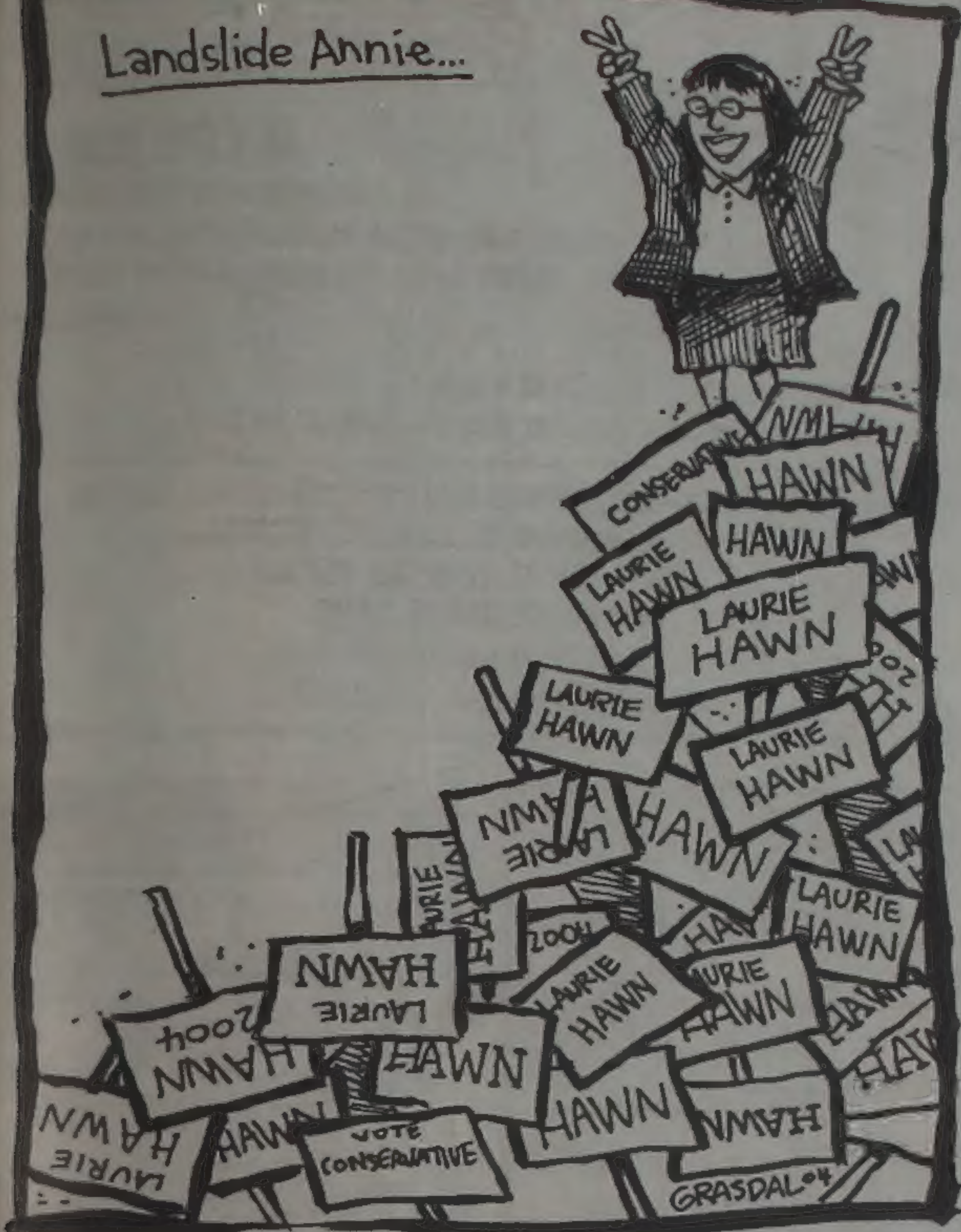






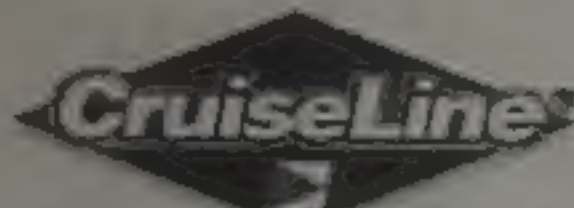
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